

The life and poems of Theodore Winthrop

Theodore
Winthrop





MINDALL: WINTHROP



THE LIFE AND POEMS OF THEODORE WIN-
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NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
1884



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OF
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KD 55166

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P R E F A C E .

This Memorial of Theodore Winthrop has been prepared, first for those who loved him and valued his friendship, but whose remembrance of his life and death is beginning to fade with the progress of time; and next for the Young People of America, to whom the story is a new one, but none the less good for them to hear. Most of all for thoughtful young men who have high aims like his, who have felt the pangs of discouragement and delay, and who will find sympathy in his life's experience. Though a quarter of a century has vanished, this record in his own words of struggle and victory remains undimmed by the lapse of years, and may still shed light and hope into many hearts.

"One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever."

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THE LIFE AND POEMS
OF
THEODORE WINTHROP.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

A NEW generation, with all its vivid personal life, has sprung up since the close of our great Civil War. As in the "sprout lands" of our mountain sides, this active pushing young growth is fast covering the blackened burnt districts, and the charred stumps, that still show where the giants of the forests, pillars of flame, fell before the blast. Though in the heart of our re-united country, the warnings and the lessons, both of failure and success, are still unforgotten, the new men, full of their own affairs, can never know the story as those knew it, who lived through that long agony, that new birth. The memory of our second struggle, like that of our first Revolution, grows more holy as its noise dies away, and yet a thousand details will fade in a few short years into the light of common history. So much, of late, has this been felt, that there is everywhere an effort to grasp these fleeting shadows, and to fix them by the photography of literature. Much has already been lost, that research will, by and by, vainly strive to regain. Already, those who waited for that day, who saw it and were glad, are beginning

to die, and in a little while there will be none of them left to tell the tale as it should be told.

Among the first of that "cloud of witnesses" who made history for us in those days (so late, yet so long ago) Theodore Winthrop fell at Great Bethel, in Virginia, on June 10th, 1861, before our country was half awakened to the mighty work before it, or knew the strength, born of sorrow, that was to come in time of need. Love of country, where it becomes a passion, may have smouldered through years of quiet and safety, but when the hour strikes, and danger threatens the Mother Land, it leaps into a blaze, and becomes a beacon on the hill top, a prairie fire, that runs over the broad land from East to West. The story of Theodore Winthrop's life, and of his death, coming as it did at the opening of the war, and making him a type and ideal for the ardent youth of that day, are among the nobler things that should not be forgotten. He was the representative man of the hour, the representative of the promise, beauty, culture, and patriotism that were crowding to the front. To some he had seemed a dreamy poet only, to others a man of society, to others a wandering, aimless traveler. Few knew his love for his country till he died for Her. Then they believed it, and the belief grew like a creed, like a new religion, in the warm air of that summer of 1861.

Theodore Winthrop was born on Sept. 22d, 1828. His father was Francis Bayard Winthrop, a direct descendant of Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts, and of his son, Governor Winthrop of Connecticut, of whose claims to distinction it is not necessary to speak. There was also a third Governor Winthrop, and then the fam-

ily rested from its governors, and had a quiet period of comfort, and probably of conservative obscurity, for little is recorded of them for some time; though Wait Still Winthrop was Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in 1708, and there was a Prof. Winthrop of Harvard College, in the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, from 1738 to 1779, a friend and correspondent of Franklin, and F. R. S. Theodore Winthrop's mother was Elizabeth Dwight Woolsey, daughter of William Walton Woolsey, one of the staunch old merchants of New York who by their probity and energy made the city so strong and great. She was one of the numerous descendants, on her mother's side, of the redoubtable President Edwards, whose bold metaphysical thought started New England thinkers upon a track he little dreamed of, and whose unassailable logic taught them their only possible tactics, that of denying his premises. Her mother was Elizabeth Dwight, sister of Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, a poet, theologian and scholar, a great man in his day, and a worthy, though not an original, thinker, but a disciple and imitator of Edwards, his progenitor.*

William Walton Woolsey, whose family came from Dosoris, Long Island, though himself an Old School Presbyterian, had for an ancestor one Benjamin Woolsey, who was drummed out of a small town in Long Island for the crime of being an Episcopal clergyman

* The family of Francis Bayard Winthrop consisted, at the time of Theodore's birth, of two sons by a former marriage, and two daughters, the children of Elizabeth Woolsey. His brother William and a sister were born afterwards, besides two children who died. There were living at the time of Winthrop's death a brother and three sisters,—Elizabeth, Laura, William, and Sarah, and two half-brothers, Charles and Edward.

and wishing to settle there. The Woolseys remained at Dosoris, where they have still an old graveyard, and became one of those "good old Long Island families," upon whom New York has always rested her flank with safety.

But, though Puritans of the Puritans, some of the family valued still more their descent from the Huguenot brothers, Antony and Leonard Lispenard, who came from their "own Rochelle, proud city of the waters," after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settled New Rochelle; also being valued citizens of New York, where they owned property, and after whom Antony, Leonard and Lispenard streets were named. The great-grandmother of Theodore Winthrop was Cornelia Lispenard, and her daughter, Alice Marston, was his grandmother; a lady whose uncle, John Marston, bought and colonized an island somewhere near the coast of Africa, and died there, not long after the failure of his enterprise.

It was no wonder that the blood of these old rangers and colonizers was hot within him, and prevented Theodore Winthrop from remaining quiet for any length of time in his restless youth. Yet it was an impulse that he shared with most men of the Northern races, and which, since the days of the old Sea Kings, and even from pre-historic times, has kept them perpetually, "walking to and fro upon the earth, and going up and down on it," like Satan of old.

Genealogy contains too many unknown quantities to make it an exact science, if indeed it can ever be a science at all. That we find deep truths, as well as mysteries, in heredity, no one can doubt who sees that the same nose, and the same temper, re-

appear at intervals in families, to the great regret of everybody. But when it is considered that we have all eight great-grandparents and sixteen progenitors of one more generation back, it does not seem as if a man could get much out of any one of them. The distinguished Jonathan Edwards is said to have anywhere from fifteen hundred to two thousand lineal descendants now living, all proud of their descent. Though they are called a willful race, how much of the peculiar characteristics of the great Calvinist is it likely that each one of these can possess? Have they not each thirty-one other ancestors? Surely, many of them have strayed from his guidance, and some are even said to belong to "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children"!

In New England the reverence for family is deeper than anywhere in this country. People trace with genuine and proper pride their descent from the Pilgrim Fathers or the Revolutionary Heroes, while at the Far West, the opposite pole of the magnet, they say, with rough good sense, "No daddyism! Who are you, sir?"

The Winthrops kept up their old traditions, though somewhat retiring from public view after their brilliant beginning, and were little heard of in the Revolutionary days. In course of time, these Puritans became Episcopalians, as the Woolseys, who began in the English Church, became Presbyterians and Congregationalists. In after years they came again to the front, and we hear of Thomas Lindall Winthrop, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and his distinguished son, Robert C. Winthrop, and among the Woolseys, President Theodore Woolsey of Yale College. Scholars and

literary men were frequently cropping out in the strata of both families, such as President S. W. Johnson of Columbia College, Theodore Winthrop's elder brother, a theological professor, and many among the Dwights. Thus it is easy to see that he was born into what Oliver Wendell Holmes admirably calls the "Brahmin Caste of New England," and might well have had an hereditary literary ambition. He was named from his uncle Theodore Woolsey, who himself was called after Theodore Dwight, his mother's brother, who was author, editor, and a man of influence in Hartford, Connecticut.

The family traditions were all of culture. His father, Francis Bayard Winthrop, was a man of refined taste, a graduate of Yale College, and owned what was called, fifty years ago, a fine library, of about two thousand volumes selected by himself, besides a small collection of good pictures and engravings, in a time when such things were rare. He was an enthusiast in Art and Literature, and loved Music and the Theater. His children could see upon the walls Alston's Angel and Both's Sunshine, and browsed freely in the library, till books became their familiar friends. Their father was one of the first persons to recognize the genius of Hawthorne on reading his "Twice Told Tales," in the winter of 1839-40. These pictures and engravings from the old masters familiarized the children with forms of beauty, and an old-fashioned garden, with flowers and lilac bushes and pear-trees, gave them a pleasant playground. But their happiest recollections linger round their woodland walks with their father. He was a man of delicate health—(delicate and fond of reading when a boy, when his brothers and sisters were romping

and shooting arrows at the eyes of the old Governor's portraits), a lawyer who had retired from business in New York with reduced fortune, to live quietly at New Haven, and educate his children. Here he bought a roomy house in Wooster St., of the old-fashioned New England type, with four rooms on a floor, and a hall through the middle, and a garret (not an attic), with great oak beams overhead, cobwebs, dark corners, and a mysterious cock-loft. He was hospitable, and charming in his own family, to whom he was a true father (one of the rarest beings in the world), and not a man whom they saw, sleepy and harassed, once or twice a week. He had a wonderful croon that always put the babies to sleep, he danced quadrilles, sang songs, played games, told wonderful tales in the twilight, and took them for long walks in the woods. There were woods in those days not too far off. His health required these walks, and the children were usually his companions. They learned to love Nature; birds and wild flowers were their friends; they learned to know TREES, rare but necessary knowledge; they climbed the great precipitous bluffs of East and West Rock, which stand over against New Haven, like Arthur's Seat by Edinboro', and wandered along where the quiet stream of the Quinippiac winds among its hayricks. The hayricks stand there still—the crop has never failed. A rarer pleasure was a long drive, taking their mother with them, through the laurel lanes to some lovely lake among the hills, where they dined "on dainty chicken, snow-white bread," and spent a whole summer's day of delight. Thus the children found eyes, without looking through the spectacles of science, and knew

perhaps almost as much about plants as Solomon, without effort of study. New Haven in those days was a quiet, lovely little town, scholarly and demure, under the lofty arch of whose elms strayed the college boys, studious or otherwise, the professor, stern of exterior, and the dreaming school girl. No sound of factories disturbed the silence, the railroad was not dreamed of, the steamboat had but lately begun to churn up the waters of the little bay. The town seemed asleep, save when the buzzing boys poured out of chapel or recitation.

There are few things more perfect of their kind than one of those avenues of elms in the old New England towns, whose leafy Gothic arches and sunny shadowed grass, dwell in the minds of her children as sweet and poetic memories that come back to them again and again, wherever they go, and touch them with homesickness on the Lung' Arno or Unter den Linden. Theodore Winthrop grew up in one of these beautiful old towns, and wandered in childhood and youth under the great elms around the Green, till they entered into his heart and became a part of himself.

The Long Wharf was also one of his haunts, where the town boys were always scrambling about, where their imaginations were kindled by the sight of the ships that traded to far countries, yes, even as far as the "West Stingys," and from whose cargoes stray gifts of oranges and cocoanuts sometimes found their way to the pockets. The tarry smell, the sailor talk, the molasses barrels, the chance sailing in smaller craft, the handling of a rope or an oar, were all delightful and full of a free life. There has always been a strong attraction between wharfs and small boys.

Doubtless they found it so in the Piræus, yea, in Tyre and Sidon. The muddy little harbor was frozen in winter, so that sometimes the only line of steamboats was shut out, but it became a fine place for skating, a favorite sport of Winthrop's. Though not robust, he was active and sprightly, and good at all the athletic sports then in vogue. Shells and canoes did not then exist, but he was a good oarsman in the method of the day. No one knew when or how he learned to row and swim, these things come by nature to most active boys. There are not many anecdotes preserved of his childhood. He was a quiet, reticent boy, not precocious, yet uncommonly intelligent, fair and delicate looking, with chestnut hair and blue eyes, and was always scrupulously neat. His father writes of him, at two years old, as "his golden-haired boy, with a picture book under each arm."

No dirt ever seemed to stick to him, even on the Long Wharf, while his younger brother, who kept everybody laughing at his jokes, had the usual boyish hatred of the "harmless necessary," soap. Another brother, the eldest child of his parents, was so precocious that he wrote Latin verses at the age of nine, and kept little note books of historical reading. He succumbed, as was natural, to some childish disease, and Theodore was given his name, and became a great darling in consequence. The "first Theodore," as he was called, was spoken of by the children with awe and reverence as a wonder.

The good old New England dame-school was an institution as nearly perfect as is possible with things below, and into the kind arms of one of these Theodores was early received, to learn his A, B, C. Good

Mrs. Bonticue (or, as the children called her, Miss Bunnickyer), was the widow of a sea captain. It is a well-known fact that a sea captain and his wife are seldom seen together on this earth, and to this rule she was no exception, though the portrait of the deceased, ruddy and promising long life, hung in her low, snug parlor, along with much coral and many shells and ostrich eggs. Mrs. Bonticue had never heard of Pestalozzi, much less of a Kindergarten; but she had it all in her brain, and possessed the genius for teaching little children which must always be inborn. Her school was exceptionally good, making allowance for the bright halo that memory casts round the pleasant things of childhood. But is it not true that the bitter hate of a boy for his cruel teacher, or his contempt for an incompetent one, lasts as long as his love for a kind master, and is equally founded on fact and experience? Children know far more, and reason far more, than we elders think, who have forgotten our childhood; their large eyes are terrible, and they know their small flat world far better than we know our big round one. Good Mrs. Bonticue was faithful, she was even rather stern, as we thought, and did not ignore the rod altogether. She sat erect, with snowy cap and apron, and kept order and discipline; but she was kind and judicious. The school-room was a large room at the back of the house (to us it seemed enormous), looking out on a ragged little garden, in which (fortunately for us) the pear-trees bore winter pears, whose fruit of immortal green still puckers the memory. In the corner was a small bed where a tired little one was sometimes put to sleep, for they were very young at school. At four years of age children were

expected to learn to read, if they were not dunces, and it did no harm to the health of any of them. Before six they were bound to read fluently, to write their names, and to know a little of Peter Parley's Geography, Webster's Spelling-book, and perhaps a trifle of Goldsmith's "History of England." At six the best girls could sew WELL, *make a shirt*, knit stockings, and make button holes such as are seldom seen now. All this was not precocity, but the fruit of good, painstaking teaching during several years, for the children entered the school at three years of age, or even earlier, and they were taught in a pleasant and amusing way. They learned to sing pretty little songs ("Mary had a little lamb," was new then!), they spoke "pieces," in nasal tones, but armed with simple moral, about birds and flowers, or against cruelty to animals. It was not all sweetness, however; there was a hard block of wood behind Madam's chair, which was a stool of repentance—there was a ferule that could give smart raps to the little fingers. The most flagrant offenders had to stand in the corner, to be "sissed at," the boys with girls' bonnets on, the girls with boys' hats on; but a still more condign punishment was to be put upon the garret stairs, a sort of donjon keep that cowed the boldest, for at the top of it was, we knew not what, a place of crackings and rustlings, and hoards of strange things, where perchance the ghost of Capt. Bonticue might walk in full nautical costume with a cat-o'-nine tails. There was a legend, however, that a brave boy had once dared to ascend those stairs and had found—apples! Good Mrs. Bonticue was a comely woman, in the prime of life, and her two daughters handsome young women, but all seemed

old and venerable to the children in the happy place where Theodore's education began so well. He was called the best and brightest boy in the school.

Among the memories of his childhood, young as he was, may have been the strange vision of some distinguished exiles, the famous Carbonari, several of whom came to New Haven about 1835, in hopes of gaining a subsistence as teachers of Italian in Yale College. This hope proved vain, but their coming made quite an excitement in the town, and they were kindly welcomed, and hospitably entertained by many, and among others by Mr. Winthrop. Who could resist that noble pitiful story, and the pleading of those sad Italian eyes, where one could read the tale of seventeen years of patient endurance, imprisonment, and privation? Theodore may have caught some faint idea of their pathetic history, may have had a lesson of liberty, a sense of what it means to lose it, a vague impression of what it is to suffer for one's country. For the older children at least, to see these noble and handsome men, dark and gently mysterious, to hear them, gentlemen of birth and culture, tell, in their broken way, how they passed long years of their lives in knitting coarse stockings for the soldiers, and were thankful even for that menial occupation, to hear in those sweet low southern voices the ring of sharp pain, deadened by long-borne waiting and despair, were things the children could not easily forget. To have a caressing hand, just unchained, laid upon the head, and one's name spoken with tender Italian diminutives, by those who had lost home and friends, and the best of life and youth, for pure patriotism, was a deep lesson that returned again and again to their mem-

ories; and when afterward they read the wonderful narrative of Silvio Pellico, they could fill up the picture with the reality they had seen.

These men found some means to live, assisted perhaps by Italian friends. Foresti was long a respected and successful teacher in New York, others were artists and teachers elsewhere, and were finally amnestied by Victor Emanuel, and returned to their beloved country, for whom they had suffered so much. Most of them are now dead, after a peaceful old age among their friends and families, and their memories are adored in their own land as prophets and martyrs. If they had not prepared the way, then Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi might never have found that path that led through dark waters to a United Italy.

We next find Theodore Winthrop preparing for college at the good sound school of Silas French, where he was well thought of in the class and in the playground. At the age of twelve, he had the misfortune to lose one of his best friends, his kind and gentle father, but he was not too young to have had his character already biased by his influence. He was of all the children the one who most resembled his father, in manner as well as in more important characteristics. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and although he spoke but little of his feelings, it is easy to see from his writings that the mysteries of life and death had early troubled his mind, and that the loss of his father must have made a deep impression upon him. Such things are very strange and bitter to a sensitive child, and, as Thoreau says, "we see but one corpse in our lives."

His mother, left in early middle life with five chil-

dren to bring up on small means, and with little advice or assistance from others, performed her task with patience and calmness, and bore up wonderfully under her burdens, as many another noble woman has done. She was always, in youth and age, a beautiful woman, of an exquisite and refined appearance, with chestnut hair and eyes, and the delicately tinted complexion that belongs to that type. She was spoken of by every one who knew her as a woman near to perfection in temper and character, of an angelic gentleness, mingled with spirit; most appreciative, and skilled in calling forth the best powers of others, and winning their confidence. She was a great reader, loved flowers and gardening, and wrote pretty verses, when that accomplishment was still uncommon. Her powers of quotation were immense, and Dr. Woolsey, her brother, in a youthful poem, describing playfully the family group, speaks of her as in the act of "citing, quoting in other words." Always busy about family affairs, she never seemed to read, and was accused of getting up all the literature of the day before any one rose in the morning, or after bedtime. To which she replied, "Oh, no! I have used Bulwer's 'Last of the Barons' to put myself to sleep for the last five years." The songs of Burns were the cradle songs of her children (for she could sing sweetly, and had caught the airs by ear from a Scotch relative), and, from Percy's "Reliques" down to Scott and Southey, she trained them to be familiar with the whole range of the best English poetry, with the exception of Chaucer who had not yet been interpreted. Spenser's 'Faerie Queen' was one of her greatest favorites. She studied with them much history and other literature, and there

was reading aloud in the evenings for their father, whose eyesight was not strong.

Theodore Winthrop entered college in 1843, at the age of fifteen, with credit, and seemed to hold a good place there. Be that as it may, "the wind's will," the rebel nature of the boy, so long dormant, awoke. No ill report had been heard of by his family, when a reckless moment of folly led to the usual consequences, he broke away from rules, displeased authorities, and was sent away from college. His error was trifling, but no doubt bitter to him and his mother for the time. It was the beginning of the battle which he had to fight out with himself and with life, in which the victory was not fully gained till long years after. He left New Haven and spent the winter of 1844-5 in Ohio with his half brother, the Rev. Edward Winthrop, a scholarly man, who had been valedictorian of the class of 1838. The little town of Marietta must have been dull enough then for a place of penance, where he found no better amusement than to spend the evening in a grocery store with some other boys, cracking nuts, and scrambling eggs upon a stove.

In the spring he returned home, and was admitted into the next class, where he soon won an honorable position. It was a noted class, this one of '48, both for its scholarship and its manliness, and he was happy in the companionship he found, and distinguished in it, especially for Greek and composition. He was not strong enough in mathematics to win one of the highest places, but he gained two scholarships, an oration, and many prizes for composition. His college themes were as usual upon didactic subjects, and show more thought and reading than is usual at his age. The

subject of his Commencement oration was "The Study of the Beautiful necessary to a Liberal Education." It was a characteristic choice, and the oration was very much admired by his class-mates, who thought him a wonder. This little assemblage of his peers voted him their poet and philosopher, in the worship of boyish friendship, while he, with reciprocal enthusiasm, deemed them the coming men, and saviors of their country.

During his college life he "experienced religion," as was then the phrase, and with deep sincerity. His thoughtful nature could hardly escape such a conversion at that time. It was in the air, and most young persons felt it more or less. His religious fervor continued for a long time, for in such an earnest mind as his it could hardly fade into mere indifference. After a while he became emancipated from its narrowness, and emerged into the free space of a liberal Christianity, but he did not gain liberty without a bitter struggle. Meanwhile he went through the usual phases of religious excitement; he was often heard to pray aloud in his chamber as if in agony; he grew melancholy and almost morbid, and his health began to break down under this strain, joined to the eagerness of hard study, anxious as he was to regain a high position in his college. After graduating with honor in 1848, when nearly twenty, he resolved to remain at Yale, and pursue the philosophical course, under the guidance of Dr. Woolsey, then Professor of Greek, and Prof. Porter. But his health grew more and more delicate, his religious excitement abated, and left him in doubt and misery, and at last he found that he could hold out no longer, and determined to go to Europe, where

everybody who could do so went for health in those days, paying, as many a young scholar has done, his expenses with the proceeds of his scholarship. At what time he had determined to strive for literary fame is not exactly known, but it is certain that the thought had already dawned in his mind. In a journal, kept through several of these years, he often speaks of this ambition as his dearest one, and doubtless the success of his college efforts in composition had encouraged him in the idea. The journal begins in July, 1848, just before he graduated, and is full of his studies, of his religious hopes and fears, and of his affection for his family, his instructors, and his college friends, of keen introspection and self-examination, together with impressions of such authors as Paley and Butler (dry bones for such a sensitive mind).

“*Friday, August 25th, 1848.* Commencement, with all its anxieties and interests, has passed. If I am not contented with my lot, no one can be. One thing I can feel now, and that is how much I owe to my mother, and to the influences of home, which have done so much for my character. My mother is worthy of all love and admiration, and of all care on my part, and I pray that I may feel this as I ought! Another thing I have learned is, that no effort is thrown away, as in preparing for these scholarships. I have done something, yet how little to what I might have done, but this little has made me Clark Scholar, and but for drawing lots, would have made me Berkeleian. Labor! labor is the great thing! Now I see how much better it was; if I had drawn the lot prob-

ably I should not have studied for the Clark and gained the higher honor, and should not have had the advantage of the study for it, which has done me more good than all the studies perhaps of my previous life; more than the Berkeleian, though that was an introduction and a discipline for it. . . . The future is before me! I am a man! The motives of college exist for me no longer, the rewards which a man receives from the world are more distant, and perhaps more uncertain. Now, it must be study for study's sake, and from a sense of duty only; henceforth I must work like a man and perhaps like a horse. What a man is at twenty, when his character is nearly formed, there are many chances that he will be through life. Before twenty we have nearly all chosen what we will be."

His vacation was passed with his brother Charles on a farm in the state of New York; his letters and journals are full of pleasant impressions, and the didactic reflections of youth. Though the thoughts seem comparatively crude, they are far deeper than those of most young men of twenty, and the style is always good. He criticises sermons, books, conversations, and people, and analyzes Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Dr. Arnold, Ruskin, and other writers, looking at them from a religious point of view, as well as a literary one.

"*Friday, Sept. 22d, 1848.* To-day I am twenty years old, and it seems fitting that I should soberly and with a spirit of self-examination look back on

my past life. Of my early childhood I do not remember much—almost nothing of my thoughts and feelings then. I know that I was studious, and remember early having doubts about free will. I hardly date further back than twelve, with any connected recollection. My slight remembrances of this period give me no satisfaction, for I see myself as a selfish child, often exaggerating my little indispositions, doing little but read novels. My remembrances of my father, though faint, are very pleasing, being almost entirely of a journey I took with him, probably the autumn before his death, which happened the 20th March, 1841. I remember with pain having then offended him in some way. There are many spots of recollection in all this time—of Mr. French's School, where I went at eight years of age; of Stratford; and earliest of all, of a visit to New York, and a family wedding, when I was six. I was twelve when my father died.

“The next thing of importance was my entering college in August, 1843. I took a good standing on my entrance, from previous knowledge, without any study. I had no desire to excel; I was idle and reckless all the first year, till on Nov. 11th, 1844, I was dismissed from college for breaking Freshmen's windows. I spent the winter idly with my brother Edward in Marietta, Ohio, and came home with better hopes. I wasted the summer, and at last entered Yale again, still idle, till about Christmas, I saw, and loved, as the influence

upon me showed, Miss —, and immediately gave up the folly that had possessed me. This prepared the way for the entrance of God's Spirit into my heart, for in March next following, Mrs. —, speaking to me on my choice of a profession, made me first think, to any effect, of my relation to a distant future, and this was my first step in what was certainly a new life. I was confirmed that summer, and took the communion on the first Sunday in August. At that time, the young lady whom I mentioned above continued to exercise a great influence over me, though I never knew her, or exchanged a word with her in my life, and I shall always, even if I never see her again, retain a very grateful feeling towards her, for an influence so entirely unconscious as it must have been. In April, 1848, I was examined for the Berkeleian scholarship, and declared equal to Colton, my competitor; drew lots with him and lost. This I believe brings the chronicle down to historic times. Now for myself, what I know." . . .

Then follows more self-examination and self-accusation. In his journeys there appears more and more feeling for natural scenery, but as yet no originality of description.

"*Thursday, Oct. 12th, 1848.* I have now become regularly settled in my mode of life and studies for the winter. These will be, Mental and Moral Science, Greek, German, and History. Besides these, I hope to write some Latin every day, and

a good deal of English, and I must have a little poetry and light reading. My studies have begun with Mill's "Logic," a book which I have thus far found it hard to understand. My Greek studies, carried on with Mr. Woolsey, are very interesting, giving me new ideas of the exact use of words. I see how a mind need not be narrowed by the study of detail, even so far as it may be carried by the critical study of a language. But I am very undisciplined. I hope to make history a real philosophical study of human progress. Our country is destined, they say, to become the chief station between Europe and Eastern Asia. If the course of Empire is westward, what will it do, when it gets to the Pacific?"

Pages upon pages follow, of his long thoughts upon all subjects likely to interest a musing metaphysical mind, or rather a mind passing through the phase of metaphysics, in the light of an alert conscience. In fact the effect of his studious and sedentary life upon a constitution always delicate was such as to make his conscience often a morbid one. His health was probably saved from utter wreck by athletic exercises, such as rowing, skating, and walking. The journal contains constant references to his college friends, with whom he corresponded, and long disquisitions upon subjects connected with his studies, which resemble themes and sermons, yet show a mind full of work and thought, putting forth shoots in all directions. At this time he began to write verses, and show them to a friend. Some of them have been preserved, but they lack originality, though

they possess some poetic form. He had not got much farther than the wish for expression, the words had not yet come to him, but everything evinces a bias towards a life of letters. His love of country already declares itself strongly.

“How much this California excitement reminds me of the time when Peru and Mexico were discovered; the conquest of the country in all its points bears so striking a resemblance to the first attack by the Spaniards.

“How interesting are the effects! giving in the first place a President to this vast country, under whose administration we first take acknowledged place as the first people in the world! Let Europe go back to barbarism or anarchy, here the result of the world’s weary labors will be preserved, and here the seed sown since the beginning of the world shall ripen, and bring forth fruit. But enough of this rhapsody—” (Several pages long).

Many things were opening to him, almost too many. The beauty of Nature now blossomed in his soul, and Art was to be revealed before long in its own home.

“My æsthetic faculties, which have been asleep for some time, are, I hope, waking again. If anything could do it, it would be such a sunset; with the evening which followed. The whole earth covered with pure white snow; the West Rock range not perfectly white, but hoary, and making a sharp line against the glowing horizon, where

the sun went down full-orbed in splendor. And the gradation of color, so glorious, from the bright radiance of the sun's last tarrying place, to the solemn glory of the zenith, and then the moon, and the evening star shining on the snow; the sky like steel. It is enough to make a poet of any one who will let it into his soul. I got excited the other day about poetry, and spent a morning in writing some verses, which did very well, for my small experience. I have read 'Modern Painters,' too, an era in my life. Since then I have allowed myself too many dreams, and have wished to be a poet,

“ ‘Singing hymns unbidden till the world was wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.’

“ It will not do! My life must be practical.

“ I have, in connection with Heeren's 'Asia,' read some translations from the Sanskrit—Milman's 'Nala and Damayantī,' and Sir William Jones' 'Sakuntala.' They are beautiful, simple, and tender.”

Here follows a critique upon Hindu poetry.

“ In my late dreams of writing poetry, which my present powers do not confirm, I have been examining my past life, to see if I have any of those 'first affections, those shadowy recollections,' those inward promptings that speak the power, the love, the imagination of the true poet. I find that in all my dreams I have desired something great, and noble; but all dreamers have. I find that I have

been deeply impressed with nature and beauty; but all dreamers have. As a child, I felt the wonders of the Hudson in a journey with my father, and now often, in my boat, when I am in the trough of the sea, with nothing but water around me, and seem lost in the waste of water, as I go down into the belly of one of those waves, I feel my nothingness completely; and fear without fright is a part of the sublime. But if all thoughts of poetry should be to me but idle dreams, may I ever be able to say with Coleridge, 'Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward.' I never really set about writing it till January 5th of this year, when mother read me some verses of hers about a brighter land, beyond an intervening water, which were really very beautiful. They seemed to wake me up, so that morning I wrote some verses, which I count really as my first. They speak of the influence upon me, long ago, of a lady whom I do not know. The great secret seems to be that, with your mind ready and alive to what you are in search of, you will be sure to find it. If you have any creative power, the thoughts that would otherwise pass through and be forgotten are thus chained. I hardly dare to say to myself how much I wish to find this power within me; it would satisfy all the desire I have had to teach others to love beauty, and to be made purer by it. If I might, I would strive to be the poet of my country and my God, guiding and raising the eyes of many young spirits who like myself are beginning life with some noble

aspirations. I almost think sometimes that I might. It would be a sacred, an awful trust. I do not deserve it. I must not dream, but labor, nor mistake the desire for the power to speak to young men and warn them and move them.

"I began 'Sartor Resartus' this evening (Saturday, Jan. 20th, 1849). I am prepared to like Carlyle very much. He suggests much to me of the force of words. But I am a great deal too fond of the sound of my own voice, and often find that, like a fool, I would rather talk myself than hear others.

"I think dancing rather a bore, and supper always makes me sick, yet the party at Mrs. D——'s was one of the pleasantest I remember.

"I have been told on good authority that Robespierre was an Irishman.

"Beauty of language places Pindar above all the Greek poets.

"Prince Louis Napoleon must be a very poor sort of a man. He has, I suppose, strong advisers, but can a man of so little ability sustain himself in France at the present crisis? Perhaps a nonentity is the best they could have just now. A man of power without principle might seize again upon the throne, and so keep up the series of revolutions. Unless they have a Republic, which will leave them nothing to seek for, the French, from mere dissatisfaction with the existing order of things, would have another Revolution; but it would be only temporary. A republic actually existing removes the causes for revolution. The California mania still rages

more and more. Some of my friends have gone. Most of those who expect to make their fortunes by mining will be disappointed. Wonderful that this gold should have been kept out of sight so long, and only be found when it can help our country to be the middle of the world; for here we are with eastern ports for Europe and western ones for Asia. With a people equal to anything, I do not see but we shall be masters of the world. Who knows but the whole world may one day be united under a representative government?

"I find my uncle's opinion about the *Alcestis* quite agrees with mine. *Admetus* is made so contemptible that no other charm can counterbalance this. *Alcestis* is tender and devoted, and her character is all the beauty of the play, for, certainly, not beautiful are the recriminations of *Admetus* and his father, or the *double entendres* with *Hercules*.

"I re-read with pleasure *Tennyson's* poems. He has exquisite power over language, and his poems have blood in them, and are really classic. The poetic æstrus that excited me a while ago, has fled away—perhaps, forever.

"Oh, that I had had a guide in life, in youth, and been saved much folly! Whatever I have of good, is owing to the silent influence of home and my mother. I have been reading *Grote's History*, and more *Carlyle*. He makes me long to visit the north of Europe. I must see Europe sometime, and all those places whose names are like household words. England most of all.

"I have often observed that the stars seem to shine down into my breast, not into my eyes. It has given me occasion for some pleasant fancies.

"I find that I am vain, even to myself; talking about what I could do, if I were not too lazy. I have no business to be lazy. I must work and be a man, or starve. But life and the world still seem so obscure!"

"*Worcester, Mass., Sunday, May 20th.* At Mr. Foster's. My health has been so poor for the two months past that I have not felt inclination or energy, hardly ability, to write here. I have been a martyr to dyspepsia, which has troubled me more or less my whole life, but more this spring than ever. In fact, I have been quite good-for-nothing, and at times quite desperate. I gave up study pretty much, my mind lost all spring, and even the desire for information and the wish for the good opinion of others. All my hopes died within me. Henry Hitchcock and I have now been nearly a week in Worcester, and I have been enjoying myself and constantly improving in health. Life begins to look a little brighter for me. I really think if I had continued a month longer I should have fallen into a settled melancholy. I have enjoyed my stay in Worcester, not only on account of Dwight Foster's and Henry Hitchcock's society, but because the intercourse with a man of Mr. Foster's age and sense is an unusual pleasure to me, and the friendship between father and son is a thing that I know nothing of. To be among new

people is quite a study, especially when they are so different from my own female family circle. I have learned something of the public characters of the last generation, of whom my knowledge had been almost confined to their names. Mr. Foster has given me two letters of Fisher Ames. He must have been an admirable man. I have read his great speech on Jay's treaty, which was said to be knee deep in pathos. Ill health prevented him from engaging in public life to the height of his powers, and finally obliged him to retire altogether, at the time when his reputation was greatest. That speech, which was his last, was also his best.

"*June 4th, 1849.* I have now been so long in feeble health and really unable to do anything, that sometimes I almost despair. My spirits have been very much depressed, and serious considerations as to my course in life have weighed upon me heavily. I have hesitated long and painfully about my profession. I have wished and prayed to do my duty. My friends are divided in opinion, but they cannot choose for me. My own judgment directs me to Law as my future profession. A life of study and retirement would increase my tendency to morbid views of myself and others, and destroy my usefulness and happiness. Of this state of mind I have had warnings this spring. If my mind had been left to prey upon itself much longer it might have led to disaster. The very thought of such a thing makes me watchful. An active life among men would

correct this. I have lost all inclination for a student's life. In a literary life I might not be diligent. The prospect is dim before me, but I mean to study law this next year at Cambridge, and then make up my mind and know better what I am fit for. I suppose I could do respectably in anything I tried, but this would not satisfy me. I want eminence, and to obtain this may be beyond my powers. I wonder if I could make a good speech? I look to the bar as a stepping-stone to politics.

"*July* 20th, 1849. As I do not wish to fill my pages with complaints, I will say nothing of the ill health that interrupted and finally put an end to my studies. Finding that I could really do nothing at home and that the partial relaxation of a walk or an idle day did me no good, and with the fear before me that a winter of severe study at Harvard would finish me entirely, I decided, with the advice and approval of my mother, to devote a year to travel in Europe. I was very unwilling to come to this, as it compelled the deferring of all my plans, and I can ill afford the time or the money. But it seemed the only way which united the recovery of my health with the prospect of mental improvement. I rejoice in the opportunity, and shall try to make the best of it, though I regret the cause."

Through all this youthful journalizing, moralizing, essay-writing, and earnest self-questioning and accusation, a peculiarly sensitive and impressionable soul may plainly be seen, struggling with ill health in the

narrow cage of a quiet scholarly town, yet living a real life, with sympathies going out to everything around it. But a change was near. The earnestness might have become morbidness, the sensitiveness, weakness, or the struggle, misery and failure, had it not been for the life-giving influence of wider experience, of new worlds to conquer. The fight was yet to come, and weapons were now to be put into his hands.

CHAPTER II.

EUROPE.

HE sailed for Europe in the Liverpool packet, *Margaret Evans*, on Friday, July 27th, 1849. The influence of a foreign tour upon such a youth as he, must have been very great. He was changed, he became a man. His letters and journals were full of fascination to his family, but now the grand tour is a thing of every day, and they contain much that would not interest a reader, and that would seem, hurried as they were, like pages from guide books. It was then a rarer chance than now for a young collegian to travel, and he was probably the first of his class to go. His mind was more ripe and prepared by study than most young men of twenty-one. Although he traveled afterwards, often and widely, there is only one first time; and its mark is plainly to be seen in his literary work, which until then was the mere boyish effort of a fledgeling, trying his wings, but never soaring. From this time a love of travel and adventure was born in his soul, bringing with it free thought and independent action. His first impressions were overwhelming, nor was his ardent young heart ashamed to beat as he neared his goal.

"England, August 26th, 1849.

"I had asked the mate to call me early, and after sitting up till midnight enjoying the flashing of the ship through the water under a thirteen-knot breeze, and having caught a glimpse of St. Catherine's light, with a dark line under it, that the mate said was land, I turned in for a few hours, with the exciting feeling that in the morning I should see the land of our forefathers. I went up on deck at five o'clock. The sun was just risen, the air fresh and sparkling, and about three miles to windward the white cliffs of Beachy Head, their brilliant front coming sharply down to the clear green water, and drawing a wavy line against the sky. The very sight of land brings ecstasy to one who has been long at sea, and this was more than vulgar earth and speechless clods. The recollection of such things never leaves one, but to put it down in black and white seems too much of rhapsody."

He landed from the ship in a pilot boat which put them ashore at New Haven, a coincidence very pleasant to him.

"I could hardly restrain myself," he says, "from shouting and singing as I touched the land."

His first view of London impresses him deeply:—

"August 29th, 1849.

"I had of course the usual feelings of delight and excited interest on first seeing London, and the usual astonishment of every one at its vast ex-

tent, and the crowds that throng its streets, and my wonder is always on the increase, as I wander about from street to street, and find everywhere the same mass of houses, and the same vast multitude hurrying about, and not caring the least for you. I cannot bear merely to go from place to place, not seeing things thoroughly. I want to allow each well-known place to be familiar and real to me, before I confuse its impressions by adding something new. I wander about the whole time, finding myself continually in familiar places. As soon as I arrived and had dinner, I started down the Strand from Morley's, and walked five or six miles, coming home quite tired out. The next day I was everywhere for a moment, just to satisfy the first cravings of curiosity. I saw Westminster Abbey, but only the exterior, for I found this affected me so much that I could not trust myself further. Yesterday I felt too unwell to do much, so I rode down to St. Paul's in the morning, and spent the rest of the day lying under the trees in Hyde Park.

"Whether it is not being strong, or what, I do not know, but the sight of all these places has so much effect upon me that I cannot refrain from tears, and I was rejoiced to be able among the trees of the Park to give them full flow. Don't think me a fool, but I cannot help it."

In his long letters (often of sixteen large and closely written pages), are minute details of everything he sees, which were all new to his untraveled readers at home. Though not yet twenty-one when he landed in

England, he was prepared with a knowledge of history, topography, and art, especially of architecture, which was very uncommon at his age, and seemed half instinctive.

"London, Morley's Hotel, Sept. 1st, 1849.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I sent you yesterday a letter, which I fear will interest you but little, as it was written in great haste. I have now been in London three whole days, and my wonder does not at all diminish at the vastness of the city, the infinitude of people, and the perfect order that prevails everywhere. In all this concourse every man seems to know his business and his place, and every horse and every vehicle obeys the same great law. The sense of one's insignificance and momentariness is so strong as to be almost painful. If I were asked, what I consider the greatest wonder of London yet? I should say to ride from Charing Cross to the Bank about two o'clock, on the top of a 'bus, and see the crowds of people, and the wonderful driving. You will be tired, no doubt, of my speaking so often of these things, but remember, this is not only my first view of London, but of any great city. New York seems small now. I will tell you better things by and by.

"On Wednesday, Sept. 5th, 1849, I left Euston Square for the North. The perfection of the arrangements on the English railways is quite striking to me, after the comparative confusion of ours, though we're doing much better now."

During this journey he visits Sheffield and York, giving a minute description of the Cathedral, as well as of Durham. Arriving at Edinboro' the first place of interest is naturally Holyrood.

"I was shown about by a very solemn old woman, whom I made more communicative by probing her about Sir Walter, of whom she spoke as of some dear friend. 'And the affability of Sir Walter, and how he used to ask questions, did Sir Walter, though all the while, you know, sir, he knew the whole better than anybody else.' When I touched her upon the house of Stuart, she laid her hand upon my arm, and in a mysterious whisper declared to me the awful secret that she was a Jacobite."

Edinboro' and its associations interest him deeply. He is enchanted with Melrose.

"I longed for you more than ever to see it with me; but for a full account of these things I must refer you, from Theodore abroad, with a thousand things to say, and no time to say them in, to Theodore at home, the best of all places, as I feel more and more clearly every day.

"I called on Sir William Hamilton, and spent a very pleasant evening with him. To say that I admired Melrose would be absurd. It is fairer than the things of earth, and seems so because time has purged away all the earthly part, leaving only what was permanent. One thing that strikes me

as a chief element of its beauty is that it has no windows or doors to check your view in looking out, and you have the whole thrown open, so that everywhere a broken arch or a fallen pillar gives a new view; and then the color of the stone, a beautiful red-brown."

Not to linger too long in Scotland, where he takes an extended tour, he went on to Staffa.

"As I went north I had an odd sort of feeling as if I were coming to the end of the world, and as if each narrow rocky point was a jumping-off place. I thought of going to the Isle of Skye, but it is too late and cold, so I shall return towards England, which seems quite like a home, and more as I am always taken for an Englishman, and have some difficulty in establishing my nationality. I enjoy traveling more than at first. I used to be sometimes at a loss with my little experience, but greenness soon wears off, and I learn to bluster like John Bull. The scene at Staffa was very striking, in this solitary place, with the sea breaking wildly on the rocks, and became still more so when we entered Fingal's Cave. There came to my mind the passage in the Bible speaking of the wicked calling for the mountains to fall on them, and the hills to cover them; and this was such a hiding place. It was almost awful; a temple not made with hands; the black damp rocks going down to an unknown depth in the black water; the light from the entrance just sufficient to make the whole

interior visible, without any glare. I have never seen anything that seemed to bring me so near eternity as this, so far from the homes and works of man."

"Stirling, Oct. 6th, 1849.

"This is my last point in Scotland, and I say it with regret. It is quite a relief to be again in the Lowlands, in softer scenery. I feel this particularly after Glencoe, which is the climax of desolate Scotch mountain scenery. You will be surprised when I say that here at Stirling I saw my first horse-race, and never care to see one again. I found it very stupid. I make acquaintance with many travelers, or they with me, and I meet the same tourists over and over. The English throw off their reserve as soon as they cross their own frontier, and can say, 'We don't have such bread in England.'

"I like my lonely walks over the moors, where the grouse get quietly up from under my feet, knowing my umbrella is not a gun, and the deer look at me from the hill, or the hare from the covert.

"It is pleasant to study the surnames on signs, and see if they are like ours, or new to me. One name I noticed was Mr. Twentyman, himself a host. Many I find that I supposed the coinage of some author's brain. They told me to be sure to go to Fountain's Abbey, and I am glad I did. The first view of the Abbey is most beautiful, just in the center of a picture, with a dark background of woods and a foreground of soft green meadow, through

which winds a little wooded stream, and a pond is at your feet with swans sailing about."

Giving a long description of the architecture of the Abbey from Early English to Perpendicular, full of appreciation and detail, he enjoys the grotesque carved stalls at Ripon, where he finds a pig playing the bagpipe, Punch wheeling Judy in a barrow, a fox and goose and other odd fancies, and goes to Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, and Stratford-on-Avon.

"At Kirkstall, as elsewhere, I found the most splendid screens of ivy, made more beautiful by the blossoms of a lighter green. These monstrous old trunks cling to the walls with a grasp that reminds me of the feeling that comes in bad dreams—they hold fast without any apparent means—the whole mass bared of its leaves and dead, but still holding fast, and interlaced in the most complex manner.

"I have amused myself by going into country alehouses, to see all sides of English life. I went into a little place in Lichfield on the Fair day. I meant to have taken my glass with the farmers, but the barmaid insisted on taking me into another room, set round with little tables, garnished with long clay pipes. Two women came in from the market, producing mutton pies, on which they proceeded to dine heartily. I would far rather go to these places than to an upper class hotel, where people are all alike. I find great delight in the scenes that make real to me so much. I see the

very people that novelists have described, 'Mr. Weller' and 'Samivel,' cockney sportsmen, and geniuses with dishevelled hair, benevolent old greenhorns with eyeglass and black gaiters—a whole Pickwick Club at every railway station, fat old ladies that have 'dowager' stamped upon every feature and motion, from the ungainly waddle of their gait, to the manifold ribbons of their monstrous hats; people wild about their multifarious luggage, and making every possible blunder. A thousand such things I see; and I am glad always to see the comic side, for the sorrowful intrudes itself quite too often, and painful questions force themselves upon the mind.

"The English parks and seats are very beautiful in their perfect finish, but hardly more so than the country everywhere; you are astonished to find always the same green fields and trim hedges and grand trees.

"One of my objects is to see as many cathedrals as possible, for each is interesting in itself, and has features quite peculiar to itself. Gloucester is remarkable for its perfection in every part . . . but I must not give you an architectural treatise merely.

"In going to Bath I was amused to notice the odd way of going down the steep hills with the donkey carts. They tie the foremost beast of the tandem to the back of the cart, and putting a sack over his hinder parts, they knock away his legs from under him, and he slides down hill, acting as a drag."

Visiting Oxford he meets with great kindness and hospitality, and sees many interesting people.

“You know how I feel about Oxford, and can imagine with what feelings I walked through the quadrangles and gardens, and recognized the familiar names of each. I refer you to my future letters for descriptions. Some of the young men have the unmistakable look that distinguishes a Freshman everywhere, the same mingling of conscious importance with apprehension and innocent surprise. Altogether a very gentlemanly looking collection of men, and many handsome ones among them.”

Three long letters, of sixteen pages each, contain his impressions of Oxford and Cambridge, and their poetic, scholarly life and beauty.

“At Balliol we saw among the curiosities a tankard, given by the Man of Ross—Mr. Kyrle. It had a hedgehog, his crest, upon it, and a lady who knows the family told me that they have a superstition that a hedgehog always precedes each member of the family to the other world, for one of these animals is always found dead by the door before any death in the house.

“O how I glory in my country! There are times when sad and gloomy views of life must be present to one who feels ‘the burthen of the mystery of all this unintelligible world,’ but I rejoice to think that there are among us some men, young and old,

who combine reverence for the past with hope for the future, in whom reverence is not blindness, nor hope rashness. They will be our salvation.

"A genuine enthusiasm like Ruskin's is not common in Oxford; the present spirit of the place seems opposed to it; the easy life of a fellow of a college is enjoyed rather as a period of scholastic leisure, than of serious and diligent preparation for the duties of life. This impression at least I derived from the men themselves. It is not so, of course, with all. There is life enough among the younger men, especially those who come from Rugby."

Among his letters of introduction was one to a gentleman who was a strong opponent of the Tractarian movement. The controversy was still rife, and he appears to have heard much discussion on the subject, though he seems only to have been interested as a looker on. But everything set him thinking.

"I have always in my mind, when I see anything new or important, its effect if carried over to my own country, and I should think, on the whole, our system is far in advance of Oxford, and not much behind Cambridge. Every one, nearly, in Oxford thinks that some change is necessary, but none are agreed as to what it is.

"I sometimes feel disposed to come directly home. I have seen things and people, already, enough to last me all my life.

"Mr. G—— told me that on his proposing to bring me to visit a friend, the person expressed

great consternation, and said, 'How do you know but he is going to write a book!'

"One thinks of the English as a stable government, but it has a strange effect on me here, where I hear only English opinions, to find how everything is in a transition state—everybody proposing some plan of improvement, so that ours seems the settled government and this the experimental."

" London, Morley's Hotel, Nov. 9th, 1849.

"One can hardly know, until you have been about these streets, how true and how telling are the jokes and caricatures in Punch. In fact a careful study of Punch is an excellent preparation for London life.

"I am acting as a sort of *attaché* to our Embassy. I call myself so, because Mr. L—— told me I was his only one. *Attachés* are rather ornamental than useful, their duties being generally only to the ladies of the family; these I have faithfully performed, and besides I am deep in the secrets of the Mosquito question.

"I shall go to Paris probably on Monday, and am, for my convenience, *chargé de dépêches* for the Legation.

"I always enjoy myself to an intense degree in a crowd, and delight in going down into the City on the top of a 'bus. It was my first wonder in London, and will be my last—the marvelous driving in the streets."

In Paris he meets many friends, but is very far from being well or happy. In fact, his health was never

strong enough to give him a fair start in life, and though in after years it gradually improved, and outdoor life and travel always invigorated him, illness constantly interfered with his plans. He spent a great deal of his time in Paris in the friendly home of the Hunts, the family of the distinguished painter, William Hunt, and his brother, Richard Hunt, the architect, who were both there, engaged in art studies; and he also met, for the first time, Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, destined to become his fast friend.

He was a favorite wherever he went, and proper reticence and want of space alone forbid quoting his descriptions of the people he met, both high and low, who were kind and attentive to him. Society could not fail to awaken still more a young soul only too impressible for its own happiness. Everything was appreciated and assimilated. He started wonderfully well prepared for travel for a young man not twenty-one, and his art criticisms* seldom differ from the best ideas of to-day.

" *Paris*, Nov. 22d, 1849.

"DEAR MOTHER,—At another time I would have liked to stop and see the country, but now I looked upon Paris as a sort of El Dorado, where I was to find health, and everything that I wished; so I hastened on, reaching there about five A. M. I delivered my despatches to the Secretary of Legation the next day, and found he was from Woodbury, Connecticut. I am very much amused in the streets with everything, soldiers, peasants, *bonnes*,

* Mostly omitted.

hand-bills and signs, but the novelty and surprise is that I feel so much at home, and find people so little different from ours. I suppose it is everyone's experience. I have felt also, in London and in Paris, the desolation that comes at first in a great city, but the loneliness soon wears off. I have been established in my 'appartement' about half an hour, and expect to be very comfortable.

"I enjoy the contrast between the fashion and splendor of the Boulevards, and the narrow and ancient streets, where you find a life so different that you might think yourself in another world—lofty old houses, crammed with people from cellar to skylight, but in all their darkness preserving something of the attempt at elegance that makes *any* house in Paris prettier than *any* house elsewhere. The women, in nice caps, go about as if life were pleasant, and the muddy street a ball-room. The Parisian ladies all wear stout shoes, and sometimes gaiters besides; their example ought to be followed by ours, who are sadly imprudent, even with our delightful climate.

"In the public speaking, though there is plenty of life in the manner, the rising inflection constantly used makes it monotonous and peculiar at first.

"I see my old schoolmate, Dick Hunt, all the time; he is working hard at architecture, with a manly and patriotic feeling to make himself of use at home. He has passed rapidly and successfully through all the examinations. The French system is calculated to bring out any original powers a

man has. I am in the Louvre all the time, admiring, and full of plans for improving the condition of the fine arts in my own country. I am inclined to think that few men place their hopes higher than their powers, and therefore expect my friend Dick Hunt will do good work at home.

"I feel that I have learnt much of men and things, not half as much as I ought, but something to take the romance out of me, and to do away with the idle dreamy spirit that I have so much indulged, until at last my eyes have been opened. This is an epoch in my life; but all such changes are sudden.

"I had a very interesting visit to the school where the daughters of the Legion of Honor are gratuitously educated. . . . In one room there were forty-one pianos going at once, and each on a different piece. Think of rattling away with forty others practicing at the same time! Habit settles it, but it must injure the ear, while it promotes attention. It is very cold, and the days are very short, yet I feel brighter than for some time. I start in good spirits, and hope to enjoy myself in Italy, going by Avignon and Nismes, to Marseilles. Love to all my dear friends. I have longed to send you some of the pretty Christmas things that fill the shop windows."

Extracts from Journal.

"Dreamed about writing a book on Art. The ideas of William Hunt are certainly very fine and good. I think I should like to stay in Europe and

go into diplomatic life. Talked with Dick Hunt about changing our seat of government, and laying out a grand new city as a national monument. Hurrah! We'll do it!"

"In the salon of the Louvre, devoted to portraits of the kings of France, it seemed an odd coincidence that Louis Philippe's portrait fills up the very last space that is left in the room. And yet they talk here as if Louis Napoleon would make himself emperor before long."

Many interesting things must have been talked of between these three brilliant young men and the charming women of the Hunt family, and excellent guides and teachers they must have been in Paris life. Leaving Paris, he goes by Lyons, Nismes, Avignon, to Marseilles, and by steamer to Genoa and Rome. Here he became better acquainted with Mr. William H. Aspinwall and his family, who were kind friends to him then and in the future. But the cloud still hangs over him, and he cannot get away from it by change of place.

"Owing to my peculiar state of health, I lose a great deal, finding it quite impossible to make use of all the opportunities for improvement that traveling affords. I find myself very wretched, wishing for nothing so much as death, and yet knowing not what death is."

For all these drawbacks, he sees everything—Paris, the Louvre, Rachel, Rome, the Carnival, all, and more, that tourists of that day usually saw, and that all the

world knows now so well—and studied French and Italian as he went. Still doubting and distrusting himself, he thinks he is learning little, while he is absorbing knowledge at every pore.

“On the Avignon steamer was a motley crowd. Among the soldiers was a small man of fifty-five or sixty, with keen and sharp features, a grizzled moustache, and long imperial, wearing a colonel's uniform, decorated, and in all respects, as I supposed, *un véritable Chasseur d'Afrique*. I learned that this colonel was the painter, Horace Vernet, on his way to make some sketches for the government. He is a colonel of the National Guard, and I suppose wears the uniform from fancy. At Avignon, his birthplace, is the famous Mazeppa that you have so often seen engraved.”

“Rome, Feb. 3d, 1850.

“DEAR MOTHER,—Forgive the stupidity of my letters. Attention and observation have become my only faculties; cramming my only occupation. Some time I hope to digest all this. Men are known and formed by the company they keep, and when one's sole companion is John Murray—‘the traveler's Bible,’ what can you expect? I am staying a little longer here, for the sake of the Carnival, though the feeling of the people will prevent much of the usual gayety; but you know it would hardly do to miss a thing that one has heard so much about, and one of the great lions of the modern world. The pleasure of my stay in Rome has been very much increased by the kindness of the C——'s,

and I have a new set of friends in the Aspinwalls. But I must tell you how I got here. It was a lovely sail by steamer from Marseilles to Genoa. That being my first Italian town, interested me extremely, in a thousand different ways—the costumes of the men, the picturesque veils of the women, the delightful narrow streets, the palaces, the Vandykes. We landed at Leghorn in a snow-storm, and the next day had to put into the harbor of San Stefano. The country between Civita Vecchia and Rome was the most desolate I ever saw or imagined—only a few huts, and shepherds clad in goat skins, more shaggy than the goats they tended, and far more savage than the beautiful gray oxen. With this desert on one side, and the glorious sea on the other, the solitude was strange and intense. I ran about Rome the next day, full of excitement, till I reached the Capitol, and climbed the tower at top, from whence I had all Rome at my feet. There, my dear mother, was the Forum! and between me and it a succession of ruins, triumphal arches, broken pillars; enough to suggest the ancient magnificence; enough to make me feel that this was Rome, and recall a few of the lessons that formed the boy and influenced the young man. The day was superb, and the mountains, covered with snow, made an admirable background; below, the eye lost itself in the great plain of the Campagna, seeming like a great lake. Towards the west were the heights of the Janiculum and the Vatican, crowned with stone pines, and to the north Mod-

ern Rome domed up! After satisfying my eyes with a good long look, I took out my map, and studied the localities, till I felt pretty well at home, and then started for an exploration, in which I will not force you to follow me. You do not want a description of St. Peter's, and I will only say that I was not disappointed, though it seemed somewhat different from my preconceived ideas. . . . One thing that impressed me in the sculptures of the Vatican was the wonderful life-like perfection of the animals, and they have been very interesting to me. I did not know how admirable in nature and expression the lions, tigers, horses, dogs and birds of the ancients were, and so I had an agreeable surprise in the hall of animals; finding myself in a petrified menagerie, only needing the spell reversed, to let loose their fury upon me.

"One of the great charms to me in Rome has been the multitude of beautiful views that you have on every side; making new combinations of river, mountain, and the broad expanse of the Campagna, with the mass of the modern city, and the ruins of the old. Any one of these alone were worth coming to Rome for, as I felt while lying this morning in the sun, in front of the church of St. Onofrio, looking down upon the city, and giving myself to quiet enjoyment. Then I entered the church, interesting for some pictures, and particularly as being the place where the poet was buried whom I have to thank for some of my happiest hours. It was in the convent of San Onofrio

that Tasso passed the few last days of his life. You may imagine that I felt some interest in standing by the grave of the man who has Christianized my Diomed into my Tancred. The monk who was my guide took me into his apartment, which still contains some of his little private effects—a pen-case, a reading-glass, a crucifix, an autograph letter written just before his death."

"Naples, Feb. 17th, 1850.

"The views leaving Rome and on the journey were most interesting. I arrived here just too late for a magnificent eruption of Vesuvius, but I hastened to ascend, in hopes of seeing its effects. The air here is delicious, the sky and water beautiful—it is a divine place—'all save the spirit of man'—I have enjoyed the museum, the Pompeian relics of Art, and the noble antique statues."

These European letters alone would fill a volume, and it is necessary to hasten on, and omit all but what is characteristic of himself.

"Friday, March 8th.

"I am at Athens, where I arrived to-day. We had a delightful sail to Messina, down the beautiful Bay of Naples and along the purple shores of Sicily. Soon after leaving Messina, we came in sight of a very large mountain, rising far above its neighbors. At first, though its outline seemed strangely familiar, I did not make it out, but as we approached there could be no mistaking Etna!

At sunset, its form was still clear against the sky. Next morning we arrived at Malta. This climate is said to be intolerable, the island becomes a sort of griddle, and already, March 5th, it is too warm, and roses in bloom. We left Malta in a beautiful sunset, and I was just able to get on deck the second evening in time to get a glimpse of the shores of Greece. We were just in view of the southern headlands of Laconia, and next morning were fairly along shore, with the isles of Greece on every side, and between the shores of Argolis and Ægina on one hand, and Sunium on the other. Passing Ægina, we could see the ruins of the temple of Jupiter, Pan Hellenus, and already the Acropolis had been some time in sight. The view in approaching was fine—the plain of Athens, surrounded by a great semicircle of mountains, with the harbor of the Piræus in the foreground, filled with ships of different flags, and to the left the bay of Salamis, where the English fleet is lying.

“The first thing that struck me was the excessive barrenness of the country, increased by the intense cold of the past winter, which has destroyed almost everything—oranges, palms, and even olives; I have been told that the snow lay fourteen inches deep in the streets, and the mercury went down to 16° F. To get a good impression of Athens one should enter from Elensis; there the country is more cultivated, and the Acropolis descends more boldly on that side.

"I strolled about, feeling very miserable after five days of seasickness, until I was restored by seeing the columns of Jupiter Olympus, and I lingered about, enjoying the view, till the sun went down most gloriously behind the mountains on the other side, making long shadows from the crags that break the surface of the plain. The Ilissus, you know, is only a brook, dry in the summer, but the ravine is picturesque, and there is a pretty little cascade close by the temple. Altogether the view was beautiful, heightened by the fresh green of the springing wheat, and had accessories that only Athens could show.

"Next morning we spent several hours at the Acropolis. You can imagine I was glad to stand there, and see with my eyes and my imagination what Pericles saw. Nature has remained the same, and these beautiful shores and waters are now as then. It requires but little help from the fancy to restore and repeople these unrivaled shores. I was surprised to find how large a portion of the ruins remain lying about, so that a great deal could be set up again, but of course it would not be desirable.

"On Monday we were off with a party for Marathon. Leaving Athens we passed over an extensive plain, with Hymettus on our right and Pentelicus just before, with other mountains stretching all about. The scene, with the fine cool morning air, produced with me an exhilaration that was almost childish delight. I go too easily from one extreme

to the other. We passed a grove of very remarkable old olives, 'older than Christianity,' the guide said, gnarled and twisted, and curiously knotted, like cables. The road was the worst I ever saw, and some of the party performed singular feats of horsemanship, rudely severing all ties. After winding for a long time among the rocks, we began to go down an almost precipitous descent, and saw before us the plain of Marathon, with the sea making a most exquisite curve within a point, and in the background the blue heights of Eubœa. We had a good gallop over the plain, though some of it is marshy. It is covered with white narcissus, and there were plenty of little daisies and bluebells, to say nothing of the especial flower of Greece, the beautiful anemone or paparona, in all colors, from white, through all the shades of pink, to a deep rich purple and brilliant scarlet, which carpets the ground.

"A little elevation, called the tomb of the Athenians, gives you an excellent view. It seems a capital place for the movements of infantry, though rather heavy for cavalry, and with the rugged heights behind, is an exceedingly strong position. I wish I could tell you more of what I have done, as, for example, the ascent of Pentelicus."

"April 13th, 1850.

"I wrote last from Athens, just before starting for a tour in the Morea. Of course we go on horse-back, as there are only three carriage roads in

Greece, and we take a guide and all necessities with us, as there are no hotels. The road from Athens to Megara is exceedingly beautiful. Leaving Athens, you turn up the pass of Daphne, having a superb view of the Acropolis, the Parthenon, Pentelicus, the town, and the bay, seeing the whole across the green plain, and the olives of the Academe—a simple, striking view, that takes hold of the mind and the memory like no other. Passing the little monastery of Daphne, between two hills, you come upon a view different but equally fine—the lovely sweep of the bay of Eleusis-Salamis, and the lofty mountains behind Megara; the waters a glorious blue, such as you find only in these seas, and the mountains of clear yet softened tints, as they are always in Greece, like forget-me-nots. I have become by this time enough of a traveler not to be frightened by any place, however dirty, and go everywhere, and look at everything, sure always that what a ‘Milordo Americane’ does, will always be right. Thus I have got a very good idea of life in Greece. From Megara I started for Corinth, in a violent snow-storm. The roads in Greece are as bad as possible, they are half mountain, and half mud. Next day to Nauplia, and the fourth to Argos, and returned to Athens nearly by the same route. I hope ‘something to my advantage’ may turn up one of these days, and give me an opportunity of seeing *all the world*.

“You may think my desires for longer travel absurd with my means, but I have already con-

sulted prudence, and turned back from Constantinople and the Turks.

"My second tour in Greece was to Thermopylæ. The scenery of Greece is almost peculiar to itself. Wood is rather rare, but many of the higher mountains are thickly covered with pines, whose dark foliage contrasts with the brilliant white snow, and the brilliant blue above; soft mists and heavy clouds hang over the summits, and there are numberless ravines, chasms, gorges, dells, most exquisitely beautiful, that a thousand times repay for the vexations of the journey. Returning from Thermopylæ, the clouds breaking suddenly showed me Parnassus just in front, capped with heavy snow; farther off I could see the familiar outline of Helicon and its outlying hills, and Cithæron faintly in the distance. These noble mountains were the grander features of the scene, Parnassus rising abruptly from the lake-like plain, green and uninclosed. To pay for this we had to put up at a wretched Khan, where the fleas left not an inch untouched as I lay on the floor, an owl hooted all night over my head, and a boy coughed awfully. For one moment I dropped asleep, and the next awoke with a dream that the day of judgment had come. This was on the site of the old Cheronæa. The lovely anemones were my companions for the whole journey."

"Venice, April 19th, 1850.

"To-night Venice has been enchanting! Always, even in the remorseless glare of noonday, the Pi-

azza di San Marco is like the vision of a fairy tale, but this evening, moonlight, darkened each moment by passing clouds, has given the scene a romantic charm that no words of mine can present. I walked until my feet ached, trying to stop, but compelled to go on. The moon shone from time to time on the water, and the Salute, and San Giorgio, while on the other side a heavy black mass of clouds shone now and then with sudden lightning, against which the great Campanile stood grandly. Again I say, it was enchanting! The romance that gives interest to the very name of Venice meets with no disappointment when tested by reality. As usual, it is different from your expectations, and you regret the sad decay that shows itself everywhere, but the novelty and real beauty that remain are quite enough to make it most memorable among the scenes that a traveler would recall. But this pleasure could not last; a life here, I should think, would be almost insupportable: man is not amphibious, and the perpetual and unstable gondola; the canal at every turn, green and muddy, instead of your own little grass-plat; the want of the cheerful rattle and bustle of a crowded city, all this would make Venice a place to wonder at and admire, but where you would feel always *afloat*, and never have a home feeling. The climate here is very injurious to pictures and marbles, and causes the buildings to decay. Padua is one great studious cloister. Everywhere the country is putting on spring colors, and the horse-chestnut blossoms

carry me home at once, as I think of the beautiful tree opposite our house."

Visiting Verona, and all the cities of northern Italy, we find him next at Florence, where, as usual, he observes closely people and things, art and nature, and writes minutely.

"The situation of Florence is the most beautiful that you can imagine, in the midst of green hills scattered with villas. This is May, the most lovely month in Italy. I begin to understand what the poets mean by May, and also to realize the actual beauty of the highly praised Italian sky. Since the weather has become settled, we have had Claude sunsets in abundance. There is no more clearness, no more brilliant coloring, than at home, ours cannot be equaled for gorgeousness of cloud-scenery, but there is a sort of palpable haze, that refines the outlines, and makes the tints more delicate, without indistinctness. Just before sunset, the horizontal rays are intercepted by this medium, and it makes itself visible, veiling but not hiding, and throwing a rich golden glow over everything, and giving you exactly the effect that you see in Claude's scenes, but with all the intensity of Nature.

"It would take me a week to tell you all I have seen in the galleries and streets of Florence and Siena. Whether any of the celebrated works of art deserve the enthusiastic admiration lavished upon them I have long ceased to doubt."

By Pistoja he goes on through lovely scenery to the Baths of Lucca, "the beau ideal of a watering-place," to Pisa, "the beauty of whose wonderful Piazza, so quiet, solemn, and apart, with its unrivaled group of buildings, the world can hardly equal," ran down again to Genoa by the Riviera di Ponente, where "some of the views over land and water are as beautiful as mind can conceive," by the magnificent Gulf of Spezia and Carrara. From Genoa to Nice, to see the Riviera, which well deserves all the praise bestowed upon it. Such views are quite indescribable, and the road itself, and the little towns are greatly to be admired." To the modern, brilliant city of Turin, to gay Milan, "where, though you may criticise, you would rather give yourself up to the solemn reverence that a truly Gothic Cathedral, the noblest work of man, inspires. It is a most fairy-like place, the stone seems to lose its quality of weight, while it retains that of stability and strength. This is partly owing to the finish of the details. You begin resolutely to study the lines of the foundation, but before you know it you run up a buttress to its exquisite statue and pinnacle, and lose yourself in the blue sky. I have seen nearly all the best specimens of monumental architecture in Italy, many of them hidden carefully under curtains, or a lock and key; here you have a great building quite as delicately wrought, and standing freely in public gaze."

By the fascinating old towns of Bergamo and Brescia, he makes the tour of the Italian Lakes.

"The world is full of flowers now, the fields scarlet with poppies, the views the loveliest that eyes ever beheld."

"St. Gall, Switzerland, June 30th, 1850.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—From a fair and lovely spot in this land, whose exquisite beauty and wild grandeur have begun to open upon me, I begin on Sunday morning my first letter from Switzerland to those I love best. We walked over the Splügen Pass from Chiavenna. Parts of the pass are richly wooded with chestnuts, then beeches and ashes, whose delicate foliage, in contrast with evergreens, clothes the mountain sides. You soon become so hardened to waterfalls that you hardly notice them. Then come the flowers, and then the stern desolation of the heights, silent and lonely, save for the friendly trickle of some little stream that accompanies you on your way, growing as you descend. And then what a charm the smiling valleys have, with their villages, pastures and orchards (almost like home), after the stupendous Via Mala!

"I am sure there is no river in the world that does so much as the Rhine! The more I think of this country of Switzerland, the more wonderful it seems to me,—the great watershed of Europe, the home of freedom, the strong barrier, and, in the midst of populous lands, a hermitage, a solitude, where man can retire to worship God, and measure himself with nature. At Coire, P—— left me, and I got a splendid knapsack, and went on alone to

the baths of Pfaffers, a most interesting place, where you seem to be let completely into the secrets of Nature. Leaving this, I follow down the valley of the Rhine, and reach the lovely village of Wildhaus." . . .

It were pleasant to accompany him in his pedestrian tour through Switzerland; but his minute and enthusiastic accounts of all the usual and unusual routes, peaks, passes, and glaciers, would occupy too much space. He made the "tour of Monte Rosa," the "tour of Mont Blanc," walked immensely, but made no great ascensions. During the tour of Mont Blanc, he ascended a mountain called the Cramont, famous for one of the best views of the great peak.

"Getting what I thought sufficient directions, I started off alone, the mountain being directly in front of the village (of Cormayeur). For a couple of hours the ascent was not difficult, and after a pleasant walk, with the view of Mont Blanc growing finer and finer, I found myself at the foot of the precipitous portion of the ascent, a distance of about 2000 feet, the whole height being 8000. Here I found a cowboy who showed me the path to the top, which, making a detour, avoided the precipice by climbing an ascent nearly as steep. It is always one of the pleasant things among the Alps to meet with human faces, and human habitations, with their cheerful accompaniments of cowbells. I pulled up this sharp ascent for nearly an hour, and then found farther progress stopped by

a wall of rock ahead, while the path turned round it. I looked up the wall, and supposing it only an affair of a couple hundred feet or so, determined upon an escalade, and picking out a good place began my climb. The wall was very much like the face of East Rock, but being of broken flaky limestone it afforded footing and handhold, though neither very secure, so that after a quarter of an hour of really very hard work, I reached the point which I had supposed to be the summit. Imagine my surprise and almost consternation, when I found that the crag I had attained was nothing more than a bastion of the grand wall, which, higher and more inaccessible, towered above my head. I felt myself 'in a fix.' To descend, I was sure was almost impossible. To get up had been dangerous, and I did not dare to go over it, with the additional impetus of down-hill work. I looked up at the frowning wall before me, and down the one which I had ascended, and knew that if my hand or foot should fail me, or if a stone should give way, it was quite unlikely that I should write any more letters home. The view from this point was very grand, for I had taken my seat upon a point of rock, and could look at it quietly. This side of Mont Blanc is bolder, and less hidden by other summits than that towards Chamounix, the rest of the chain too is very grand, particularly the column-like crag of the Géant, and the serrated edge of the Jorasses. The morning mists had rolled away, and all their snows glittered against

the metallic luster of the sky. I could see directly under my feet the chalets I had passed in the morning, and the smoke of some charcoal burners' fires. Even the sound of the bells came up distinctly to my ears. Except a little of the valley of Cormayeur the rest was all a prison-like wall of rock, a prison with a door large enough indeed, but which opened into a place as disagreeable as would have been the *oubliette* of a torture chamber, if the unfortunate culprit could have looked before he leaped. However, it did not take me as long as the writing of these lines to decide, that, as I could not go down, and could not spend my life in this spot, I must go up; so collecting myself, and putting my trust in Providence, I went at it, tooth and nail.—I don't care about tiring you with the rest of my climb—I should not like to do it again—and when, after an escalade of an hour, I found myself at the summit, my first act was to kneel down and thank God that my life, however useless, had been preserved for a time. After enjoying the superb panorama of mountains from the top, I descended on the back, where for a short distance it is somewhat steep, but nothing in comparison. . . . The next day about three o'clock I found myself quite a lion among some guides, for having already done what they considered a long day's journey, and intending to do four hours more. At six, we reached the charming baths of St. Gervais. I was so little tired with my walk of thirteen hours, that I was almost ready for a dance they got up in the evening."

Five closely-written sheets do not suffice for his delight in Chamounix and its excursions, "its sunsets that cannot be described, its unsullied noonday skies." The letter closes at Geneva, the end of his Swiss tour. Again he says,

"I close this letter at Frankfort, filled with hopeful thoughts for you all. A year and more has passed since I left home, a year which seems to me like the vision of a dream. I have walked in my sleep, and seen things without knowing how. The autumn begins to come on again, and the wind to have a gloomy sound, so I am glad I have no more space to fill to-day."

Another very long letter tells of a visit to Strasbourg, to Baden, the Rhine, Heidelberg, Cologne, and takes him to Holland. He finds a resemblance between Amsterdam and New York—

"all but its extreme cleanliness. It shows the corruption of the world that a place should be admired for what ought to be a matter of course. The windmills are the most striking objects. In some directions they seem to be in forests, and woe would it have been to Don Quixote if he had found himself in such a throng; the watermills would have ducked him, the sawmills sliced him, like any bit of tough old timber, the oilmills squeezed the juices out of his hungry carcass, and the gristmills finished the unfortunate hero by making him into sausage meat."

"I close in Paris, where I am now established, after finishing my tour in Holland, and seeing something of Belgium. I have a room across the river in the *Rue de l'Université*, for which I am to pay 25 *francs a month*. My breakfast costs 2 sous, and my dinner in proportion. Sunday next being Sept. 22d, I attain the age of 22. Such a combination of 2's ought to produce good fortune. I am rather young still! I am studying French, hard, and take a lesson every day. In the past year I have learned a thing or two, and Paris seems to me like an old friend, with whom I can look back upon the past. And yet with what different eyes I look upon it all! If it were not for the assurance of your love, and the hope of making myself worthy of it, and of showing, to you and to others, that all your thoughtfulness, all your sacrifices, and all the power of your beautiful example, have had their influence in saving me from intellectual and moral worthlessness,—if it were not for you and a few others who love me,—Life, with its weary weight of mysteries and doubts, of hopeless searchings into an obdurate future, of disgusts and contempts, of unanswerable questionings, would lose all that makes it even endurable. An almost total despair sometimes comes over me! Can even love, can even Faith, make this existence tolerable?" . . .

"Paris, Dec. 12th, 1850.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—The interval that has elapsed since you last heard from me, did not come from negligence. It was the desire to give you a sur-

prise. I had thought it out a dozen times—how I should reach New York in the evening, too late for the last train for HOME! How I should rush over to Staten Island,—a *terra incognita* to me—and find them just locking up; then arriving next morning at New Haven, should enter by the back door, and catch all the family in the midst of their several avocations. With this idea in my mind I refrained from writing, lest I should betray myself. I shall not tell you what steamer I intend to take, expect me till I come; it will not be so soon as you think, and I want to spare you the anxiety of counting days. It seems hard to go home, yet inexpressibly joyful! The very prospect makes my heart almost leap out of my mouth, and writing seems absurd. No more husks! Hurrah! fatted calves and best robes, for the *Enfant Prodigue* is coming home! Put your best foot foremost, everybody, and take me to your heart again, my beloved mother.

T. W."

On his return home, in Jan., 1851, he writes in his journal:

"I can now see that I have gained much. I have placed myself on a higher level, whence I can look at my increased forces, and see that they are, in some respects, ready for battle. They are but raw levies, willing, but ignorant and undisciplined—there is nothing of the steadiness of veteran troops about them. It will be a work of time, but I hope they will turn out good soldiers.

"I would not now give up any of the lessons I learned in Europe, and I wish I could remember how I learned them. No more, I hope, shall I waste time in deploring. I shall bewail no more that I have done no more. I shall try to avoid looking back with the morbid self-reproachful feeling, which I have encouraged, rather than checked, thus far. It is a dangerous thing to my progress. I could wish that I had an accurate history of that miserable three months I spent in Paris."

From this time begins a new era in his life, a time of new resolves, of greater firmness, of greater cheerfulness and courage. Some poems, written about these days, express this mood, and show also that he had begun to grasp words and rhythm, and to prove his weapons. Not a single poem that he ever wrote appears to be finished, or to have received the last touches from his hand, but were fragments, scribbled on the backs of letters and other scraps of paper, and thrown aside. There is a swing and a life in the following lines, as if they were thought out as he paced the deck while nearing the country he loved so well, while his heart burned with the nearness of home, and his blood thrilled at the touch of the land wind.

Dash! Dash from wave to onward wave!
Eager ship! not eager as my heart!
Lift freer! bound bolder! while the brave
Comrade gales, wilder, fresher start!

Heaving, curling, foaming emerald swells!
Take twilight thro' each jeweled crest!

Shades deepen down the emerald dells,
Wild winds come roaring from the west.

Wild winds! not wilder than my hope!
When summit-poised, I see the shore
Glimmer far, plunging down the slope,
Steep surges greet me with their roar.

Wandering soul! who knows what deeper joy,
What deeper sorrow now shall test
Thy manlier manhood? What if coy
Love, long sought love, should meet thy quest?

Tremble not, nor stir thy steady calm:
Sad heart, be still! world saddened heart!
Nor dare to lift triumphant psalm—
Thou hast not learned to know thy part!

Grand sea! oh sweep me homeward fast!
Mine is a land of surging sweeps,
Lone forests, prairies rolling vast,
Palisades of fortress mountain-steeps.

Noble land to stride athwart, and wake
All its myriads up to nobler thought;
Dull sleep of thousand hearts to brake,
Till great deliverance is wrought!—(1851).

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Wild soul of mine, be strong, be brave!
Vast land of mine, thy opening skies
Where omen lights dash wave on wave,
Crowd night with hopes, when daylight dies,
Telling me my wings shall yet be free,
Nobler far their soaring yet shall be!

Visions truer than what daylight gives,
Pace grandly down my shadowy dreams;
Trailing light they march, a glow that lives
Brightening, till my darkness radiance seems.
Call you midnight this? methinks proud day
Proudly thus his noontide might array.

Cold brilliance of a northern sky,
Rosier than tropic sunset glows;
Spirit pageants bannered gloriously
Throng heaven with triumph. Ghostly snows
Wintry piled in silver swelling mass
Flush with golden splendors as they pass.

Then startling voices rouse my soul:
Weird whispers, strangely stirring, breathe
Through mazy flashes, to a scroll
Rune written—dancers twine and wreath,
Mortal music never such as this
Taught sadness certainty of bliss!

Certain bliss, yet nobler effort still!
Grander duties, gemmed with finer joys!
Prophet glories nerve me to fulfil
True hope, that worthily destroys
All the long ignoble bitter past;
Merging it in strength and peace at last.
—(1851.)

DEFEAT?

Forgotten aspirations! Faint
Trembles of bygone tumult, heavings stilled!
Prayers when I deemed myself a saint!
Uplifting dreams! thoughts with broad visions filled!

Forgotten! as the ocean has forgot
The mastery of winds that raged but now,
In swaying sunniest calm, that carelessly
Dashes with petty shifting smiles its brow.

Oh shoaling heart! oh thin
And sandy, scattered, aimless flowing life!
Even its deeper spots have been
Fouled darkly by a secret inward strife.

Once to have heard a tone
Diviner than a dreamy symphony,
Call, thro' the silence of unknown
Awe, and a grand expectancy,

To feel a silence thronged with power
Of thoughts, like to a kneeling legion band,
Whose vows are war-cries in the hour
Of death, of martyrdom for fatherland;

And then their tramp, their throng
Round the brave soul that, marshaling them on,
Sweeps forward with an impulse strong
Those eager souls, till life or death is won!

Oh coward heart! defeat?—
Better have died than fled! Better have died
Than falsely, weakly struggling, deign to treat
With those assassin foes you march beside!

Therefore they ceased, my grand
Bursts of exalted, of inspiring thought;—
Hardly a straggler dares to stand
Hidden, and mourning the vain fight they fought.

Sadly I watch the dying sunset paint
My hopes with gray, their promise unfulfilled,
Nor longer catch the glory, lingering faint,
Of splendor lost to him who feebly willed.

WAITING.

So I may only live thro' my despair,
And feel the grand revulsion, and repair
My weary night watch of dull misery,
By one full gaze at unveiled ecstasy,

So I may know the terrible delight,
Intense as madness, of one instant's sight
Into the heaven of passion, when like flame
Leap the quick pulses quivering thro' my frame;

For such illumined moments I will grope
Through gloomiest ways, bearing my half-quenched
hope,
Till its charred ashes suddenly awake,
And wondrous flashes 'thwart the darkness break.

Let me not waste in skirmishes my power,—
In petty struggles,—rather in the hour
Of deadly conflict may I nobly die!
In my first battle perish gloriously!

No level life for me, no soft smooth seas,
No tender plaintive notes of lulling breeze:
I choose the night, so I may feel the gale,
Even though it wreck me on my foamy trail.

I cannot tamely, coldly-patient live,
 And all my glowing fire to ashes give !
 Let ruddy light, fierce, ardent, searching flame
 Arouse the dying pulses of my frame.

.

FRAGMENTS.

'Tis grander to have merited renown,
 Than to have gained it—

.

If strong desire could conquer fate, I'd conquer—

.

'Tis the wild battle, 'tis the crashing charge !
 The shout of victory, the maddened shout;
 The ecstatic agony of victor death.—

.

He stood as a lone island lighthouse stands
 On a mad midnight sea

It was the cooling of his religious enthusiasm that he mourned in some of these verses, but if he had not so high an ideal, would he have felt such self-contempt?

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CHAPTER III.

MANHOOD.

AFTER settling down at home, and losing the first freshness of its novelty, discouragement seemed again to close upon him. He saw no opening in life to satisfy his hope or his eager ambition, or even to make his living. He had become quite intimate in Europe with Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, who took an interest in him, as every one did who was brought into his society, and felt the influence of his sweet temper, genial manners, and original mind. He visited at Mr. Aspinwall's house on Staten Island, and it was from thence that the new impulse and new hope was to come.

Extracts from Journal.

"April, 1851. I was long uncertain as to what would be my course in life, and almost despaired again; but when things seemed at their worst, I received Mr. Aspinwall's offer and hope revived again. On the first of April, 1851, I began my new life, by entering the office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, where I am to be for a time. My occupation has principally been copying papers, and I suppose it will be some time before I am fit

for anything else. My education with respect to business is, I think, below the average. Still, if taking pains can teach me, there shall be no lack. I am interested already, and not merely in feeling that I am settled, and no longer idle, but in the glimpses I get of the management of the most important and varied affairs of the concern. My Spanish studies go on slowly. Mr. Aspinwall commands more and more my admiration. I too would be clear and distinct as the form of a fossil fish. Self-command! attention! energy!

“Men die for three reasons, because they have not, because they cannot, because they will not, achieve their destiny. Blessed are the good and faithful servants who are numbered in the first class. Not to be despised, but worthy of all compassion and sympathy, are those feebler ones whom Providence withdraws from the conflict, because they are unequal to it. But cursed, wretched above measure are the traitors, who seeing clearly and knowing fully what they might be, forget their honor, and desert their standards, fighting against their lord. As for me, I would be in the first class, but finding myself in the third, prefer, even with a shock to my pride, to be ranked in the second.”

To his mother he writes:—

New York, April 14th, 1851.

“I feel that I cannot let another day pass without a word from me. I have now been a fortnight in my new place, and begin to be accustomed to its

ways. Thus far, my employment has been pretty mechanical.

"The company has the control of fourteen or fifteen large steamers on the Pacific side, and more or less to do with Law's Company on the Atlantic, and both parties are building new ones. The enormous receipts that marked the first trips of our steamers, amounting more than once to a clear profit of seventy thousand dollars on a single trip, have ceased, but the business is steady, and like to continue so. In the office we have a pleasant set. I have only the evening to myself, and I should of course like more time to study, but I am quite contented, if I were only perfectly well."

"*April*, 1851. Staten Island was charming to-day in its fresh verdure. Spring is a season one hardly knows how to fix; it comes with the first maple blossoms, and goes away with the last violet, soaring away on the back of the last bluebird, when it hears the war note of the first mosquito. Shrinking back from the first cankerworm, it flies in terror from the first thunderstorm."

Winthrop remained during the summer in the Steamship Company's office, and was also requested by Mr. Aspinwall, who was sincerely desirous to befriend him, to take some supervision of the studies of his son. He did so, and a proposal followed from Mr. Aspinwall that Winthrop should go to Switzerland with his son and nephew, and place them in a school of his own selection, still retaining his situation in the office.

"S. will have told you of our Jenny Lind concert together; to me it was a great enjoyment, *malgré* the loss of my pocket handkerchief (ragged) in the crowd. She is great!

"*Staten Island.* At Mr. Aspinwall's. The situation of this place is admirable, a constant source of new delight, and the frequent passing of ocean steamers and fine ships seems to bring one into contact with the whole wide world. I feel much better in health. I had a long walk on the beach last night, with a fine surf coming up from seaward, and roaring on the shore. I wander about the woods, and see the sunset from the telegraph station, and sometimes feel almost as if happiness were possible. The weather here has been lovely, and the moon exquisite.

"Mr. —, who has just returned from Cuba, told me the following story, worthy a place in the annals of Revenge. A certain Pedro Gomez, one of the richest proprietors on the island of Cuba, had injured most deeply one of his countrymen. The latter determined upon revenge, and followed Gomez one day into the Cathedral, where there were but a few persons present, and while he was on his knees, came up behind him, and poured a large bottle of vitriol on his head and person. While his victim was writhing in agony at his feet, and before the persons attracted by the screams could secure the fiend, he said to Gomez—'Now I am content! I have looked upon your tortures, and this instant repays me for all you have made

me suffer; but my revenge does not end here—you will not die, but linger through a life worse than death, deprived even of the pleasure of my punishment. I escape you, and perish with the certainty, the ecstasy of your misery.’ As he said this, he swallowed a powerful poison, and fell dead on the spot. Gomez survived, and is still living, a total wreck, and completely blind. This story had a great power over me. It is of the intense and dramatic kind that I love.”

A short vacation took him to visit his brother at Owego, to Niagara, Trenton, Saratoga, etc.

Letter from Saratoga.

“Aug., 1851.

“The gyrations of my route have led me hitherward, and I am to-day making my first acquaintance with an American watering place. It speaks volumes in praise of that ‘best thing, Water,’ that it should enter of necessity into all the ideas of pleasure and pleasant places, whether as lake, ocean, cataract, broad river, mountain brook, or clear spring. In all, water, the prime object of admiration, proves itself the chief element. Water is spiritualized earth and air, and partakes of the merits of both. I have lately been attracted by water to Niagara and Trenton. I found myself at the former place, very dirty, and without my portmanteau, which the Express had not delivered. When Sunday morning came I was in a quandary. I could visit the falls without a clean shirt, but then there was the great fact of dinner, there was

church, there was the uncomfortable sense of being out of uniform, and wanting the white breastplate of a gentleman, which would exclude me from the society of my peers. While I was going upstairs, I saw flitting across the distance the form of a young lady whom I know, and whose mother I also know. Though neither the lady nor her mother could supply my wants, a ray of hope entered my breast; she must have a protector, father, brother, lover, somebody. Father it proved to be, and begging an interview with him in the name of his daughter and wife, I unbosomed myself. He instantly bosomed me, and, with great kindness, offered me everything else. It was a most romantic use for the father of a charmer, and when I presented myself to the ladies with the interior drapery of a man six feet by four, gracefully disposed about my person, I thought I detected a smile of admiration. I became their Esquire during my visit, and had two delightful afternoon strolls. I am rejoiced that I did not see Niagara until capable of swallowing it whole. I was delighted with Trenton. Particulars in my next."

"The day I left you is marked with white in my calendar, for I met Dwight Foster at the station and had a delightful journey with him, and we reviewed the time since our separation. Our lives had been widely different, and interesting to each other. He is most congenial. A noble fellow!

"The views from the Staten Island hills are superb, from Toad Hill at sunset, and still more from

Grymes hill above the Quarantine. Here you look upon the bay, the city, and the sea. The bay is like a great lake, and the stretch of water from the Quarantine to Sandy Hook seems like a broad river. To-night, as the great orb of the sun was dipping below the horizon, the blue hills drew a sharp line against the clear sky; heavy masses of cloud above were penetrated with light, and the broken edges shone like foam caps on sea waves.

“From the top of the Fort the view is even grander, if less picturesque—more ocean and less land. The shores come sweeping round and locking together finely. It is one of the great views of the world ”

The following poems date about this time, and from the South Beach of Staten Island, a haunt of his.

ON THE BEACH.

Oh let me look upon that dreamy sea!
A wild love-longing for its mystery
Has mastered, ever thrills and masters me.
My soul sweeps onward to the infinite,
Trembling along the delicate delight
Of waves that brighten onward still, and run
To fade in mist that is all sky and sun.

Oh let me gaze upon that dreamy sea!
It sends such quivering looks; so smilingly
Answers my smile, that its broad majesty
But deepens joy;—else it might break, and waste
In gay and dimpled laughter, that has chased

Away the nobleness of silence. Now
These smile crests fitly gem this royal brow.

Oh let me look upon that dreamy sea !
Life has not crushed and dwarfed me utterly,
All furled and drooping though my sails may be.
Let the great winds but strike them, they will bear
Much baffling yet, so but the pilot dare
To plunge down twilight—drift through darkness on,
Till some vast summit wave is red with dawn.

Oh let me dream beside this dreamy sea !
Ever and ever falling soothingly,
Ripples are pleading with their melody;
The massy breakers cast their might away,
And fringing sea-weeds flicker in the sway
Of wavering waters, as a maiden's hair
Is caught and lifted by the summer air.

Then voices in the surges speak to me
Of struggle, and endurance, and a free
Dash at the fates that front us terribly.
For we are flung on life as on a surge,
Heaved along unknown currents till we merge
Our being into vastness—then we cease,—
Yielding and borne down steadier tides of peace,

But peace of grander action. Dreamily
Then let me look beyond this dreamy sea !
Our dreams but shadow what our lives may be :
Hopes are more real than what hopes achieve.
A vision nobler than we dare believe
Sudden will burst on us, of glorious lands,
And broad, bright oceans, foaming on their strands.

—(1851.)

DOUBT.

Is this the end of all my soul's aspiring,
 This crushing doubt, this blank dismay?
 And must they shrink and droop my long, untiring
 Struggles, to upward mount, at last, to day?
 Speak! ye pretended prophets! answer me!
 If ye indeed the eternal radiance see?
 Oh! ye have cheated all our eager longing,
 And we, deceived, have trusted you!
 We came, like pilgrims to a temple thronging,
 To find our Goddess sullied and untrue.
 Your torches glimmer with no holy gleams,
 Bitterly flow your promised healing streams.

.

"Sept. 22d, 1851. My birthday, and on the whole an encouraging one. I have now some hope for my health, though it can never be strong; and for my future. I am twenty-three. Though I have failed in attaining my ideal, I have not altogether lost sight of it, and even this is better than the entire desertion of noble aims, which is all some persons attain to. Others seem to value me more highly than I do myself, and Mr. Aspinwall's confidence in the matter of his son's training I esteem a great thing. I shall go abroad with the hope of good success."

"Sept. 27th, 1851. Saturday was a fine day, and we got off most successfully in the *Pacific*. The afternoon was pleasant, and the sea calm. Then came sea-sickness, which lasted more or less till the voyage was over, though I kept about."

"*Wednesday, Oct. 8th, 1851.* London. There is no doubt that the English railroads are better than ours, but they are also more expensive. Autumn is fairly begun, and a rich warm hue is over everything. The country cannot but be beautiful everywhere in England from its wonderful verdure."

"*Thursday, Oct. 9th.* Went with early ticket to the Great Exhibition, and had nearly an hour before the people thronged in. Staid till two—started for Paris in the 8.30 P. M. train."

"*Saturday, Oct. 11th, 1851.* Paris. Dinner with the Hunts. Always pleasant and homelike with them."

"*Oct. 12th, 1851.* Diligence started at 9 A. M. The day was perfect, the course of the road lovely. The night ride very agreeable. About 3 A. M. we began to ascend the mountains, and I had a beautiful walk of nearly an hour, by full moonlight, between lofty broken hills—very grand, but the dawn and the sunrise still more fine. Nothing could be lovelier than the morning; we were above the mists of the valley, which hung in broad river courses, or lake-like expanses, gradually lifting and revealing the soft fair country, the many-colored richness of the vine-clad hills. Some of the vines a dark winy purple—the people rejoicing in the vintage. When we were fairly in the Jura, a grand wall rose before us all clad with glowing leafage, varied with dark pines and white limestone cliffs seen through. The Jura lacks the majesty of the higher Alps; no snowy mountains, no awful

solitudes. But in place of these, soft sloping descents, wooded mountain sides, crags, and steep ravines, not too mighty for the picturesque. About ten o'clock this morning we came in sight of the snowy Alps, through a gap in the mountains, and continued to descend with the chain full in view, for two hours down a zigzag road, admirably constructed. I was amused to see that the Swiss, to be superior to the French, had planted trees along the roadside, as soon as their territory began, and that the stone posts were better and more frequent. I have been told, that formerly in Switzerland, when a man married, he planted a tree by the roadside. I climbed upon the top of the diligence, unmindful of the grumbling of the conductor, and took my fill of the scene. The sun of broad day brought into full relief the snowy summits of the loftier peaks, while the darker mountains below carried the eye up to their glittering field, sparkling against the living blue of the sky. A faint veil of mist still hid the lake, which dispersed as we descended, and we reached at last its banks between the vine-clad slopes which lined the road. Nothing could be richer, more gay and smiling, than this autumn scene. We arrived in Geneva about two, and found the town as lovely as ever, and the sunset glorious. The Jura became a broad mass of the softest, most exquisite blue, outlined against the clear sky, to call whose soft brilliancy golden, would be defamation worthy of the debased imagination of some California Midas."

"Oct. 14th, 1851. I must make short work of these days. Occupied pretty much all day in my search for a school, and feeling the great difficulties of a proper choice. Saw Merle D'Aubigne, a man of fine appearance, decidedly national."

"Tuesday, Oct. 21st. Went to Nijou. Refusal of Rosin—uncertainty and distress of mind. If this question were of my own interests, I could bear better the thought of failure. There was a large party of English (continentalized) on board, among them a fine daring girl of sixteen. They were evidently determined to be amused, and were quite noisy, running here and there with spyglass in hand, calling each other's attention in a way that English or Americans would have called horridly vulgar in Continental or American people, but which I only considered pleasant, especially when there were so few on board. Returning from Nijou, I spent some time in balancing the advantages of the different schools, Rosin having again refused.

"Talked with Collyer on religious subjects. He thought it made very little difference about a man's religious profession, provided he was true and just in his dealings, and he had found Quakers uniformly so. We have churches, because there is no true religion. What we have is so apart from our daily life that we take it up at the door of a church, and lay it down on coming out.

"I went to the Cathedral and saw them vote—quietly enough. If things were as they should be, voting on Sunday and in church would not seem

wrong. As to European politics at this moment, we can only wait to see what will come next."

"Geneva, Nov. 3d, 1851.

"DEAR MOTHER,—Already I have been a month away from home, but so rapid have been my motions that it seems very brief. I have all the time occupied myself with the object of my journey; arranging matters with one schoolmaster after another, only to find that his final judgment was against taking Yankee boys of that age; then beginning with another, and with no better result. This has been very amazing to me, and I shall at last be obliged to content myself with a place that is good, but not the one I should have chosen, had choice been untrammelled. I hope soon to arrange matters so as to come away, for I do not find this shifting kind of life very agreeable. The air here is mild and warm, and when the sun is out you enjoy basking. The trees and vines still rich in coloring, and the grass green and fresh as spring.

"The vintage is nearly over—there is a kind of tipsy odor everywhere, and stacks of squeezed grapes along the road-sides. The first punches are given to the grapes by a flat wooden piston, which brings out the more delicate juice; this makes the finer wine, and then it is put into a press and the rest is squeezed out. I tasted both kinds of must, and the difference was like that between your best Madeira and a hotel's best. I hope to see you in three weeks or so. My present

journey has not been prolific in adventures. I have spent my time quietly here, reading a little, and swinging about when I had no schools to visit. We have pleasant people at the hotel, and dinner is always an agreeable reunion. Love to all.

“T. W.”

Fragments from Journal.

“I well remember when I first resolved to become an author. I had just recovered from a severe fit of sea-sickness, and was being coddled at a friend's house—oatmeal gruel with raisins was before me. I was free from all care, and separated from the old by the great gulf of the ocean. I was comfortable, as an irresponsible convalescent. I remember when I first thought of writing a book, but do I remember why? If I had the results of a long life of experience to impart, it might be my duty. But I am only a fledgeling. I can have no experience. But there are other motives, money, fame, the trophies of Miltiades. Who can thoroughly know his motives?”

“A man may have been falling a long time, but he first knows it when he strikes upon the ground.”

“I never shall forget the change which came over my childish dream, when I went to the Museum with my cousin, and he, the younger by a month and the taller by a foot, went in like a man, while I was considered under his protection, and admitted for half price.”

Returning to America, he writes to his mother:—

December 9th, 1851.

"DEAR MOTHER,—On my arrival, after a long sea-sickness followed by a swelled face and one or two feverish nights, I felt so ill as to be rejoiced to accept Mr. Aspinwall's kind invitation to be nursed at his house. I hope in a few days to be out again. I should have gone to New Haven if I had felt able, but shall now wait to see you till we all meet at Christmas. My journey has been on the whole not disagreeable, yet I cannot call it a pleasant one, and the ocean passages were not unpleasant, though I suffered a good deal from sickness. My stay in Geneva I enjoyed, except the great responsibility that I felt, from the independence and expectations of indulgence of the boys, which made me appreciate better the influences of my own home education. I liked both boys, and sympathized with them. I had a frozen journey from Geneva to Paris, where I spent several days with the Hunts—enjoying them, as I always do, pleasantly also seeing the Woolseys. I had only part of a day in London. Found pleasant people on board the *Pacific*. The family here are all exceedingly kind, and I am afraid that all this clover will spoil me for a humble diet in some cheap boarding house, which I shall have to look up, as soon as I go out. My life for the past two years has cultivated my taste for comfort rather beyond my means to gratify it.

"Yours with much love,

"T. WINTHROP."

It is difficult to fix the dates of all the poems, but the following appear to have been written about this time.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

Aye, smile, ye bubbling ripples at my fate,
And waste your petty sneers along the shore!
He whom you fettered hold was strong and great,
Till the awed world could bear his might no more.

Power vast and terrible alone I swayed,
Princes and monarchs were to me but men,
I crushed or used them, while their clans obeyed
The man whom destiny had called to reign.

My will was empire; man would faint and fail
Without some force heroic, to support
His insufficiency. The world grew pale,
Then yielded to the man who shrunk from naught.

I was the master. As my circle spread,
And thousand thousands drew within my sphere,
By some magnetic power all souls were led,
An adamantine influence held them there.

I moved them by their weakness and their strength,
I led them by their glory and their shame,
Woke hopes, and played on passions, till at length
This best exponent I to each became.

Brave was he? I was braver! In the field
Of bloodiest carnage, when the battle din
Roared loudest; ranks in glittering cuirass steeled
Shrank from the man whose armor was within.

Wise was he? I was wiser! In my voice
Senate's conviction and intention spoke;
With me was no uncertainty of choice,
No feeble echoes from my soul awoke.—

.

KATHARINE TERESA.

A FRAGMENT.

And this they call to be a queen; to rule!
Am I a meek thing to be ever schooled
To duncehood? Are these trammels, law?
These bonds of nobleness? No! Faugh!
I trample them! I am a queen!
Why throned, if stolidness can screen
What I am raised a step to see,
If selfishness can darken me?
Wise counsels from my father's friend?
Yes, feebly wise! would I could strip
That smile, half sneer, from his gray lip!
When my blood kindles to a flush,
When great thoughts stir me like a rush
Of mighty winds on seas that sleep,
And my soul leaps as surges leap;
He dallies all my passion back!—
Is prudence all? No melody of hope
To catch the errant music of each breeze?
Nothing intenser than the silken slack
Clue of my labyrinth of ease?
Better his path who darkly gropes
In the dread of caverns, till light opes

Sudden beyond. Let me be free
For soaring, not for fluttering glee!
Upward I must!

Oh for one soul!
One single soul of truth and trust!
The woman in me is not strong to thrust
And trample their false duties down to dust.
Gladly, oh God! would I enroll
My queenhood in their ranks who stand
Beckoning the world with guiding hand,
Upward, and onward! Oh! I cannot die
And have done nothing, nothing gloriously!

Deeds wait who dares in the wide world!
I know not what I dare not; for the deed
There lies a woman's power, but for the plan,
On large thought based, and cautious head,
The scheme to meet a giant nation's need,
This asks the wider wisdom of a man.
Oh, solitude of high desire!
Such find I none. Grant me young death,
Ye fates! if passionate desire
For hero life must utterly expire
With youth. Just now my eager breath
Was voiceless to my faster beating heart,
Ardently scheming to my counselor,
Of freer life, in palace and in mart,
In field and forest. To the core
Of our great land a light should stride
And tame my people out of ignorance!
My people? God's! by me whom chance
Made queen, not slave. But he replied,
Smiling, and fondling stars upon his breast,

Sneering the people down,—“ ’Twere best
 My girlish dreams were o’er, if this
 Folly they taught and dreaminess.
 He had known life, and men, and null
 Was fancied freedom for the mean of men.
 To form us Kings and Princes, fate did cull
 Her best, her bravest, her most beautiful.
 Others were fitly slaves and wisely dull
 For our more glowing radiance—”. . . .

Crush not, oh God, my earnest soul!
 Oh firmly true, might I enroll
 My queenhood in their ranks who stand,
 Beckoning the world with guiding hand
 Onward and upward! Oh I *will* not die,
 Nor have done aught to yield life worthily!
 Die! death? No, I must live, for I can find
 No charm in lonely heaven! But my mind
 Touched with strong passion, throbs too fast
 For thought. Forth I must ride, and freely cast
 My troubles to the freedom of the winds.

Ho! friend!

I will not call thee slave! attend!
 Tell them to bring me a horse!—
 One that can gallop!—

.

FRAGMENT.

Lift, Father Ocean! lift another sail,
 One far white sail o’er yonder lucent rim!
 Ah me! these faint and fainter hopes will fail,
 Die with this dying day, this twilight dim.

Oh, Father Ocean ! listen to my song !
Are there no voyagers who climb thy waves ?
No more who steer thy golden coasts along ?
Not one heroic bark the tempest braves ?

And that dear destined sailor that I wait
So long, alas ! these cold ignoble years ;
That only loyal lover ! Ah, too late !

He stays unknown, and all my life is tears.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TROPICS.

WINTHROP remained in the employment of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, living sometimes in New York and sometimes on Staten Island, until he was sent, during the following summer, by the Company, to their station at Panama.

"August 25th, 1852.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have just received your note, and shall go to New Haven on Saturday afternoon. I have only a moment just now to be with you, as I have some preparations to make. In many respects the plan is a good one. The climate of Panama is not dangerous, if proper care is taken, and no serious illness of an employée has occurred. I shall have plenty to do, and a good salary. I shall be, for the present, cashier and ticket clerk in the Company's office, and anything that may turn up later will be for my advantage. Panama offers just now things apart from my employ, of which I will talk further when we meet. I go on the first September.

"Yours always,

"T. W."

"Aspinwall, Sept. 9th.

"DEAR MOTHER,—Terra firma, even the terra firma of a coral reef and railroad embankment, is delightful, when one has been tossed on a ship crowded with emigrants. Life turns out rather queer. I never expected to squabble for the meals of a sea-sick man, with Jews and Barbarians, and find my best society with Nantucket whalers and express agents. We had very fine weather down, though increasingly hot, until now the movement of my pen over the paper is sudorific, and my vain efforts to slaughter mosquitoes, the defenders of their country, gives me a vapor bath. The *United States* is a fast but small steamer, and as there were two hundred on board, the crowd was troublesome, and compounded of vile elements mostly. I was sea-sick too, and but for the kindness of the Captain and one or two others, should have been desperate—but I will not dwell upon this.

"This place is hardly raised above the water, but there are fine wharves, a beacon, hotel, houses, etc. I go on to-morrow to Panama, and will write at once."

Extracts from a letter of sixteen pages.

"Panama, Sept. 12th, 1852.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I wrote you hastily from Aspinwall, and you will probably receive this at the same time. It seemed strange to be greeted there by the whistle of an engine, issuing from a tropic forest, and still more to be hurrying through a swamp

of broad-leaved plants, such as we have only seen before in a conservatory. The road for some distance passes through a festering swamp, and the air is heavy. It is entirely built upon piles, but they are packing it rapidly with red clay, which bakes like brick. This swamp is most desolate, and like a rich garden, abandoned to weeds. Sometimes a glade would open, among large trees, the finest I have ever seen, with glittering leaves. The plumes of the cocoa palm, wild banana, and plantain, were the tropical elements of the scene. Numberless creepers, like squashes and melons, covered broad spots, and cypress vines and splendid purple morning-glories twice the size of ours. Where there was a cutting, they draped the banks with festoons.

“To the Chagres river, the present terminus, our crowded train, was one and three-quarter hours. The crossing is at a beautiful spot—the banks are high and bare, with deeply wooded hills behind, and on both sides of the river a broad meadow with park like trees, cattle feeding, and a native village. The natives are far better looking than I expected, and bear the climate better than our imported laborers. The boatmen on the Chagres are powerful and active. They wear their hair in long black braids, and their dresses are of loose hanging folds of muslin. Eight of us filled a small boat, and we were off for Chagres, up the chocolate-colored stream, about half-past twelve. Our progress was slow, but in the novelty of everything you might

wish it slower. The river winds and doubles, so that a fine view-point is always before you. Now a low bank, with marshy growth, then a conical hill, hidden in deep dark forests, then feathery palms and bamboos, then a village with its plantations. The river is *most beautiful*, lonely and grand. We saw few birds, two or three scarlet flamingoes, and towards evening a flock of screaming paroquets. Our boat was the second to arrive at Cruçes, thinking ourselves fortunate to pass the rapids before dark. Cruçes is a town of two-thousand inhabitants, who live in huts along the river. The hotels are barracks, built of reeds without any floors, the display of liquors terrific.

“We left Cruçes in the morning, and plunged at once into a shady wood, sparkling with dewdrops. Some part of the road is an old rough pavement, covered with muddy water, other parts are like the worst of Irish bogs, up to the mules’ bellies. I was a little anxious about these bad spots, and I tried to guide my mule, but soon gave it up, and yielded to her entirely, only lifting my rubber-covered legs when the mud was deepest. The weather was very fine, and the clear sky, the sparkling light and the broad leaves of unknown plants with gigantic shadows delighted me. Sometimes the mule track ran through defiles so narrow that there was only room to clear one’s legs, and if the animal entered with the wrong foot foremost he was obliged to stop and change, each track being formed to fit the feet. Through these places a cool

air drew, and the moist rock was covered with exquisite mosses and ferns, while above, the forest hung like a bower. Then the road would expand into a glade, surrounded by mighty trees, their clean trunks festooned with strange parasites, and columnar palms made a portico to the lovely spot. I saw few flowers. Long rainy days are hardly known here, and as the showers generally fall about noon in the rainy season, the nights are cool and fine. In general, the forest is too thick to admit of extended views, but when it does open from above, the effect of such an ocean of vegetation is sublime. The world, the inexhaustible world, grows large before you. But when the eyes are drinking in so much, a kind of intoxication is followed by indifference, and you hasten on almost carelessly. To me it was a day of the greatest delight, and though feverish and far from well, I felt no fatigue, and floundered along on my brave mule. Her trot was delightful, and clip-clap we went over the stones, wherever there was a clear spot. I took at last the better road near the town, and galloping just ahead of black thunder clouds, with a flying glimpse of the Pacific, whisked through the ruined gate, over the ruined bridge into Panama, and cantering through the paved street, shabby but picturesque, and across the Cathedral plaza, I saw the Pacific Mail Steamship office, and tumbling, besplashed and begrimed from my mule, found myself at home. And a very good home it is. We live and have our office on the second

floor of an old Spanish building. The rooms are very lofty, from sixteen to eighteen feet high, the walls thick and substantial, rough whitewashed, and the open rafters rising ten feet more, for coolness. Openings are also left in the exterior walls for ventilation. The eaves hang about ten feet, and underneath is a broad veranda, extending quite round the two fronts of the building, and affording a delightful lounge. Just now, 9 P. M., the mercury is at 78°, there is a soft and cooling breeze, and the stars are bright above the old towers of the Cathedral. You enter from the street into a brick-paved court, surrounded by a balcony. Everything looks rough, but agreeable. Our state apartments are covered with matting. The great door-windows stand open all the time, the wood-work is of coarse mahogany. You might say the whole place looked like an upper-class barn, but there's nothing nicer than a barn, and I assure you it's very comfortable. I have had a little fever, and as is usually the case at first, a languor almost lethargic stole over me, making exertion impossible. Now I feel more lively, and shall soon be all right. There is, I am convinced, nothing to fear for those who live prudently. I never imagined how great a luxury ice could be! Men say, 'I'll bet you *ice* of it;' and offer iced beverages as the greatest treat. I am now here temporarily, during Mr. —'s absence, and may return. This depends on arrangements of the office. I am pleased with everything, and would

willingly stay. I like to see and realize all these places, and if anything more comes of my trip, it is so much gained. We have a nice set of men here, and there is some amusement always on hand. With love to all, dear mother,

“Yours,

“THEO. WINTHROP.”

“Panama, Sept. 26th, 1852.”

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have described to you my first impressions; now I can speak as an old resident. I am reasonably well, and quite contented; much more so than during my last year in New York. As this is the dull season for passengers, I have time for studying Spanish, and reading, as much as the indolent climate will permit. The society in the office is pleasant, and our chat at meals amusing. My foremost interest here was certainly the great Western Ocean, which of course I expected to find on the west, and to know that the sun, when it sunk every night, was on its way to wake up the Japanese, without any work to do, but to see its own broad face on the shifting swells. I was surprised to see the ocean on the east. This is owing to the shape of the coast, as you can see on the map. The town lies upon a point of land, terminating in a reef—at low tide a mile long, but as there is a rise of twenty-two feet, the water at high tide bathes the foot of the walls. The circuit of these old walls is nearly a mile, and you can still walk round them, though they are somewhat ruined. The fine bastions are tolerably preserved,

and they are surrounded on all three sides by water, so that they give a fine promenade and view. Some twenty grand old bronze cannon are mounted there, and the sea dashes round the base, thirty or forty feet below, or retiring, leaves the reef bare, and covered with little shell fish. On the northern side of the town is a fine crescent-shaped beach, of four miles in circuit, terminating in a rocky point, behind which is the site of old Panama. Low trees grow down to the sand. There is a great variety of shells, and crabs are as thick as ants in an ant hill. Above the town are concentric ranges of hills, thickly covered with forests, solitary and impressive, from which there is an extensive view over this vast sweep of the lonely bay, and the tile-covered roofs of the town under your feet. Panama is like an old Spanish town. The bay is beautiful. Six large islands rise from the water, besides several little rock islets. Taboga, the most distant and the largest, is lofty, rising twelve hundred feet, and thickly and richly wooded nearly to the top. The houses of its natives are clustered near the beach, in front of the palm groves, and about a gun shot from shore lie the ships at anchor, so there is always a busy look. It is the ideal of a tropical island. The night I spent there, I arose after feverish tossings, and dreams, and with Mr. —, followed up the valley or rather ravine of a clear mountain stream, with the early sunlight touching the massive foliage of unknown trees, to some nymph baths in the cavities of the rocks.

My bath was a deep rock-pool, a basin which I could span with my arms, and the water just over my head. Into this a slender cascade fell four or five feet down, with an accommodating ledge to sit upon, and receive the douche. It was the luxury of a bath.

"Taboga is nine miles from Panama. A small steamer runs there once a day, passing the other islands, some of which rise in conical form, four or five hundred feet from the water. You can easily imagine that, with these green outlines; the heavy hill masses in the background; the faint line of the distant shore of the bay, blue upon the horizon; the old rusty city and its batteries, the view is in the highest degree beautiful. It is, however, the beauty of the volcanic tropic; far different from the picturesque north. It has a certain sameness that might become wearisome, just as the unchanging summer might make one sigh for the bracing air of our December. I find it impossible to persuade myself that this hot weather will last forever like this. Yet, for a hot climate, it is a delightful one. Exertion and exercise are impossible, and the sun at midday cannot be borne, but as soon as instantaneous evening has come on, a cool breeze from the land falls over the hill, and the night is restoring. The showers come on at noon, and for half an hour the Plaza is afloat, and a river runs by our office to the bay. Great black tumbling clouds pursue the ranges down to the coast, and then break away into masses all

over the sky, which at this season is almost always watery. I have found in the woods many beautiful flowers. The fruit trees combine beauty with utility, and are the handsomest of the forest. One could make here a true garden of the Hesperides. We have tropical fruits and vegetables in abundance, with fish and poultry—meat is poor. I tell you these things just as I think of them, and shall reserve other matters for chapters in my Book!! I have killed one scorpion,—mosquitoes are steady, but not very venomous. Fire crackers are abundant and noisy—so are bells. Riding is the only exercise possible, so it is necessary for the preservation of health, but enormously expensive. Rents are enormous—so are provisions—so is everything else. I have assisted in the dispatch of one steamer, and got the run of matters. We had really quite an exciting time of it.

“The ships are in tip-top order; the enormous crowd they sometimes carry is the only difficulty. If I keep my health I shall do very well here, though I cannot feel settled yet. As I may not have time to-morrow and cannot say more to-night, I will close, with best love for all.

“Yours,

“THEO. WINTHROP.”

“*Panama, Oct. 3d, 1852.*”

“DEAR MOTHER,—since I wrote to you I have been for a short time quite ill, but am now very well, and the better for the attack and the warning. I shall enjoy riding here when the dry sea-

son comes. To the north of the town are wide, undulating plains called Llanos. These are quite uninclosed. The soil is red clay, only very short grass grows on it. At intervals groves and thickets of shrubs are sprinkled about, and the same rich vegetation covers the conical hills that give variety to the landscape. Occasionally a green ravine marks the course of a small stream. Nothing could be more beautiful than these parks of nature, and a ride over them, on one of the quick-pacing horses of the country, is exhilarating. You go this way and that on chance trails, meeting only a native or two. To the south of the town the country is marsh or forest as far as the eye can reach, over the plains and over the hills. I am glad to hear such good accounts from all at home. I suffer less from the heat than at first, and continue to be in good spirits and happy, and could be contented here for an indefinite time."

"Panama, Oct. 13th, 1852.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have learned something by this journey, apart from the knowledge of a new part of the world. There is a direct contact with men here which cannot fail to sharpen the faculties, and I may possibly be, if I stay, disciplined into discretion and self-command, both of which I need. Our family of men does not allow the selfishness which both solitary and domestic life encourage. I am now pretty well, and expect to continue so. Men are ill and die here principally on account of the lives they lead. I have not been

about much, for the rains have been more violent and frequent. Just at the hour for going out, veritable deluges fall. It is fun to see how all the world runs. Nobody has far to go, and so they wait till the last minute, and then take to their heels, from the lank, pedagogical, cat-smiling Don, to the aboriginal little varmint with half a shirt and a tray of plantains on his head. The Don takes shelter in his counting-house, the varmint sheds his shirt and mounting a stick rides boldly forth through the shower, an agile little brownie. Presently, squads of these imps appear, and as a great spout of water begins to gush from the gurggle of the Cathedral each one takes his station and gets a douche, that I, for one, envy.

"The only fault I have to find with Panama is the uncertainty of my position, which I hope the next steamer will remedy. Meanwhile I am acclimating. Nothing I can do here, as I have said, is so delightful as riding over the undulating savannas about the town, long land-swells of soft grass, just as the sun is setting, and the cool of the evening coming on. A couple of miles from town is the farm house called San Jose di Dios, formerly an old Jesuit country house, commanding the whole sweep of the country and bay. Don Carlos Zachrisson, a Swede and former merchant, lives there, and we occasionally pay him a visit. No lovelier site could be found for a house. The ground-floor is high and open, serving for shed, etc., and the upper floor alone, as is usual here, is inhabited by the family.

“Last week, being at Taboga, I joined a picnic party with some of our employées, to go to the island of Taboguilla, about three miles off. In the rainy season, it will not do to be out of the reach of shelter, so we took our new specie scow, a great lubberly craft, but with a covered hold. *Poco Tiempo* is the word here, so our jolly party did not start till the morning breeze was just dying away, and half a mile from the shore had to tow her with a row-boat we had brought along,—I volunteering for bow-oar,—which I found no joke, against a tide rising twenty feet. The grand object of the expedition was a real Down East chowder, and fish was to be caught for the purpose; but as I did not like the hot sun, I preferred landing with the shore party. Two rocky points inclosed a smooth white beach behind which a grove of cocoa palms drew along under the hill. There was a hut of reeds for our dining-room and kitchen, and our provender being placed in the hands of our cook, I started with the wooden-legged commander of our coal-hulks, a capital fellow, on a foraging expedition. There was a sort of garden on the island, where I found some small tomatoes and red peppers for our stew. As I went farther, I found myself in an immense grove of plantains and bananas, growing about twelve feet high, and forming a complete protection from the sun and rain. The fruit is plucked before it is quite ripe, by the summary process of cutting down the plant, from whose roots new shoots spring. The bunches are then

hung in the sun to ripen. Arming myself with some fruit, I came down to the party, and though the fishermen got nothing, we had a capital dinner and speeches in plenty. Going home, the skies fell upon us, and then the wind falling after, we took to the boats and pulled away a four-oared man-of-war stroke home in the cool dark night. Sea-going men love to talk when they can get any one to listen, and as I am a pretty good listener, I have plenty of amusement with some of our people, who are a capital set. The history of this coast, with which our company is identified, is of itself a most romantic one."

"October 17th, 1853.

"The *Tennessee* arrived yesterday, and not being able to take the treasure (\$2,000,000) from the specie launch that night, several of us guarded it on board, keeping watch under the stars with 'sword and pistol by our side.' It was rather exciting to sleep on a blanket on deck in turn, and to look up between dozes to see that the others were wide awake, and to land IT, as the mild broad splendor of the morning brightened into dawn, glowing across the bay. It is always a most picturesque scene, this landing treasure. I will describe it hereafter. With best love, and hopes to hear from you soon,

"Yours,

"THEO. WINTHROP."

Extracts from Journal.

"*Panama*, Nov. 9th, 1853. With what pleasure shall I some time recollect these scenes in

which I have entered upon a completely new life, and having begun by making many mistakes, am now beginning to control and direct myself. With a pure and single mind, a man may be happy anywhere. I was surprised to find at the time of the yellow fever that I felt no fear, and was callous to the fact of the constant deaths around me. Perhaps it was because I did not see death. God preserve in my absence all at home! I could not return to a desolate fireside, and home is my only bond to anything good."

"The effect of this climate is that one loses that glad self-imposition of labor which one finds in a cold climate. I have the spirit of travel strong within me. Here I gain nothing; there is little to do, and usually I am positively idle. The uncertainty of my residence here keeps my mind employed in planning for the future, and I now hope they may not keep me to my present employment, as I can do much better for myself. Energy is sunk, when a man works on a salary without the spur of personal interest. I am sure of doing well in the course I propose. This will probably require my return to New York for a time. Why do men live? Just tell me that if you please, and I will go home, and save myself all the lifelong labor of the inquiry."

"How warm-bath like it was yesterday evening at the ball! The Flexibles or Lancasterianos were in full feather, the lions of the occasion. Henceforth I have new ideas of the Polka, as danced

with the mercury at 85°, while turning a stout lady who danced stiffly. But really a dance like that was a very agreeable variety here. The evenings and nights continue to be delicious. How shall I ever be contented where fires are. The last days of the Carnival have been quite gay among the natives, the plazas full of people in their best clothes. All night they keep up their fandangoes."

"Delightful to watch the approach of day on a coal ship, and lie in a hammock all day and listen to the grumbles and yarns of our one-legged commander. All around swim processions of beautiful fish, irresponsible however to my hook."

"The shores of Taboga away from the port are much bolder, the heights fall down almost perpendicularly, and a rich warm covering of trees, many of them fringed with moss, droop beautifully down the sides. The dark green water breaks grandly on the sunken rocks, and roars in the crevices. There is said to be a cave under the cliffs, filled with human bones and "mucho oro." No one on the island appears to have entered it, they were afraid. I provided myself with candles to explore it, but the state of the tide prevented me from landing, and I had to content myself with listening to the roar of the surf in the subterranean chamber, though I doubt if it is of any great extent. I cannot describe the beauty of the woods that follow down the little brooks in the island, nor the feathery foliage of an old grove of tamarind trees on the sand near the shore, nor an orange orchard near to

these. The view from the summit of Taboga is beautiful indeed. The outlook is unimpeded over the sea that foams and dashes silently below."

"All the islands of the bay are visible, and the village of Taboga and its shipping look to you as they do to the eyes of the Turkey buzzards, lazily flapping over the top. The pearl islands are blue clouds to seaward, the long line of the coast stretches far up and down in a succession of conical peaks, as wild and solitary as when the Spaniards first landed there.—We descended in a break-neck line through a wood, and at dusk came, pine-apple-serrated-leaf-leg-scratchedly down to the village. To-day is Sunday, but it has been a busy one. We have been all day landing the treasure from the steamer *Oregon*. The pull on board ship in the cool morning was delightful. We send the treasure ashore from the steamer anchorage, two or three miles, in a large flat-bottomed launch. We bring it as near the shelving beach as possible, and then our principal man, Jose Maria, an athletic, intelligent native, strips, and shoulders out the heavy boxes. His assistants carry it to the place where the mules are waiting. We of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, stand all along the line and watch each precious box with jealous care. It is put on the mules, a box weighing from seventy to one hundred pounds on each side."

"Panama, Nov. 2d, 1852.

"DEAR MOTHER,—In the morning, after closing my last letter, I got up at 3 A. M., and soon started

with Mr. —, at five, to accompany the gold train. At five it is quite light in these latitudes. We had let the trains get perhaps half an hour in advance, and had heard the arrieros go singing off in the dusk. Everything was carefully packed, and I ignorantly thought that all was arranged for the trip, but just outside the town we found everything in confusion. The whole fifty or sixty mules with twenty men were brought to a stand still. The mules are tied nose and tail, four or five together, and any disarrangement in the fixtures of one puts a brake on the progress of all. The lashings by which the boxes are attached to the animal are as complicated as the darns of an old blue woolen stocking, or the lacings of a Greek herdsman's sandal, and they fasten, not only the boxes, but all the traps of the muleteers, and perhaps a live chicken or two by the leg. All was at loose ends, some muleteers eating breakfast, some standing about, and saying '*poco tiempo.*' Mr. — however soon put a very different face upon the matter, by riding about and slashing men and mules indiscriminately, and presently we were off, the muleteers tugging at the leading ropes, and the guards punching in the rear. There was profundity of mud all along, and the beasts (now united), avoiding the depths, strayed everywhere among the bushes, necessitating hurry-scurry pursuit by half naked drivers, with shouts and screams. The morning was as early mornings are here, the sky varied with heavy clouds and mists, colored by the sun-

rise, the forest hills holding the wreaths of mist like patches of melting snow. Nothing could be worse than the road, and so thought the pedestrians, California bound, who, lifting up sadly the patches of torn boot that still adhered to their legs, asked despairingly the distance to Panama. A little out of the town we met a large party,—some twenty hand-organs, with their Italian grinders—then parties of tired men and women, the latter in Amazonian attire and sitting ‘Califourchon’ on their mules, a little uncertain whether to laugh or blush, and oh, how dirty! Making progress of a mile and a half an hour, we came about nine o’clock to the river Cardañas, where we overtook the whole train mustering in the stream, now about two hundred feet wide. The scene was very picturesque—the river is rapid, and winds in a spot where the thicket has given place to enormous trees that embower its current, under these, and around a hut, all the mules and their drivers are grouped, and just as we turned into the opening a body of California-bound came down into the water, among whom I recognized the Rev. — —, half-cracked, bedraggled and benevolent, (looking very different from the last time I saw him in spotless surplice, saying ‘Dearly beloved,’) who had given up his mule to a woman in distress. There was also a sturdy Paddy woman, who marched right through the stream, disdaining to hold up her skirts, which the flowing river washed as she went. She called encouragingly to her friend,

who followed, 'Here, Mrs. McGarvey! this way, Mrs. McGarvey! never mind, my dare.'

"Next day the balconies of the hotel were draped with wet clothes, and the town pervaded by their odor. Having seen the gold (the largest quantity ever sent) safely started, we turned back, and splashing through the mud, with the help of big spurs and whips accomplished the six miles in an hour and a half.'

"We met the mailagent, famous for his Malaprops. These are authentic. 'I hope the Department will let me stop over one trip, as I have provided a *subterfuge*. 'Yes, *sir!* I like the *Oregon!* On board I was treated with perfect *impunity*.' 'No, *sir!* I did not strike him, *sir*; but I loaded him with opprobrious *epitaphs!*'

"For a man who is capable of seeing and grasping opportunities, Panama is the focus of two Americas. It commands the Australian continent, and is within easy reach of the Indies. South America is at hand with inexhaustible wealth, untouched as at the creation. This very Isthmus, small as it looks on the map, has miles and miles of the richest soil, capable of producing everything that a warm climate allows."

"Panama, Nov. 17th, 1852.

"DEAR MOTHER,—You are perhaps shivering along to church, and on your return, sitting by the good old grate in the dear old parlor, which existed when I was a boy, and which still, on the domestic Sunday evening, retains its ancient privilege of assem-

bling the family, for the enjoyment that family affection can give to those who know what it is. While I, deprived of these pleasures, sit in my thinnest clothes, and try to catch each puff of the southerly breeze. This is no cold November blast but a delicious fresh wind, accompanied by the roar of the surf that glitters, wind scattered. I appreciate the nature of the day, though I have just run away from our church, where a half-cracked Baptist, dressed in a queer white ascension robe fastened by nine gold clasps, after thanking God that he was not as other men are, began giving out his own version of the Bible, beginning with the first chapter of Genesis. I miss very much the quiet rational pleasures of life at home.

“As the dry season approaches, the rains become less frequent, the sky clearer. At night the stars are most brilliant and twinkle more than ours. Sirius flickers like the flame of a blown candle and seems almost extinguished, then bursting out in splendor. Now too, for the first time, I see the clear moonlight—the days of parching glare are approaching. There are many things pleasant in my life here, such as, this morning, tumbling up at dawn and pulling out in the beautiful coolness to the steamer, with the addition of the excitement of the news. On the beach all was bustle—native porters squabbling, boatmen shouting.”

“But on the water, and over the soft wash of the swells, all was quiet—the hills and islands softly veiled in mist; the steamer and the ships

swinging with indolent grace to their anchors. On board was worse confusion. An exodus of gold diggers with their luggage were pushing across the narrow gangway, while, as man after man issued from the press, they were received and dismembered by the boatmen below—clamorously. Homer would have added an ‘as when.’ Or the morning when I turned out at 1 A. M., and in the delicious tropical night, pulled to the *California*, bringing the largest treasure yet, \$2,600,000, and shipping it by picturesque lamplight and by the clear beam of moon-like Lucifer. These things are so delightful to me that I fear lest I shall tire you by my description.”

“Nov. 21st, 1852. I rejoice that my residence in Panama is drawing to a close, but I shall not return without seeing San Francisco. This is Sunday, but the quiet of the day is disturbed by the festivities of the New Granadian Independence, and fireworks, crackers, and a ball, are the order of the day, while the troops, clad in a sweltering uniform, are marching and firing.”

“All the church ceremonies, and many of the customs here are ridiculous, from their not being adapted to the climate, but formed on European models. The only peculiar and pretty thing is the costume of the ladies, who discard the bonnet, and wearing instead the veil, add much to their charms. To-day, as they knelt, in heaps of muslin and lace, on the cathedral floor, they looked very attractive.”

“I am now awaiting further advices from Mr. Aspinwall as to my future movements. He wrote

that I would probably not remain in Panama. But love to all. I cannot write in good spirits, though I danced off the last remains of my fever, and had a jolly time with the fair ladies of Panama last night. I have been ill; but what right have I to make you unhappy by my despondency. I am losing all my friends' weddings—when will my turn come? "

" *December 4th, 1852.* Summer is approaching, I feel misplaced here and discontented." . . .

The place in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and still more at Panama, seems to have been made for Winthrop by the kindness of Mr. Aspinwall, and his sincere desire to serve him, without the certainty that there was really a suitable opening for him. On arrival he found that there was really no sufficient opening, that the gentleman he was expected to replace wished to return to Panama, having the right to do so, and that his position was not altogether a pleasant one for a man of delicacy. He was treated with great kindness, however, by every one there, and found his residence, on the whole, agreeable, but there was not enough for him to do, nor was there any future for a man of his stamp, nor any reason to remain and lose his time and health, simply to be a ticket agent, or policeman of treasure.

" *December 24th, 1852.*

" I have been absent sixteen days in the interior, in that part of the Isthmus above Panama, and had a most interesting tour in a novel country. I took a primitive coasting canoe, rigged with low, square

sails—very fast—to a point some hundred miles distant, and buying a horse, returned by land, stopping at all the towns and villages. The country was quite different from my expectations, and my tour has fortified my health decidedly. You must not have too high an idea of the beauty of the inland scenery. The forests are usually destitute of fine trees, the very luxuriance of the vegetation impeding its grandeur, and there is a look of tangled neglect in the thickets of vines. But the broad sweeping plains, grazed by thousands of cattle, are very fine, spreading unbroken sometimes as far as the eye can reach, and sometimes undulating softly to the base of the range of mountains that lifts itself in the background. Like islands upon these seas of verdure, lie scattered villages, sheltered by groves of palms of ever-rustling foliage. The people are lively and picturesque; their wealth consists in large herds of cattle, and the style of life is simple and patriarchal, a little vitiated by rumors of civilization and California. I have seldom passed a fortnight of more amusement and instruction combined.

“Two gentlemen of my acquaintance were about to make a business tour, and I, having nothing to do, seized the opportunity to go with them. Sailing very fast before the light airs prevailing along shore, in our primitive and picturesque craft, and listening to the monotonous chant which our crew kept up hour after hour, one forgets the present and is carried back to the early ages of the world.

We were two beautiful nights and one blazing day reaching our destination on the upper side of the bay, and were glad to leave the cramped craft and stretch our legs a little on shore. After waiting some time at the mouth of a small river for the tide to rise, we ascended its rapid course for four miles or so, to the landing. The low banks were covered with swampy bushes or large trees, and every few minutes an unwieldy alligator would tumble himself into the stream; from the hide of one of these fellows my ball glanced off, as from a coat of mail.

“Over the green savannas, after a day or two of dry weather, you can gallop as on a race course, but in the swamps are horrid bits, where we went plunging through the mud up to our horses’ bellies. The mountains, which form the backbone of the Isthmus, from some of the higher peaks of which both oceans can be seen, are bare, and not very bold, though one striking serrated range accompanied us for several days. There is a little gold in these mountains, but the valuable mines are further south, where in the province of Chico and on the banks of the Atrato are fabulous treasures.

“We met with hospitality everywhere and the fat of the land. The houses, one story high, unceiled, with earthen or tiled floors, are composed generally of one living room and small ones adjoining—cooking is done in a shed. All the towns are near a stream of water. The Indians live in palm-leaf huts. The life seems indolent, but the people do all that their nature requires, and live

content—what more is necessary. We were gazed on with curiosity by whole villages.

“Our return trip was made on horseback, and it would be long to tell all our adventures. How my half-broken yellow horse performed sundry capers, how we rode to the festival of Penonome with the jolliest of galloping priests, where we saw all the prettiest girls in the country, and an assemblage of pure Indians—Cholos from the mountains—elsewhere hardly seen. How comical was the procession of alcaldes of these little towns, elegantly attired in antediluvian cloth coats, and followed by ushers with long black rods, going to offer the first fruits of their villages to the *Padré*. How I grew fat on rice stewed in liquid lard, *sancoche*, eggs, maize bollos, and tamal, with yard after yard of jerked beef, and relays of plantains in every form. How I thought oranges rather dear at sixteen the half-dime. How, finding my companions were to stay rather too long at Penonome, I straddled my nag and went to Panama alone, with a boy I hired. How I enjoyed it, though the roads were severe. How I rode over seven leagues of glorious sea beach, part by blazing daylight, and part by the stars, and then slung my hammock and waited for the dawn. How lovely were all the dawns and all the nights on the broad plains. I could fill a volume with this journey! Stewing with heat on this last day of 1852, I am

“Yours ever,

“THEO. WINTHROP.”

"Panama, Jan. 2d, 1853.

"It seems fitting, my dear mother, that I should, with the New Year, renew my allegiance to you, and offer you my services for what they are worth. If it were a new situation, I might think it necessary to recommend myself, and recount my qualifications. Such an experiment would be useless with one who has always known me better than I know myself. So, my dear mother, if you will have another year of the old servant, who has been in your family more than twenty-four years, you must take him, good, bad or indifferent, and make the best of him. He cannot do much, but the wages he requires are precious, nothing less than your love will satisfy his grasping desire, and if you deny him this, he will be in despair. For then, not only will he lose the direct benefits of the service, but the companionship of those who have gladly shared it with him, friendly rivals for the favor of their mistress. Accept then my allegiance for A. D. 1853.

"Panama is crowded to-day by muddy Americans, wetted to the skin by an expiring deluge of the rainy season, which, by almanac, should have ended a month ago. The New Year was marked only by an unusual clatter of bells. There was a band of exiled Jesuits here yesterday, dismissed from the South American Republics. Ecuador was the last to find them dangerous, and dispatched these thirty-four fellows to Panama, and Panama pitilessly hurried them away in their priestly robes,

topped with striped ponchos, and they filed away on mule-back, certainly more intelligent, and probably more virtuous than the established priesthood. You must not expect much of a letter, for I was dancing till five A. M., and rose at eight to go to a funeral. There are quite charming young ladies here, and though they have not much education, yet banalities sound quite prettily, lisped in their exquisite language.

“Do send me some books, especially travels in South America and Mexico. I have plenty of time, and want to inform myself about the countries of this continent, becoming more and more important every day. One of the pleasantest things here, is the arrival of relay a’ter relay of our officers from the steamers. They generally stay with us, and make part of the family. They are sometimes jolly rough diamonds, but usually educated and agreeable.

“The world appears to be boiling up pretty well, but we lead a life apart from all except the interests of the company, and the small commerce of Panama. Almost every one in the town is engaged in some peddling business, or endeavoring to prey upon the public in some official capacity. The future of New Granada, if it is to have one, will not come from the men of Panama, but from the interior provinces. I am disposed to believe that the capital, Bogota, is much more enlightened than this place. If I should recall here what I said and express my wish to escape, you will no doubt think

me inconsistent. I want to go because I have no settled position in the office, and consequently must be often idle. I am not gaining much in business experience, and in a mongrel place like this I have no good opportunity to improve in Spanish. I should feel better if I thought my salt was fairly earned here. I am content to stay only so long as I make myself so, and am falling into indifference. I have seen a good deal of life here, and manage to pass away the time, if without profit, without ennui. I am in, probably, for an absence more or less long from home, but I may stay here for some time longer, if I have anything to gain by it. I have still the promise of a vacancy in a purser's berth, and my passage to San Francisco.

"*Jan. 24th.* I spent the whole of Saturday on the gangway of the steamer, receiving passengers and disposing of them—there were some three hundred and seventy—and then was up all night on board until the ship left. The dispatch of one of these crowded vessels is something you can have no idea of; such thronging, such crushing, such shirking payment. Now that I am getting well into it, I find it a very agreeable life. The climate suits my stomach, and I am prudent and tip-toppish. You must be tired of my raptures about the nights, but I am never tired of them. It is perfect bliss to exist. As soon as the sun sets a roseate flush, passing into the tenderest lilac, covers the sky nearly to the zenith, and then changes gradually to a golden light, only giving

way to the moon. Then the delicious cooling breeze comes down from the mountains and rustles over the water.—Though there is a monstrous improvement in the people who go to California, yet it is still bad enough. The close contact with all sorts of characters on these crowded steamers is very demoralizing; there is a dreadful degree of familiarity, and if I were taking out a lady, I should wish to do so round the Cape, in one of those fine ships. This will be changed when the railroad is finished. Five sheets of stuff is pretty well for one letter! Eh, madame?"

"Aspinwall, Jan. 29th, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I am once more within hailing distance of you, though really no nearer than usual. It is the Atlantic that is tumbling so furiously on the beach, and here is an American town, with Yankee houses, and Yankee enterprise. A friend's wife was expected in the steamer from New York, and I came down to escort her across the Isthmus to her husband, Capt. P——, who could not leave the steamer. Since I was here in September the town has been increasing, and the railroad extending. No one can have an idea of the enormous difficulties of this immense enterprise, nor of the dreadful sacrifice of life it cost. It was commonly said to be built of dead men's bones or on human sleepers. Imagine that at one station of some two hundred and twenty men, there were, day before yesterday, one hundred and eighty sick. But all the gentlemen of the corps are in good health. It

will be another year's work, and hardly before the year 1854 will the first train make its triumphal entry into Panama. Aspinwall, like Venice, is a city in the sea, and now, with a norther blowing hard, there is a heavy swell tumbling in everywhere and wetting you as you go. I found there had been some mistake about the arrangements for Mrs. P——, so I volunteered to come, and started about 1 p. m. on the 29th. My mule was rather slow, and evening overtook me in the worst part of the road. It was at first very pleasant, as twilight rapidly faded away, to pass through these cool dim depths, but as it grew darker and darker, I at first lost sight of my path, (which was just as well, for the condition of it was awful,) and then of my white mule; so I thought it time to stop. It was exciting and romantic, but dangerous, though one has confidence in these animals; so, coming to a native hut, I decided to wait till the moon rose. I fortunately had a crust of bread and a drop of brandy, so dividing my corner of a loaf with my host, I made a light supper, and went to bed on a hide spread on the ground. About nine o'clock, after a short nap, the moon just lighting the depths of the forest, I started again, and enjoyed the remainder of the scramble. The neglected woods were beautiful in the concealing light and shadow, and the vines and creepers, ragged by day, were graceful and delicate in the mysterious moonlight. It was well worth seeing, but I was not sorry to change total solitude for the huts of Cruces on the

Chagres River. Here I found my friend Mr. V——, and we made an alliance for the rest of the journey. Next morning we started down the river in a canoe, talking away the time very pleasantly, till the distant whistle of the engine put him on the *qui vive* for his first sight of a railway—a great event in a man's life. Much has been done towards the completion of the road since I was here. It was quite refreshing to be taken back to civilization, and to see the interest that my companion took in everything.

“Aspinwall is upon Manzanilla Island, which is very low, in some parts below the level of the sea, that filters through the coral reef, and has heaped up a dike of sand against its own encroachments. Much of it is nothing but a mangrove swamp, to be filled in hereafter, before the place can be really healthy; some of these swamps, where the bushes have been cut away, and only the small tangled stumps remain, are the most absolutely desolate places the mind can conceive. But there is a look of progress and energy here which astonishes me, coming from Panama. Last night, Capt. P—— arrived, relieving me from responsibility. The gale is still blowing grandly, with interval torrents of rain. Just now it is a fine sight to see the steamer come rolling and pitching into the harbor. If with these rains, which prevail at least eight months of the year, we had the same temperature as you, the country would be almost uninhabitable, but the air is soft and balmy, and the fresh dampness most luxurious.

"Last night, at eight, the *Ohio* arrived, and I went down to the wharf with three gentlemen who expected their wives. It was not without difficulty and danger that Capt. P—— and I went on board, he to be disappointed of his wife's coming, and saddened, poor fellow, by the news of his child's fatal illness. I got your welcome letters. It was refreshing to be a few minutes with ladies. The arrival of two steamers from New York, and one from California, with an aggregate of two thousand people, puts this place in an uproar, increased by the small space *terra firma* affords, all the dry spots being in demand as the storm continues. What a variety of life one sees here! Jews are in throngs. The temperature is several degrees lower than in Panama. Keep me informed of what goes on in the world.

"T. W."

"DEAR S——: It is quite refreshing to think of an intelligent lively Yankee young lady, such as I hope you are, in this land of languor, and would be doubly so, could I have the tonic of a personal interview. However, I try sometimes to be with you in spirit, and imagine the dear happy fireside. The confidence in each other that rules in such a home is particularly blissful to dwell on, in this outer world, where every man's hand is against his neighbor. At home, one can, for a while, unbuckle the hard cuirass of defensive armor, and rest secure from a treacherous attack."

"Panama, Feb. 12th, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER,—You can hardly imagine how dead Panama becomes in these fortnightly intervals between steamers. Never in my life have I been so thoroughly indolent as here, and I am becoming heartily tired of it. I cannot possibly make more than one good day's work of all I have to do in the fortnight. Your wishes, and my own unwillingness to lose nearly two years passed in my present employ, keep me here with the uncomfortable feeling that I am after all dependent on a *patron*. The sinecure that I at present hold has the same influence as an office under government would have, it makes me careless and irresponsible. Discontented, and conscious that I cannot continue so long, I am all the time on the anxious seat. By every steamer I look for some orders that never come, and I cannot make any settled plan for the future. What is a man to do, who at the very period of life when he ought to be in the straight, well-known path of certain and steady employment, when he should have the self-guidance of a nearly completed development, what is a man to do, who, instead of all this, is still afloat, without any rudder? I have always supposed, that, at twenty-five, the manly character would have taken its tone, as the physical is then complete. I know this is painful to you, but I must sometimes relieve myself of gnawing thoughts, or I shall eat my heart out, here. My health is good, and I have one source of pleasure, my daily rides. After a hard, hot, glar-

ing day, we dine at four, and then I ride; passing the suburb with its straggling huts, I come upon the plain with the cool wind blowing soft in my face. The level light of the declining sun gives a magic brilliancy to the green of the undulating savanna, and falls upon the bold islands and sparkling waters of the bay. Then, when I turn back, the sun sets, the wooded hills silhouette themselves on the horizon, the softly shaded glow fades and gives place to the violet of the tropics, where the new moon hangs. Soon, suddenly, all is darkness around her faint fire."

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have been again to Aspinwall, part of the way on a hand-car.

"I walked along in search of the employés house, but by some means passed it, and went stumbling over the track, till discovering my mistake I found I had walked three miles through the solitude. I can never forget that starlight walk, though part of the time I was uncommonly sleepy. Returning, I found the world stirring in the dawn, and receiving many cautions about trains, I tumbled into a crack-wheeled hand-car, and rolled off. It was the luxury of traveling, to be whirled along against the fresh morning breeze that my own progress created, down the long narrow vista of the forest. The great buttressed trees seemed to have withdrawn astonished from the path, while deep among the mazes of the untouched woods I could see that the large-leaved vines had climbed up to

the tree-tops to see this wonderful band of sunlight. Some of these vines, fell down, smooth, leafless, and straight as a rope, a hundred feet to the ground. I was so utterly overcome by sleep that I lay down flat in the car, and telling my two Carthagenians that I would give them a dollar each, if I arrived by a certain time, I enjoyed one of the soundest and most blissful sleeps of my life. I was awakened by the stopping of the car to allow another to pass, and then wide awake, I bethought myself of my toilet. A muddy mule-ride and a boat trip had not tended to cleanse my person, and much to the astonishment of the men, I opened my saddle-bags, and taking out clean clothes, completely arrayed myself *al fresco*. By and by, we began to keep a sharp lookout for the train—presently we saw it, just it time to tumble the car off, and let it hurry by. Soon bustling and Americanized Aspinwall came in view. I had about an hour there and returned in the train at 11 A. M.

“*Aspinwall, March, 1st, 1853.* This place has such a home feeling that I enjoy my visits particularly. Last evening we had a jolly ‘American time,’ and some sham spiritual manifestations. I determined on this trip to vary my route a little, and joined a party of natives who were going down to Gorgona to hire their mules to passengers. We went off through the very thickest of the woods, by the land route, impassable except in the dry season, and pretty bad now. Up and down tremendously steep pitches, slippery with mud, and

hung with nooses of straggling vines, that would now and then try to hang a fellow before his time. They had forgotten my crupper, and I often nearly slipped forward over the mule's head, while Candido, my old black guide, slipped backwards to the tail of his. The heat has brought out some new flowers, especially a splendid scarlet passion flower, but the variety has never been so great as I expected. An hour and a half of this riding brought me to the river, and thence the way was easy, across a fine meadow, sprinkled with trees. I wrote from Panama that I had determined to go to San Francisco. I ought to see it, and to learn the Company's mode of business there. But I find that after all I have become very much attached to Panama, with all its disadvantages. There is talk now of weekly steamers, which will give more interest to the life there. This is my sixth trip across the Isthmus. We had the yellow fever badly at Panama, six weeks ago, but only among the passengers. The great obstacle to my success here is my own unsettled feeling. I want to be seeing the world."

"*Panama, March 8th, 1853.* To-day I start for San Francisco in the *California*, one of our best ships. I have not left the Company's employ, and shall have the same option that I have here, of taking a purser'ship, when there is one, or any other chance that may offer. I have not left Panama without reflection. I have been here six months, and know the place and all in it, and there is noth-

ing more for me to do here. Yet I leave the place and many friends with sincere regret."

"Acapulco, March 14th, 1853.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Nearly half way to cool weather again, and looking to the positive enjoyment of putting on warm clothes and finding pleasure in a fast walk. Panama is fading already in my recollection, and the existence apart that I led there is becoming like a dream. Yet it was difficult to tear myself away, and I shall long remember the Cathedral Plaza and the life around it. My heart always sinks when I remember how little my health fits me to join battle with the giants I see around me, but as I am seeking my fortune, I must not allow apprehensions."

"Our voyage thus far has been agreeable, with few passengers, and pleasant company among the officers. The ocean has been strictly Pacific, hardly broken by a ripple. We have sailed along with a remorseless glare of sunlight, and I have felt the heat on this trip more than at any time in Panama. At first we passed along a bold hilly shore, thickly wooded and completely solitary; then between rocky islands, and then leaving the land blue in the distance, and striking across the Bay of Tehuan-tepec, we are now in sight of the distant Mexican coast. We have had no events; a few flying fish, a couple of water spouts, stretching down slender arms of cloud, like sherry cobbler tubes, into the water. The sea is beautifully blue, the horizon cloudless, the nights fine, with a young moon."

"I feel very far from home and have no idea what I shall do in San Francisco. As we approach Acapulco, sailing down a broad belt of moonlight, numerous fires of burning brush blaze wildly on the shore. At midnight, we plunged into the land, and all at once, a way opening, found ourselves in a smooth lake, surrounded by hills, with no apparent exit. We lay still till morning and then I went ashore with the purser. The town is surrounded by hills, barren and burnt, as if volcanic fires had just passed over them, and the irregular town with many cracked and ruined edifices, shows traces of the late earthquakes. Everything is parched, the houses of one story, the people live lazily in the shade of their corridors. We shall soon be off, and I shall write from San Francisco."

"San Francisco.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I arrived here on Thursday evening, March 24th. We had fine weather, and a fine coast, from Acapulco till we crossed the gulf of California. At San Diego we saw American California; shores like downs, bare of all but grass, backed by high hills, sprinkled with snow. The change to really cold weather, mercury 45° was severe but refreshing, and I felt new life when I could button together what the moths of Panama have left of my overcoat, and walk the deck rapidly. San Diego is desolate and uninteresting. The harbor, confined with sand bars, is perfectly land-locked. Approaching Monterey, the coast became apparently more fertile, there were some trees, princi-

pally pines, and more verdure, the hills too were higher and finer in outline and the rocky points brilliant with surf. Monterey is prettily situated on a sweep of the Bay, wooded with pines—a green and smiling country round it, with all the freshness of spring. But the coast is generally bare, and the fertility and beauty of the country are said to be behind the coast range. About 1 P. M., on the 24th, we began to see the Heads at the entrance of the Bay of San Francisco. There had been a gale, and the day was splendidly clear of the fogs that beset the coast, and have recently caused the loss of our Steamship, *Tennessee*. The entrance is fine indeed, and worthy the noble bay. On the south the shore is barren and sand-hilly, with a certain wild look; on the north, the cliffs come precipitately down to the water, and the entrance is somewhat beset with rocks that are covered with birds, and basking seals. After the first set of points, the coast trends inward to another set, the real ‘Golden Gate,’ equally bold and fine, and about as wide as the Narrows; this continues perhaps two miles, when you begin to discern the shipping and the town, creeping round the point, and the whole breadth of the lake-like bay opens grandly before you. The effect is simple in its elements, an expanse of calm water, bounded by sharply defined hills. From the summits overlooking the town you have striking panoramic views over the bay, and down upon this wonderful city, a realization in rapidity of growth, if not in splen-

dor, of our fairy tales. On arriving, we found all the paraphernalia of civilization; we were boarded by news boats, and our arrival announced by telegraphs. Firing our gun, and rounding the point, I was astonished to find an array of shipping apparently as great as in New York. Fine ships were lying out in the stream, and blocking up the crowded wharves, and back of them stretched an extent of city seeming interminable, and exaggerated by the evening mist and smoke. The wharf and steamers alongside were filled with people awaiting our arrival, and there was far more bustle, and noise, and throng, than on a similar occasion at home. In fact the activity of this place is *appalling*. The original town was built upon a narrow, crescent-shaped piece of ground backed by steep hills, but as it extended, the hills were cut away, and the water filled up, till our office, which was on the shore, is now half a mile from the wharves. But they could not fill in rapidly enough, and a very large part of the town is planking, upon piles. But further in, upon *terra firma*, are broad streets and substantial edifices of brick and stone, of good appearance. Everywhere construction and destruction are going on together. People are generally convinced that the town is a fixed fact, and are making their arrangements accordingly. The hills are being dug down, and in making a call yesterday, I found the easiest method of getting away was to plunge down a sand bank eight feet high. It is indeed a most astonishing

place, and coming from the *poco tiempo* of Panama, the contrast was striking. But the whole thing appears unsubstantial. It is generally agreed that the emplacement of the town is by no means the best, and there are persons who expect that the whole will be abandoned, and Benecia, or some other locality chosen.

"March 27th.

"To-day it rains, but the temperature is pleasant. The two previous days fine, much like our October weather. It suits me exactly. San Francisco is even more alive by night than by day, the shops and gambling houses in full blast; with night auctions of all sorts of Jew-wares, and old clothes and new. To-morrow or next day I shall go to Benecia, and perhaps begin my little journey to the mines, and perhaps home. A few days will settle the matter. I might find something to do if I staid here. I cannot think of anything else but how to get on respectably, and to have something better than my miserable life for the past two years. Having no profession, and no mercantile education or experience, I have nothing to fall back upon."

"San Francisco, April 14th, 1853.

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—I have given you my first impressions of San Francisco. My second correspond with these so far as in being agreeably disappointed in the town and its surroundings. In respect to mere position the place has not much to boast of. It began upon the sandy beach of a cove.

in the bay, at the foot of some sandhills, and as the city progressed they cut down the hills and threw the sand into the water, making a flat of half a mile in advance of the old front. The hills that remain, partly excavated above the town are barren, and scantily covered with grass and stunted bushes. The prettiest of these is called the California lilac (*Ceanothus*?) bearing a pretty bluish flower, delightfully fragrant. These hills, destined soon to fall before the encroaching city, overhang it, and give a bird's eye view of its rectangular plan and unfinished appearance. The general tone is bricky and dusty. The prevailing element is pulverized sphere, and it may be safely called the dirtiest place in the world. A single day will transform it from a slough, navigable only in a pair of gaff-topsail boots, to an ankle-deep dustpan, and when you consider that besides the immense street traffic, there is not a block where they are not filling up or pulling down, you may imagine that the springy plank pavements send up dust as thick as a London fog. But the same hills give you also views beyond this waste, across the quiet waters of the inland sea, to the smooth treeless hills that like carefully kept green pastures surround it. The forms of these, not bold or picturesque, are graceful and lovely indeed, and in this atmosphere, clear but soft, they assume a richness of hue that reminds me of the shores of Greece. In this landscape there are no picturesque effects, no spots or nooks of beauty, its grand characteristic is breadth,

outline, panoramic effect. Along the southern coast of the bay the same forms prevail, but the soil is richer, and now in spring, they are either beautifully green, or thickly carpeted with flowers, among which the golden glow of the *escholtzia* is conspicuous. There are no inclosures, and you can ride or walk where you like. Most of the flowers are new, but I find my old favorite the *Bartsia*,* large yellow pansies, and lupines, blue and white. I spent my second Sunday at Benecia, where there was an attempt to make a city that would rival San Francisco,—which is a failure. Some persons interested in real estate persuaded the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to establish its depot there, bribing it by the present of a large peat bog. The emplacement of the town is good, for an inland one, and it may in time be important, but meanwhile the company has wasted enormous sums of money in establishing the works there, thirty miles from San Francisco. The steamboats that ply on the bay are as complete as our own. They are fast and explosive. The sail up the bay at evening is very beautiful; everything on a grander scale than the Bay of Panama. Benecia lies just above the entrance of Suisun Bay—which is formed by the junction of Sacramento and St. Joaquin rivers, on the slope of the low hills; a straggling town without a tree. The bend of the river here is very beautiful, and the opposite bank, rising abruptly, and sprinkled with low trees, looks

* *Castilleia* (Gray).

like a park. In the background are the two fine summits of Monte Diablo, two thousand feet high, distant thirty miles, but immediate in the clear air. The water of the river is muddy, but from a height, it has, when the sun falls upon it, a pink color, something like this blotting-paper, novel to me, and pretty. The same soft hills covered with flowers rise above the town, and with a friend I lay basking in the sun, enjoying the view, and thinking that this part of California at least was worthy of the name."

"*April 16th.* Last Sunday I had a fine long walk down the bay—we walked about fifteen miles, and collected enormous bunches of flowers. The seaward views are noble, particularly from Fort Point, one of the heads of the Golden Gate, where the United States is building a lighthouse. Here you look near two hundred feet down a precipice. There is a grand beach and ocean swell outside, beyond the outer heads of the bay. The conformation of some of these sandhills is singular, and in some places they sweep away inland, advancing like a cataract of water, smooth and softly rounded to the top, and then breaking precipitously. The weather has been almost perfect since my arrival, exactly the thing for exercise, making me regret my tiresome confinement to the office, and urging me to terminate it, and begin my wanderings. You need not be surprised to see me at home towards autumn, if I should come home across the plains, or by Mexico."

CHAPTER V.

THE WILDERNESS.

"Portland, Oregon, April 29th, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I left San Francisco on Sunday the 24th April, in the *Columbia*. Outside the bay we met a stiff norwester that made me seasick as usual, and put us back nicely. The steamer follows the coast at a distance of from three to ten miles. The shores are mostly bold and harborless. The coast range of mountains is clothed with inexhaustible forests, all the way to the *Columbia* and beyond, and already the lumber trade is becoming important, both along the coast and on the *Columbia*, where numberless sawmills are fast opening little breathing-holes in the sunless forest. The size of the red wood pines is almost fabulous. What do you think of one here at Portland, ninety-six feet in circumference, one at Humboldt fifty-five feet in diameter, and one three hundred and thirteen feet long. Here at Portland, more than one hundred and twenty miles from the sea, ships are freighted with spars and timbers for China. For ages, Oregon will supply lumber to the Pacific world. These deep pine woods give a gloomy look to the coast. The shores are bold and

dangerous, and the sea roars and dashes heavily on the outlying rocks. We stopped in the night at Port Oxford, where is a small military post. Some of the headlands are precipitous and striking. The bar at the mouth of the Columbia is a very dangerous one, and even crossing with the most favorable wind and tide, the swell and roar of the breakers was grand. Passing this you enter a spacious estuary, inclosed between a low piny point and a high wooded bluff, and to the south ending in a clear green spot; an old battle-ground of the Indians. You look out upon a beautiful expanse of water, surrounded by low mountains, black with pines, in the distance, and more than one hundred miles inland, the superb cone of St. Helen's, one of the noblest of snowy mountains, is a crown to the view. The river at this point is very grand and solitary, worthy of being the great stream of the Pacific coast. Proceeding, you bend to the right, and find in a small cove, the few houses of Astoria. The situation is not fitted for a town, and the anchorage and channel will hinder, if not prevent, its becoming the site of a great place, such as must arise at this mouth of the Columbia. Just above is a pretty promontory called Tongue point, on the technical left bank of the river, with bays above and below, and commanding its whole sweep. Five miles or so brings you to the real course of the stream, from one to three miles in width. As it narrows, some bold basaltic cliffs rise above in three terraces with deep

water at the base, and covered with thick firs. The opposite banks are low, with deciduous trees in their fresh spring foliage. Two or three little threads of cascades fall down the cliff. The scenery all along is of a similar character, wild and imposing, as the course of a great river should be. The first stopping-places are nothing more than a house and a sawmill. Opposite the mouth of the Cowlitz, a village called Ranier is growing up. At this point the grand peak of St. Helen's came out brilliantly against the sky. It is a rounded cone, of which you see nothing but the snowy summit, one third of the mountain, above surrounding ranges. It is a volcano, and still occasionally smokes. At the town of St. Helen's, the course of the river brings the peak exactly opposite, and in full view across, a grand object for perpetual admiration. The clouds hid the others, Mt. Hood and Mt. Ranier, from view. St. Helen's, which has now about thirty houses, is at the proper head of navigation for large ships, and is likely to become the important point. Here the bank is a rock of basalt of twenty feet high, affording an admirable locality for a town and port. One mouth of the Willamette comes in here. From this point it became too dark to see. Portland, up the Willamette, the farthest point to which vessels of any size can go, struggles along the bank of the river, a thriving place of fifteen hundred people. Above, the river becomes shallow, and there are bad rapids, only passable by small steamers. There is a very

large trade up the river, but the sooner they have good roads, to escape navigation, the better."

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"Portland, Oregon, April 29th, 1853.

"DEAR SISTER,—It was a very natural thing for me to have gone to California, when on the Pacific coast, but coming here, to a country once so much more thought of than California, and of late so little in comparison, has a different effect. Oregon still seems distant from the old United States, and there is a feeling of grandeur connected with the forests, the mountains, and the great continental river of this country that belongs to nothing in the land of Gold. The Columbia, as I have said before, is a most imposing river in its lower course, a great broad massive stream, whose scenery has a breadth and a wild powerful effect every way worthy of it. It will be cultivated worthily also, and some thousand years hence, the beauty of its highly finished shores will be exquisite, backed by the snow peaks. There is a heartiness and rough sincerity impressed upon people by the kind of life they lead in new countries. An easy hospitality given and received without much ceremony is a thing of course. The prices are so high that all the old ideas of economy are thrown aside. Money is easily made and freely spent. A dollar is absolutely nothing. All the men of the country are young, and almost all prosperous. The population on the whole is perhaps not of the most valuable kind, consisting largely of the successors of the pioneers, a sort of semi-

civilized race who have not the intelligence or energy of a real farming people, but are half nomad still, without much local attachment. The very bad land system, formed to prevent speculation, has prevented investment in land by settlers who could not wait till a residence of four years upon a spot gave them ownership, or of two the privilege of purchase. At present, no one not living upon a spot of land can possess it; there are no titles even to house lots in towns. The prosperous people are the farmers of cattle and produce, who live principally upon the valley of the Willamette. Everything they can raise meets a ready market and high prices. It is the paradise of farmers. Lumbering also is lucrative, store-keeping, and manual labor of all kinds. There must always be a marked difference between the character of this people and the Californians. In a few minutes, when I get a little colder, I will turn in between the blankets of my host, who has a large country store here. On the whole, I will turn in now. Good night.

“T. W.”

“April 30th.

“My plans are quite grand for a tour in these regions till my money is all gone. On the steamer, coming here, I met quite a character, a pioneer of this country, with all the typical qualities of the class. Born in Kentucky, educated as a surveyor, and passing the earlier part of his life on the frontier, he moved to this country fifteen years ago in the first emigration, took up a whole claim, and by

the sudden colonization of the country, finds himself a rich man. He is rough and backwoodsy, but has the real love of nature and freedom, with a tinge of romance. I am off across the plains, and may return home that way. Hurrah for freedom and a wild life!!

T. W."

"Vancouver, Washington Territory, May 1st, 1853.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I arrived here from Portland yesterday. The distance is eight miles by land, sixteen by water. I got a pony and lashed him for a moment to a wheelbarrow which he found so tempting that he dashed off, dragging it, and detained me till he was caught. Vancouver is the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Co. as well as of the U. S. Army for Oregon and Washington Territories. It is upon the right, or north bank of the Columbia, six miles above the Willamette. Having been long settled by the Company, they have cleared a large space of land, taken out the stumps, and given to the broad meadow on the river bank, the beautiful smoothness of an English lawn. There is a belt of fine trees along the river, and behind the ground rises in a gentle terrace to the U. S. Barracks. Below, upon the flat, are the stockades and buildings of the Hudson's Bay Co. When the Indians were dangerous, these stockades were necessary, but now their tribes have dwindled away into total insignificance. Back of all is the deep pine forest, with some fine outlying trees. I had a letter of introduction from Gen. Hitchcock to the commanding officer, Col. Bonne-

ville, who received me very kindly, and gave me quarters in his house, and I was soon at home with all the officers. I had also a letter to Gov. Ogden of the H. B. Co., a British subject, all his life in the service, who looks like an old gray lion. I had intended to stop and go up the Columbia only as far as the Cascades and the Dalles, but I found that Capt. Brent with a small party of men was going up to Fort Hall and thence to Salt Lake and to return thence to California, and I decided to go with them as a most excellent chance. The Hon. Mr. FitzWilliam, a young Englishman of my own age is also of the party, on his way across the plains, and we shall travel as pleasantly as possible. Capt. Brent is on government service, and we shall see some of the most interesting parts of the less visited Indian country. I have not yet decided whether to go on with FitzWilliam across the plains and report to you, via. St. Louis, or return to California. Most likely the latter. We shall travel expedite, and be about thirty days from the Dalles to Salt Lake, where, if sufficient inducement offers, I shall turn Mormon. Once off, you may not hear from me for a long time, but you need have no anxiety, as we travel with perfect security, in the good season. I expect to gain health and strength enough to last the rest of my life. I should come of course straight on with F. W., but I have left all my traps in California, and seen nothing of that country, not even the mines. However, *quien sabe?* I shall rap the old knocker at your door

about the end of July, in a flannel shirt and buckskin breeches. Yours, T. W."

"Dalles of the Columbia, May 10th, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I wrote you last from Vancouver. We left there on Monday morning in the little steamer *Multnomah*. At 4 P. M. we reached the landing at the foot of the rapids in the midst of the Cascade Mountains. These mountains are of trap formation and present bold crags and precipitous fronts. The scenery had already been bolder and wilder than any river I had seen, and it became more and more singular and striking. I have only time for a line. These mountains are from one thousand five hundred, to four or five thousand feet high, and the great river forces its way through them in a wild pine-clad gorge for sixty miles. We encamped at the landing, and next day took the luggage of the party up to the foot of the principal rapid in small boats, where we portaged them on a rude tram-road. The company being large,—Capt. Brent's party, with one hundred days' provisions, and Capt Waller's company of infantry, with baggage, ammunition, caissons, etc.,—the process occupied two entire days, till we got on board a flat boat. It was navigated by two *ignorami*, and we had to stop and cut a big steering oar in the woods. It blew a gale—our flat came very near being wrecked, which would have been awkward with sixty men on board, and we put into port about seven miles up, where we encamped and had a pleasant time.

Next morning, with scenery growing still wilder, we went up stream, the strong wind helping our crazy craft to struggle. About noon, we put into port again, waiting for the wind to fall, and I had time to climb a mountain and see the course of the river. We got away in the afternoon, and camped out, twenty miles up, in a splendid place. The tents and numerous camp-fires made the woods and crags most animated. Many pretty cascades came tumbling into the river. On the third day we reached the Dalles, and were most hospitably entertained at the Barracks, I being quartered with Major Alvoord, to whom I had a letter. The campaign thus far has been delightful, with a pleasant and lively set of officers, and all the excitement of a small military expedition. We find that there need be no apprehensions about the Indians. The Cascades of the Columbia are rapids, not falls, but very picturesque. Here at the Dalles, the river is drawn into a narrow compass between walls of trap, about forty feet high, and at the Dalles proper, is confined in a space of about eighty-five yards; I will visit that to-day. We start into the wilderness in two or three days; everything propitious, the party most harmonious. You will not hear from me for a long time."

"Portland, Oregon, June 13th, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER,—*L'homme propose. Dieu dispose!*" Never more true! I made my preparations to return across the plains, and reached the Dalles, as I have written you, but went no fur-

ther. There I had, very mildly, the small pox, which I probably caught from a friend, whom I visited in Portland at the moment when the disease was most infectious. He, poor fellow, had it terribly in the confluent form, but with me, the fever was slight, and the eruption has left almost no traces, so that you would not notice that I had had the malady. The day after I wrote you, in fact that very day I had a slight attack of fever, so that I was hardly able to keep my saddle in a ride we took to the Dalles, and on returning I felt so ill as to lie down. I was quartered with Major Alvoord, who commanded the post, and on the disease pronouncing itself, he gave up his room to me and camped out. From him and all the other officers, as well as Dr. Summers, I received every kindness and sympathy, though of course they had to avoid me. I am still anxious lest I should have given the complaint to some of them. It has been very virulent here, the Indians dying in crowds—almost always fatal. With me, except the slight irritation caused by the eruption, the illness was nothing; the chief discomfort was the idea of having a dangerous malady, and the fear of giving it to others. Of course I was very much disappointed in not being able to go with Brent and FitzW. The party would have been perfect. They waited a week, but could delay no longer. In about three weeks I was pronounced safe, and left my confinement with no other symptom than an all-grasping appetite. When I was well enough

to travel, it was useless to undertake to overtake my party, so I determined at least to defer the trip. The country about the Dalles is desolate and wild in the extreme, and sad must be the disappointment of the emigrants, who arrive there in the autumn when every green thing is parched, themselves way-worn, their wealth of cattle become poverty—half starved and almost hopeless. But the beauty of Oregon is further on, and if the rest of the Willamette and the adjoining valleys, corresponds with what I have seen, Oregon is one of the loveliest places on earth. While I was ill, the Columbia rose enormously with its regular June flood from the melting snows. This made a difference of thirty feet in the water level, and the country below Vancouver is now a vast lake. The narrow channels of the Dalles were filled almost to the brim and the Rapids almost obliterated. At the Dalles, the river is confined in three narrow rifts in the rock, the widest only sixty feet, the others almost jumpable. The difference of level between high and low water is sixty feet. It must be wilder and stranger when the river is low. There is nothing beautiful except the grandeur of the mighty rushing torrent mass. The barracks are on a hillside, scantily wooded, with a noble view of Mt. Hood, always magnificent with its unsullied snows, and just at the angle of the Columbia below, the rounded cone of Mt. Adams fills up the gap of the range. These snowy summits are all isolated, not forming the beautiful ranges of the Alps—they rise singly

and apart, and it is only at a certain elevation that you command more than one or two at a view. As single peaks, all are very fine, but I have not yet seen any really *picturesque* high-mountain scenery.

“At the Dalles, when I was there, high disagreeable winds came down over the mountains, making the weather chilly when the mercury stood at 90°. This wind prevails during the summer on the whole course of the Columbia. After I was convalescent, I took several long rides over the hills, treeless and only scantily covered with grass, and with many flowers, some of them pretty and peculiar.

“I left the Dalles on June 4th, in one of the H. B. Co.’s boats carrying furs, collected during the winter by a fine specimen of a highlander who has charge of Fort Coleville, followed by a fine tail of half-breeds and Indians with one picturesque old white-headed Canadian, of whom I bought a noble pair of buckskin pantaloons. The free life that these men lead in the wilderness has great charms for me. We had a pleasant trip down the River, floating almost fast enough, though the Indians pulled like good fellows. We stopped several times for them to “muck or muck,”* which they are ready for forty times a day. Soon after noon we reached the Cascades, and making the portage, while the lightened boat shot the Rapids, got away on the lower river. The rise of the water had changed the look of things—a house where we had slept was up to the second story in water.

* To eat, in Chinook.

The evening was most lovely. At nightfall the Indians all went to sleep in the bottom of the boat, and we floated rapidly down stream all night, by starlight, dozing in our blankets. At 4 A. M. we landed at Vancouver, where I was kindly received again by Gov. Ogden, and had plenty of condolence for my illness. The flood had been very destructive to the crops, and the whole of the lovely meadow was a great lake. The officers of Vancouver are pleasant company, and the H. B. Co. live in solid comfortable style, with plenty of good beer. I enjoyed my final convalescence.

"The Indians of the Columbia are a miserable race, living on salmon and roots. The fishery at the Cascades is fabulously productive, and the lodges for drying the richly colored fish are really curiosities. The fish are caught in a scoop net, which an Indian—standing on a framework, built over the most rapid spots—sweeps down against the stream, till he catches his quantum. I have seen them take four or five splendid fish in as many minutes. The whole world lives upon Salmon till it is tired of it. . . . With my say half said, Yours,

T. W.

"My plans are unformed as yet after my forced return to Oregon, and I don't know what route I shall take to get home."

"Scottsburg, Umpqua River, June 28th, 1853.

"My letters come to you from places you never heard of perhaps, but of more or less importance in this growing country. This is a town just cut

out of the woods, rough enough in appearance, and almost inaccessible at times, but a large business is done here. It is one of the principal points of supply for the North California and Oregon mines, and for a large and beautiful farming country on the upper Umpqua River. Leaving Portland, I followed up the Willamette valley. The scenery is lovely. Of the River I did not see much, as it flows between banks thickly wooded with firs, the deep black woods of the country, but the valley is composed of beautiful smooth prairies, sprinkled with belts of heavy timber, or open groves of oaks. This is the general character of the country—smooth grazing meadows, suitable for any kind of farming. The plains are broken by frequent water-courses, and you can hardly go a mile without finding a brook, or spring. On one side, the coast range closes the view, a rough and rather desolate chain, on the other, the Cascade Mountains—higher and more distant—defined by the great snow peaks rising almost isolated, and nearly at regular intervals—so much higher are they than the main range. From many spots and slight elevations, I could see several of these peaks, far off on the horizon. From one hill near Salem, I could see seven of them. At this great distance nearly two hundred miles, the smooth rounded cone of St. Helen's is particularly fine, rising as if at once from the plain, superbly defined against the sky in the blue distance. Looking at these peaks so far off, they are even more imposing than a connected range,

and I have seen few more striking views than that one near Salem, where the eye could command all of them, and a vast expanse of plain and forest, sprinkled with cultivated spots, and backed by hills and the far chains of the Mountains. It is the part of the world to live in! Most of the valley being open, excellent roads were made merely by driving wagons over the grass till a track is worn, and to a traveler on horseback, progress is very easy. The donation law, giving to every family settled before 1849, a section of land, and to every single man a half section, has strung along cabins at a distance of a mile or so, with their little spots of cultivation, but in general, the wide plains are grazed by herds of the finest cattle. The stock here is exceedingly good, the best alone supporting the journey across, and being improved by it, and by the excellent pastures of the country. Though the Willamette valley is not very wide, each of the small streams which flows into it has its own little spot of smooth verdure in the forest, with a supply of fine oak and fir timber for the cabins, and a rill of water flowing by the door. Labor is dear, and the prices of provisions high. The old farmers found themselves suddenly rich on the discovery of gold, and became lazy, consequently nothing has been done to develop the country in proportion to its resources. Many of the settlers are half-breeds and Canadians of the H. B. Co., and there is one extensive district called the French Prairie, where you naturally call for a glass of

water in that language. A few Indians remain, but they are lazy and good-for-nothing, and the salmon fishing makes them comparatively rich. In the lower country they are more powerful and dangerous. I bought a fine American mare, and started one morning up the Willamette River. The short interval between the farm-houses makes it always possible to get something to eat, and if there is a lady of the house, she is always captivated by talking of the trip across the plains, which almost all the Oregon women have made. You turn your horse into the rich pastures, and take a nooning under the trees, or a bath in some living brook. In the forests, the fern is usually breast deep. The weather has been delicious, the heat bearable except at noon, the nights cool enough for blankets. My first night brought me to Salem, the present capital, a village of less than one thousand people, on one of these exquisite plains. The streets are wide, and the original oak trees have been left about. Mount Hood is everywhere in plain sight. My second day carried me through a region of equal beauty, to Marysville, the head of high-water steam navigation on the Willamette, on another fine plain, where the coast range comes nearer. Whenever one has hit on a good site for a town, his next neighbor starts a rival one, so that there are often two settlements within a quarter of a mile in open warfare—if you buy a lot in one, you lose the good opinion of everybody in the other. I stopped the third night at a

farmer's—a backwoodsman enriched by the mines, and not even taking trouble to milk his cows, except for the household. Rough enough some of these rich farmers are—Pike County men, as they say,—who have fallen into pleasant places. My fourth night I was to have spent at the house of an acquaintance, but I missed it, and as it was a splendid night, I turned my horse to graze, and finding a nice oak grove, made a fine fire in a hollow tree, and a capital bed with my blankets and saddle cover; ate two soda biscuits, and when I was tired of admiring the light of the full moon, turned in for the night. Next morning I had nothing to do but to shake myself, saddle and ride to Youcalla, to my friend's house to breakfast. He was one of the emigration of '43, and is a man of remarkable intelligence and energy, who looks like a backwoodsman and thinks like the most cultivated. He has nearly confirmed my intention of settling in this country. His farm is meadow, completely encompassed by hills covered with grass, serving as a range for the cattle that form his wealth."

"Fort Vancouver.

"I wish I had time to describe to you my trip to Scottsburg, with my sail down the Umpqua, to the mouth, my journey up the river, by another route to Winchester, whence want of time prevented me from going to the mines. I returned another way, down the left bank of the Willamette, through the beautiful Yamhill country, diverged across the Tualtin plains, and the Ikapoose mountain to the

town of St. Helen's on the Columbia, and stopped to ascend the Chehallis mountain whence there is a noble panorama of the plains and snow peaks, worthy of the Alps. If I had a home, a wife, and something to fix me to a local habitation, I should most certainly establish myself here in Oregon. But until then, I shall probably be a rolling stone. I believe, if I could make up my mind to stay here, I could have a small fortune in six months. I am now at the Hudson's Bay Co., where I am always at home, and find it pleasant. I have never felt better. I close in Portland, in splendid weather."

"Portland, July 12th, 1853.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—I wish that you could see the great brick of these parts, Governor Ogden of the Hudson Bay Co., and other minor bricks of the same—certainly the nicest set of men whom I have had the good fortune to know, free and hospitable, full of fun and good sense. This Oregon is a noble country! The summer climate almost perfection, and the winter, though rainy, not severe or disagreeable. It offers a grand field for a man who is either a world in himself, or who can have his own world about him. There are very few educated or enlightened men here, so that one might want society, yet any man who unites sense to education can do anything he pleases. It would take but little to induce me to give up the old country and live here, but my unhappy, unsettled disposition is always in the way. Look me up a

charming young woman, who has no objection to a red beard, and can do anything, from preaching to dancing the polka, from making a cocktail to running a steam-engine, marry her by proxy and lock up till demand. Boston is said to be a good place, so look out for me there. If I return this summer, it will be with the intention of coming out again with a plan, formed on my knowledge of the country.

“T. W.”

“*Fort Nisqually, Puget Sound, July 23d, 1853.*”

“DEAR MOTHER,—I am still on the move as you see. Who knows where I shall stop? My last was from Vancouver. We went down the river that morning in a small steamer that deposited us at Monticello, among the mosquitoes. Next day we went up the river, thirty miles in a canoe, with four Indians to paddle; the stream flows through dense forests, buzzing with mosquitoes; very rapid current, and slow progress. The Indian lodges of the better class are entirely above ground, built of boards, with bunks, mats, blankets, and other comforts, according to the wealth of the owner. All understand the Chinook jargon—the most comical of all languages, if it can be called one,—containing words from most languages, and answering to the Pigeon English of the Chinese.* At Cowlitz, the head of navigation, we spent a tedious day waiting for horses, until the next evening, when we rode eight miles to Jackson’s prairie, passing the

* See Vocabulary in “Canoe and the Saddle.”

Hudson's Bay Co.'s beautiful farms there, rich with ripe grain. Over the trees that belted the river, nearer than ever rose graceful St. Helen's, and now first clearly seen, the immense bulk of Ranier, the most massive of all—grand, grand above the plain! Mr. Jackson is an old settler and has a splendid farm. All the scanty population is alive with hopes and questions about the great Railroad, and the exploring parties, and every man is certain that it must come through his place. Next morning, rode through a country of cedar trees. Stop and noon at Ford's, and then in the cool of the hottest of days ride till midnight by moon—fifty-two miles to Olympia. Four miles from Ford's are the mound prairies—spotted with small mounds—at first just distinguishable—becoming as we go on fifty feet in diameter and ten to fifteen feet high, covering an immense extent of country. The mound prairie is marked by a mound of another class fifty feet or much more in height, almost perfectly regular, with some large trees on it. A Yankee has built a house on the apex, and means to make a nursery of fruit trees on its fertile sides. About eleven p. m. the roar of a cascade announced our arrival at Olympia, at the head of the Sound. We could just see a pretty little fall, a mill, and the great expanse of the Sound. A few houses make Olympia a thriving lumbering village, cleared from the woods, with stumps in the main street. Plenty of oysters and large queer clams. Puget Sound here terminates in a point, spreading below to a great lake with

low banks, thick with firs. Tide rises nearly twenty feet, water clear—low tide leaves a great mud flat below the place. Stopped a day. I was with Capt. Trowbridge, who had come to make tidal observations on the Sound. Next day we started in a noble clipper of a canoe for Steilacoon, the U. S. Fort. Paddled along against tide. Indians took it easy—shot a duck and a pole cat—pulled up a gigantic purple star-fish—made a vocabulary of the Inoo-squamish language. Had a jolly time—splendid sheet of water with islands and nooks of bays. Mt. Ranier hung up in the air. Landed nine p. m., walked two miles through the woods to the Barracks—waked an officer—supper, and bed. To-day walked to Fort Nisqually—a Hudson's Bay Co. farm and station. Dr. Tolmie in charge—going to Vancouver's Island to-morrow, invited me to go, probably shall and join the other party there.

"These disjointed words were written by violent effort in a small house, with mercury at 90° F. With best love to all, and assurances of reasonable well being, Yours,

"T. W."

"Victoria, Vancouver's Island, Aug. 15th, 1852.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I can hardly represent to myself the summer life at home, the dusty streets, quenched by an occasional shower, to the joy of the party assembled in the porch, just out of reach of the sprinkles; the delicious evenings, just cool enough to restore after the sultriness of the glar-

ing day, with open windows and music, or a moonlight walk; the crush of Commencement, the after calm. A year passed without a winter seems to have no right to a summer, and I am hardly conscious of its having come and gone. The weather just now is like a New England October, the days warm and cloudless, but the nights so cool that two blankets do not come amiss. A heavy smoke from the burning woods casts a haze over everything, as in our Indian summer. The arm of the sea upon which Victoria is looks beautiful in the sunny afternoon, with the smoke just obscuring the rocky, too barren shores, and veiling the white houses of the village.

“Since I last wrote, I have, besides cruising about the Island, seeing the points and the settlements, taken a trip over to the American shore to the coal mines on Bellington Bay. I took a large clipper canoe, and five Indians, with one wife, and provisions, etc., and started one fresh blowing morning when they thought it something of a risk to go. It looked rather squally at first, but I soon got confidence in my vessel, which went nobly over the heavy swells, just on the safe side of danger—the Indians highly excited as the seas struck her. We crossed a somewhat dreaded traverse between this and a neighboring island, and then gently glided along among the smaller islands of the archipelago. Everywhere the Indians were salmon fishing, sometimes with a small flat net, extended between two large canoes, and sometimes singly, in

great fleets of little canoes, trolling with the line fastened to a paddle. My Indians were of the Nook Lummi tribe, and were in good spirits, as they were going to visit their friends. Like all on that coast, they were a careless, jolly, happy race, amusing themselves with jokes and me with songs, some of which were pretty and original. I tried to write down the notes of one, and on laying down my paper, one of them with a most quizzical look, pretended to be able to sing it, the rest roaring with laughter. Towards evening we landed in a deep, quiet, solitary, tarn-like cove, walled in by rocks and overhung by great pine trees. As the canoe entered, thousands of ducks rose from the water, and flew screaming about; but the door was shut by the canoe; when we fired, the whole place was alive with echoes. As we landed, a young Indian stepped on the cover of a box and split it; whereupon the owner of the box and he became 'silex' or in the sulks; the former wrapped himself up in his blanket toga, like the dying Cæsar, and lying down in the bottom of the boat, refused to be comforted; neither of them would eat anything, like a pair of pouting children. After a while they relaxed, and were very glad to get some prog that was put away for them. It was a capital evening, and my kibobs of fresh mutton relished amazingly. Then in the dim twilight we floated on, some paddling and some sleeping, and made the destined shore about midnight. Next morning I found that by some misunderstanding (tremen. long word

that) we had come to the wrong part of the Bay, or rather, were not in the Bay at all. Our course then was inland, up a good sized river, thickly shrouded with almost tropical vegetation. Presently we came to an Indian salmon weir, a high framework of poles reaching across the stream, and serving also as a light foot bridge—at intervals, wicker-work shields are suspended in the water, and just against them, baskets, like a lobster pot; the salmon, rushing up stream, is met by the shield, and turning, falls into the pot. This fishery belonged to one of my men, and as we came, an Indian was just taking a noble salmon out; we accepted the invitation to breakfast, and such a kettle of fish! of which a mighty portion was first served out to me, sitting in state on a mat-covered dais, in a hut neither clean nor well ventilated. Hurrah for savage life!"

"Dalles, Aug. 31st, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I arrived here to-day across the mountains from Nisqually, after an adventurous and rather arduous journey of several days, in the course of which I was pretty much thrown on my own resources—my Indian guide having left me to shift for myself in the middle of a great prairie. I have no time to give a full account. I arrived to-day, and start to-morrow for Salt-Lake with the mail carriers, and shall leave there, Oct. 1st, for home, likewise with the mail. Write me to St. Louis, so that I shall have news on my arrival.

No false start this time, I hope! I am in much haste to make my preparations for the morrow. Captain Brent has just returned, and gives me an excellent account of his trip."

Here for a time the letters cease, and the reader must be referred to the pages of "*The Canoe and the Saddle*," which contains Theodore Winthrop's own account of this wild journey across the Cascade Mountains, with some notes upon the Dalles and their legends, and a very amusing vocabulary of the bewildering Chinook Jargon, which is a true confusion of tongues. One of the legends is a weird reproduction in Indian folk lore of the tale of Rip Van Winkle, a story so old and universal that it might have been told by the shores of Atlantis. Another relates some of those wonderful and supernatural leaps across chasms such as we always hear of in mountain countries. The volume also contains a sketch of life in the Isthmus, which, like the other sketch, was written and thrown aside (a fragment perhaps of some larger plan,) and never prepared for publication. It seems fitting to close this period of his life with his own words.

"So, on the morrow, I mounted a fresh horse, and went galloping along on my way across the continent. With my comrades, a pair of frank, hearty, kindly roughs, I rode over the dry plains of the upper Columbia, beyond the sight of Mt. Hood and Tacoma the less, across John Day's river and the Umatilla, day after day, through throngs of emigrants with their flocks and their herds and their little ones in great patriarchal caravans, with

their white-roofed wagons strewed over the surging prairie, like sails on a populous sea, moving away from the tame levels of mid America to regions of fresher and more dramatic life on the slopes toward the Western sea. I climbed the Blue Mountains, looked over the lovely valley of the Grande Ronde, wound through the stern defiles of the Burnt River Mountains, talked with the great chiefs of the Nez Percés at Fort Boisee, dodged treacherous Bannacks along the Snake, bought salmon and otter skins of the Shoshonees at the Salmon Falls, shot antelope, found many oases of refreshing beauty along the breadth of that desolate region, and so, after much adventure, and at last deadly sickness, I came to the watermelon patches of the Great Salt Lake valley, and drew recovery thence. I studied the Utah landscape, Oriental, simple and severe. I talked with Brother Brigham, a man of very considerable power, practical sense and administrative ability. I chatted with the buxom thirteenth of a Boss Mormon and was not proselyted. And then, in delicious October, I hastened on over the South Pass, through the buffalo, over prairies on fire quenched at night by the first snows of autumn. For two months I rode, with days sweet and cloudless, and every night I bivouacked beneath the splendor of unclouded stars. And in all that period, when I was so near to Nature, the great lessons of the wilderness deepened into my heart day by day, the hedges of conventionalism withered away from my horizon, and all the ped-

antries of scholastic thought perished out of my mind forever.”—(“Canoe and Saddle.” *Finis.*)

Here then was a turning-point in Winthrop's career, or at least in his mental experience, and one of which he was himself conscious, if not at the moment, at least not long after. Few records of this time can be found in letters and journals, but the seed sown then bore abundant fruit upon the pages of “John Brent.”

At St. Louis he stopped awhile with kind friends and relatives, and enjoyed the society of his classmate and dear friend Henry Hitchcock, who had settled there—a nephew of Gen. Hitchcock, U. S. A. This visit to St. Louis had much influence upon his future life, and movements. He has often spoken of his delight in being with his friends once more and among cultivated people and lovely women. About this time his mind began to be full of the visions of authorship, or rather the visions he had always had began to take form and to become plans. On his return home, at a white heat with the excitement of his adventurous journeys, he began to write or sketch out many things, some of which afterward arranged themselves into permanent shape. It is impossible to fix the dates of these first ideas. Many of them doubtless darted into his mind as he galloped over the great plains, or through the tangled tropic forests, and others were long seething in his brain, before anything was put upon paper. He was at Salt Lake City on Sept. 28th, 1853, and returned home on Nov. 28th, stopping at Fort Bridger, and staying awhile at the hospitable Fort Laramie, where his visit is still talked of, and the house where he lived pointed out. The pictures

of that journey, live upon his pages of after days—the Indian, the settler, the lonely fort, the slow moving caravan, the Mormon fanatic. Some of his poems belong to this period, and are full of reminiscences of the Plains, such as these.

MOONLIGHT.

Dreamy, dreamy moonlight over plain,
Over river softly shifting light;
Dreamy dark, the forest mountain chain
Marks glimmering outlines on the night.

Dreamy hopes of unimagined bliss
Breathe, passing into mournful sighs,
Breezes whisper hopes of happiness;
Catch the sweet murmur ere it dies!

Brief, oh too faintly, sadly brief,
Fitful dreams drifted, drifted on,
Swift as the flicker of a leaf,
Shook glancing hope and then were gone!

Stay, tender dreamy moonlight peace!
Queenly calmness, sweep along my sky!
Day blasts me, action will not cease,
March we must, ever wearily!

March we will, true men will be true!
Yet in our harsh and bitter days,
Sweetly pausing moments will renew
Gleams of these soothing moonlight rays.

Never fairer, dim dreamy world!
Banners of man's hostile daylight strife
Droop listless, all peaceful furled,
Sweet grows the friendliness of life.

.

FOREST FIRE.

Oh! glorious comrade! how we welcomed him!
 The broad and friendly glow, the smile, the laugh,
 The speaking sparkles. Not a moment still,
 But merrier than gayest merriment,
 And startling oft, as thoughts seize flame and live,
 Live in the soul, till gloom falls utterly.
 Welcome, divine one! banquet brilliantly,
 Feast thou, the festal hero! now we stand
 Most willing servitors. Be lavish long—

.

FIRE UP!

Revelry! revelry!
 O! might my soul be like a flame!
 Making gloom glory,
 To engulf with light the shame
 Of a world's dark story!

Oh splendor, brilliancy!
 Shout with me victory!
 Suddenly victor, one flash,
 And circles shrinking,
 Of night from that patriot dash,
 Nightward are sinking.

Revelry! revelry!
 Yes, noble knight, thou hast won!
 Take thy grand pleasure,
 Mantle with splendor the dim,
 Lavish thy treasure!

Fading, soon fading!
Torture as keen will be thine,
When dying flame lashes
Its death for one fleeting shine,
Then sinks to ashes.

PROSE FRAGMENT.

(Supposed Fragment of a Tale.)

Out of the forest on fire, on to the plain, the wide plain sweeping up to the swelling hills, restless surging hills, tending to limitless horizons beyond the edge of the world, I came alone, off from the snow peaks, down across the piny mountains. The chill wind blew, bringing dismal snow squalls from the wintry sky, a torn angry sky, frowning upon the flaming woods. Hot blasts came, mingled with cold snowflakes. Alone and objectless I went. I passed the hills, utterly cold, cold as my heart, and came among the desolate rocks over the river, desolate as the world's end—black volcanic rocks. And the river had fled, and was ever flying, bursting in agonized struggles through the harsh rocks! Alone and hopeless I rode. Why should I struggle further. Let me die here, of cold and despair. I mounted the last hill, vast swelling hill, broad curving hill, brown with parched grass that died long ago when there was summer, and looked upon the valley of Death, worse than death, of no life, lone and horrible as a deserted hell. Here let me starve and die. I looked my last upon the ice peaks, that leagues upon their further

side, looked on the vales of my youth and peace, before I murdered all my hopes, and went wandering—haunted—

FRAGMENTS—DAWN.

Dawn glimmers through the forest edge of plains,
The thinly crisping waves gleam with faint light,
Singly the stars are captured, as day gains
Its upward marches. Shivering flies the night.

Broad golden dawn above a waste of snow,
Showers of gold upon a glittering field,
As when a peerless lady smiles her love
On her true knight who wears a silver shield.

Then a bold sunrise. Mists fall down and drift
Low on the earth, as doubts desert the sky
When the old darkness of the world is rift
To brave youth, looking with hope-lighted eye.

.

FRAGMENTS.

'Tis the wild battle, 'tis the crashing charge
The shout of victory the maddened shout
The ecstatic agony of victor death.

.

Down the valley we came at a run,
Sunset behind and the water before,
Wild hills beside us one by one;
We could race with night but a moment more.

A stony valley! skeletons lay
 Where weary cattle had sunk to death;
 Ghastlier seemed the twilight gray,
 Drearier night drew over the heath—

Men have called Death the relentless, a Reaper,
 But too hasty, he gathers unripened his grain,
 Or himself stern and fleshless, cares not for his harvest,
 And strides with delight o'er a desolate plain.

Sorrows are servants of Death, not so daring,
 As they stay the fresh hopes our bright comrades
 of life,
 And the soul stands as lonely as in a burned forest
 Uprises a pine tree, unscorched from the strife.

“A bounding gallop is good
 Over wide plains;
 A wild free sail is good
 'Mid gales and rains;
 A dashing dance is good
 Broad halls along,
 Claspings and whirling on,
 Through the gay throng.
 But better than these,
 When the great lakes freeze,
 By the clear sharp light,
 Of a starry night,
 O'er the ice spinning,

With a long free sweep,
Cutting and ringing,
Forward we keep!
Or round and around,
With a sharp clear sound,
To fly like a fish in the sea,
Ah, this is the sport for me!

(Printed in ST. NICHOLAS, Jan., 1880.)

THE EAST AND THE WEST.

(Printed in the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, April, 1863.)

We of the East spread our sails to the sea,
You of the West stride over the land,
Both are to scatter the hopes of the free
As the sower sheds golden grain from his hand.

'Tis ours to circle the stormy bends
Of a continent, yours its ridge to cross;
We must double the capes where a long world ends,
Lone cliffs, where two enemy oceans toss.

They meet and are baffled 'mid tempest and wrath;
Breezes are skirmishing, angry winds roar,
While poised on some desperate plunge of our path
We count up the blackening wrecks on the shore.

And you, through dreary and thirsty ways
Where rivers are sand, and winds are dust,
Through sultry nights and feverish days
Move westward still, as the sunsets must.

Where the scorched air quivers along the slopes,
Where the slow-footed cattle lie down and die,
Where horizons draw backward, till baffled hopes
Are weary of measureless waste and sky.

Yes! ours to battle relentless gales,
And yours the brave and the patient way;
But we hold the storms in our trusty sails,
And for you, the life-giving fountains play.

There are stars above us, and stars for you,
Rest on the path and calm on the main;
Storms are but zephyrs when hearts are true:
We are no weaklings, quick to complain,

When lightnings flash bivouac fires into gloom,
And with crashing of forests the rains sheet down;
Or when ships plunge onward where night clouds
loom,
Defiant of darkness, and meeting its frown.

These are the days of motion, and march;
Now we are ardent, and young and brave;
Let those who come after us build the arch
Of our triumph, and plant with the laurel our grave.

Time enough to rear temples when heroes are dead;
Time enough to sing pæans after the fight;
Prophets urge onward the future's tread;
We—we are to kindle its beacon light!

Our sires lit torches of quenchless flame,
To illumine our darkness, if night should be,
But day is a friend to our standards, and shame
Be ours, if we win not the victory!

Man is nobler than men have been,
Souls are vaster than souls have dreamed,
There are broader oceans than eyes have seen,
Noons more glowing than yet have beamed.

Creeping shadows cower low on our land:
These shall not dim our grander day;
Stainless knights must be those who stand
Full in the van of a world's array!

When shall we cease our meager distrust?
When to each other our true hearts yield?
To make this world an Eden, we must
Fling away each weapon and shield,

And meet each man as a friend and mate;
Trample and spurn and forget our pride,
Glad to accept an equal fate,
Laboring, conquering, side by side!

CHAPTER VI.

DARIEN.

AGAIN the noble and prophetic images of a soldier's life and an early death arise in his mind, but only as apt thoughts and fancies, not at all as presentiments. His mind was too healthy for presentiments, yet the constant use of these metaphors seems singular—after the fact. But even thoughts, visions, or preparations for authorship, could not quench the thirst for adventure that was not yet assuaged in his heart. The white heat was not yet cooled, nor was the fire indeed ever burned out. He received an offer to join the Darien Expedition, under Lieutenant Strain, to prospect for a ship canal across the Isthmus. His friend Mr. Aspinwall was desirous to have him go, in order that the facts regarding the possibility of the route might be well understood. The Panama R. R. Co. could not well be in favor of any other route than their own across the Isthmus at that time, and was naturally desirous to know if any other was practicable. But it was for the adventure and the experience of the thing, more than for any other reason, that Theodore Winthrop started again on a voyage at the end of December 1853, having been little more than a month at home.

"New York, Dec. 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I am off again once more for the tropics, as a volunteer in the U. S. Commission

for Survey of the proposed canal route across the Isthmus of Darien, sixty miles or so to the south of Panama. As a volunteer I get no pay, but have all my expenses paid. We sail on Monday in the sloop-of-war *Cyane*, Captain Hollins. Lieutenant Strain is the ship engineer. My few minutes conversation with him shows him to be a gentleman. The way of it was this: I heard incidentally at the Panama R. R. office, that there was an agent here on the part of the British Company for the canal, and called upon him to inquire, ending by offering my services, should the thing be carried out. He also told me that the *Cyane* had not sailed, and after thinking over the matter, I went back and told him I should like to go down in her. We met Mr. Strain, and the arrangement was made in two minutes. They were very glad to have me go, and I do so with especial reference to future employ in their Company. I wish you would come down tomorrow and see me before I go. I shall be at very little expense—a few flannel shirts. Don't fail to come. My place is that of any officer employed in the Expedition, except that I shall have no responsibility, and no pay. We shall be gone about three months. It is the most favorable season."

"U. S. Sloop-of-War CYANE, }
"Mona Passage, Jan. 1st, 1854. }

"Ten knots an hour down the N. E. trades, sheltered under a sail from the sun of the tropics, a fresh cool breeze following fast, a brilliant sea with sparkling foam-crests, a clean ship, with black con-

trast of battery, plenty of sailor life strewed over the decks in Sunday rig, a dim outline of Hayti on the starboard quarter, hopes of Cartagena in a few days,—these are the pleasures of our New Year's day, and go to counterbalance the minor discomforts of our sea life. Its outset was not so agreeable. The second day we thrust ourselves into a Hatteras hurricane, and I passed the second miserable night of my life. Lying loose upon the wet floor of the Wardroom, suffering agonies of seasickness, conscious that a most fearful gale was blowing, and we might be wrecked; with rushes of water pouring down all the hatches, as the big seas washed fore and aft, I half died, till we pitched and rolled out of trouble, and all there was to trouble had been pitched and rolled out of me. Thenceforward we had better fortune. The marrow-chilling cold of our first days gave place to warmth. Warmth is now heat, till I am conscious that cravats are only a martyr's sacrifice to northern civilization, and regret that my stock of thin coats will be half out when this one is dirty. Being supernumeraries on board a man-of-war, where there is no room to spare, our party of ten has to take up with very scanty accommodations, but we manage to bring into play, 'the more the merrier,'—we rough it really, in fare as well as space, but have always fine weather and a clear deck, with the run of the officers' quarters. Captain Hollins is a rough sort of jolly customer. The Lieutenants I find all good fellows.

"Jan. 2d.

"The magnificent weather continues. We have a glorious breeze, and sail nobly away, hoping to make one of the shortest passages on record to Cartagena. On deck the air is delicious, but below very hot. Life on board a man-of-war is much more varied than on a passenger ship. Exercising at the guns, inspections, and the general discipline of a ship's company of two hundred men break completely upon any possible monotony. We have gone so fast and so favorably, that we have had no time to be bored. To-day we have awnings spread, and lie about, chatting on the decks. I dined with the Captain, and sat all the evening, having a very pleasant time. He has seen a great deal of service, beginning on board the *President*, and was in the action when she was captured by the British squadron. The last few days have been delightful. We had constant showers, but were protected by the awning. The nights were brilliant, the stars soft, the moon was lovely, and the ship sailing always with a fine ten or twelve knot trade. The night of the third, the wind being almost a gale, we lay to, for fear of overrunning the port, and next morning in view of the low coast, sailed along, until about mid-day we came in sight of the town. It lies on low ground, directly upon the beach, where a heavy surf was rolling, but the harbor is back of the town, and entered by the Boca Chica, a narrow passage, defended by two noble batteries. Through this you

enter a noble bay, landlocked like a lake, in the bosom of the deep forest, which rises on hills of considerable elevation. Down this great bay we beat against the wind, which, a gale outside, was tempered by the land into a breeze. We were abreast of the city at noon, but it was sunset when we left the *Cyane*, now gliding along as quietly as if she had never known what tumult was, and pulled ashore in the cool evening, delighted with *terra firma*."

"Cartagena, Jan. 7th.

"Above the town and about three miles inland is a high ridge, terminating in a precipice, a striking object, and giving a noble view of the expanse of the inland lake in its setting of green woods. I have just returned from a before-breakfast ride to the top of this hill, La Popa. A narrow winding path leads to the top where there is a telegraph station, and an old ruined convent—the old and the new meet there as elsewhere. The old fortifications are massive and magnificent. They are built partly of coral rock and there is a grand broad battery looking out to sea, which would be the glory of any American town. There is a general air of shabbiness and decay. The houses are like what I described to you in Panama, of two stories, and with projecting balconies, and great door-windows; entered below through a heavy portal, and are built on arches, and round a court. It is evident that the city has been rich and splendid, and even now, a little prosperity would make

it a fine place. However decayed these old towns may be, to me they are always interesting—romantically ruinous, with their neglected gardens and shrubs, in the courts where the sun hardly enters. The old Viceroyal palace has been imposing, with its double arcade, but looks shabby now. Though the heat here is intense in the day, there are cool sea breezes, and the moonlight nights are perfect. The day after our arrival, there was an official interview with the Governor. No U. S. Man-of-war has been here for many years, and we created quite a sensation. We do not, however, get much information about our destination—nobody here has been there, and they are afraid of the Indians—but we do not need it, as our party will probably be the first to cross. We learn that an English, and probably a French man-of-war, will rendezvous on this side, to aid in the survey, and the *Virago*, that I met at Vancouver, has already been dispatched to the Gulf of San Miguel on the other side. The Governor informs us that an officer of New Granada with a party wishes us to wait. He is expected daily, but we shall probably have to stay till the latter part of next week. I still regard the success of the expedition as very doubtful. Most of the party have come on shore and are at the Hotel. Last night,—Twelfth Night,—was distinguished by a half-masked ball, given under a tent or awning, in front of the old Palace of the Inquisition. The square was full of the common people gambling and dancing, and the town lighted,

and crowded with promenaders and maskers, looked quite lively. There was not so much beauty as we used to see in Panama. I am very glad to see this noble old place, one of the great centers of old Spanish commerce."

"Feb. 16th, 1854.

"We have been lying quietly some time in Caledonia Bay—the survey of the harbor proceeding rapidly. There is no definite news of our exploring party, absent now nearly four weeks—my anxiety about them is becoming intense. Knowing the character of the country, I cannot but fear for their safety, especially as the rumors from the Indians are in general unfavorable. This is a most beautiful bay, and the presence of four men-of-war, with their boats constantly moving, gives life to the scene. We lie here as in a smooth lake, stretching some ten miles up the coast, and sheltered to seaward by a range of coral "cayes," covered with impenetrable mangroves, and traversed by numberless channels, exquisite narrow lanes of water, through which the boat slips, her oars almost touching either side. The main land of the Isthmus lies to the south-west—mountain rising above mountain, covered with the dark foliage of this climate. These dark woods look imposing in the distance, but gloomy enough when you are encamped in their untrodden recesses. Their color is relieved by some purple flowering trees, and by the wheel of the graceful cocoa palm. If one were asked to pick out a spot seemingly im-

practicable for a canal, he could hardly find one more completely so than this Isthmus, as we see it from the ship. The eye hardly finds a resting-place of level ground, in following back the successive ridges that lead up to the Cordillera, the back bone of the Isthmus, that within ten miles of the shore, rises to the height of two thousand to four thousand feet. As you advance into the interior you find the anticipated difficulties realized, the mountains are solid, craggy, lofty; the forests are impenetrable, except as you cut your way through their net work; the rivers are torrents, up whose beds and over whose slippery rocks walking is no joke. But to begin at the beginning.

"We sailed from Cartagena on Jan. 13th. Early on the 17th, we cast anchor in this Bay. A few Indians came on board and begged the Captain not to land, till they should have communicated with their chiefs. They are a small race, with slight but active forms, brown flat Indian faces, shapeless features, but bright quick eyes, noticing everything. They navigate in good canoes, made of coarse mahogany. Capt. Hollins agreed to receive on board a council of chiefs, a boat being dispatched fifteen miles, to bring a 'great old man.' I went also. We had a dangerous time among the breakers in a heavy swell, but the trip was interesting. The weather was too bad to return the same day, so we staid aboard a small schooner at anchor in the Bay—the Indians re-

questing us not to land. We lost however the council of chiefs—they came on board at eleven A. M. and staid till about midnight, discussing, without food, when they agreed that we should enter the country, on Capt. Hollins' assurance that he would do so at all events. This deference to the Indians, was in accordance with the instructions of the Secretary of the Navy, who expressly forbade any leading to hostilities. We attributed the unwillingness of the Indians to policy, but afterwards found that they feared punishment for the murder of four English sailors from the *Virago*. The council was described as very amusing—the gravity of the Indians, and their emphatic inarticulate language, their odd state dresses, old European coats and no trowsers. They live comfortably in good huts, have plenty of food, and trade for shirts, arms, etc. This insignificant race is the only one, except the Japanese, that has kept itself isolated from all intercourse with strangers, save a little trading along shore. We were now to enter the forests of their unknown country, where one Indian is an army, and even with all their assurances, much caution is necessary. They appeared to think a canal not very easy. 'Too much hill—'pose Jesus Christ He want um canal He make um, He no want um, He no make um.' They have very little idea of religion, and show a sort of respect to rude wooden idols, painted in coats, pants, and hats. There is something respectable in the proud independence they show,

refusing presents, refusing to trade, and deserting their homes while we are here.

"On the evening of January 19th we disembarked in the heavy surf on the beach—no good landing-place having as yet been discovered—and some of them got everything wet. I had already satisfied myself, on board ship, that the party was badly provided, and would be badly managed on shore, and anticipated trouble. We camped that night in some huts on the beach, and about noon, started, part paddling, part dragging a canoe up the Caledonia, a considerable stream, the bed of the proposed canal. At evening, having made about five miles, we came to a charming cacao-grove,* and a large hut, just abandoned, where we were glad to colonize. The cacao is a pretty, regular tree about thirty feet high, with a large oval leaf. The great rough, red pod that holds the fruit hangs all over the tree, and grows frequently out of the trunk. Up to this point, the river, clear as crystal, had been easy in its descent, though rapid. I shall never forget that first night! My watch was from twelve to two o'clock; the moon had just risen; it was the type of a tropical night, soft and clear, a glow of starlight, and from time to time clouds passing over the moon made everything look weird and strange. Every now and then one of the men would think he saw something moving in the woods, which I found to be moonshine. A dense forest surrounded us, and from it came in-

Cacao tree, not cocoa palm.

numerable sounds of insect life, with strange screams of monkeys, and occasionally the cat-like mew of the tiger. The party lay snoring, each man according to his own idea of music. Next morning we marched one and a half miles up the river, to the junction of branches, following first the east branch, till it became such a mere torrent as to stop the Ship Canal in that quarter. Some of the party pursued the branch with me, further, finding it a clear mountain stream, falling some one hundred feet to the mile, down a gorge in the chain. It was a New England stream in the tropics, overhung with drooping palms and vine canopies—very unfit for clipper ships. Returning we took the other branch. This is the hardest walking one can do, and when you add to wading for hours in the stony bed of a rapid stream, the load of your knapsack with ten days' prog, change of clothes, pistol, ammunition and carbine, all with the mercury at 80° F., it is indeed wearisome. Most glad we were to come to camp in a charming spot on the west branch. Next morning we pursued the stream, and in two hours, coming to a gorge which we could not pass in the river bed, the word was given to take to the hillside. This was very steep and thickly wooded, and when I had, with much difficulty clambered round into the stream again, I found I was joined by only four of the party. Here we stopped, and waited for the rest, firing the concerted signal. After waiting nearly two hours and finding the shots apparently tending up

stream, and above us, still in pursuance of orders, we followed slowly up, expecting every moment to overtake them.

“But we saw nothing of them, and following up the whole of that day, passed the night on a little bit of smooth rock, the only spot large enough to hold us. Above, the stream came falling in a succession of tumbling cascades, and on each side rose high mountains. Up the mountain, to the right, we cut a path next morning, finding a summit of, say two thousand feet. From a tree on the top, we could see nothing but similar mountains, clothed with profound forests. Mr. Holcomb, one of our five, has been many years in these countries, as engineer on canals and railroads, and volunteered to join us. He knew more of the country and how to proceed than all the rest put together. I had some experience by this time, and we two could decide best as to a safe course. We had reached a point where no further progress was possible up the stream, and had no compass to guide us forward or backward in these forests, where a vertical sun is no help, and there are none of the indications of northern woods. We had only one hatchet for cutting our path, and perhaps three days' provisions. So we decided to retrace our steps to the ship, searching by the way for traces of the party, and succeeded in reaching it the following day. Having made our report, Capt. Hollins dispatched two parties on our recommendation, one to follow further the east branch, and the other, with Holcomb

and myself, to try and discover the route taken by our main party, and carry them relief. During our absence *H. M. Brig Espiegle* and French steamer *Chimère* had arrived bringing the English engineers. We had met their exploring party, some sixty in number, as we came down to the beach.

“When we arrived at the forks of the River, the officer in command, who had been instructed to detach certain men with relief for Strain, for reasons of his own, diminished our number and stores. However, Holcomb and I determined to push on, and even if we could not find the other party, to explore something of the interior. This time we had four men and three gentlemen, a compass, and for want of ‘machetes,’ sharp cutlasses to cut paths, extra shoes, but not the proper amount of provisions.”

“By making long marches the first and second days, and cutting into the woods, we managed to strike, near the spot where the party had separated, an Indian trail, which they had followed. We traced it, though little marked by them, up and down high hills, for about two hours, till we came to a small stream, flowing apparently into the Pacific. Here we found their camp, and a note in a forked stick. The only way we can account for their turning off so suddenly is, that overjoyed at finding this trail, Mr. Strain forgot that some of the party must according to his orders be following the stream, and pushed on, trusting to his firing to bring us along, whereas, had he thought of

sending a messenger up stream, he would have found us waiting for him. His note said that he would follow down the small stream, thinking it a tributary to the River we were in search of, the Savanna, leaving it, and cutting across, should its course prove unfavorable. On examining everything carefully, our conclusion was to cut in a diagonal on our course, thinking we might fall in with traces of the party. We proceeded all day across the ridges, cutting our path slowly, over places that were nearly precipitous, and then were obliged to camp on a sloping mountain side, so steep that I was constantly obliged to pull myself back into place. We cut down palm leaves for a bed, but there was poor sleep for any one. A fire was essential, to keep off tigers.

"The next day we cut our way to the summit of the ridge, about three thousand feet high, and clearing away the trees, got a view of the bay and ships, eleven or twelve miles off at the least. You can have no idea of the thickness of these woods; sometimes not a step in advance is possible, unless you cut your way through matted vines and bushes, and worse, the long sword-like leaves of the prickly pinuela. Proceeding a little further, we cut our way to the west, hoping to have a view likewise toward the Pacific, but we saw nothing but more mountains. There was a long valley in our course, which we followed down till we found a little level where we camped early and rested. I made my bed under an exquisite young palm, but he did not

shelter me from the showers which are frequent here. Next morning we started, everything wet, and pitching down a precipice of one thousand feet by aid of trees and vines, came to the romantic gorge of our stream. Its course was exactly what we wished, and receiving almost immediately several branches, it became a considerable river, flowing through the most romantic scenery. From all we had heard we inferred that this river was the Savanna, and followed it, almost certain of overtaking our party. For two days and a half we followed the River, which wound more and more, finding occasionally traces of Indians, and one small plantain patch, whence we heard a gun, which we supposed was a signal from our party. On proceeding to the spot the Indian had made tracks. On the second day we became convinced that the river was not the Savanna but the Chaunque, which, according to the English engineers, ought to have been in quite another place. But nothing could exceed the unreliability of our information—it was *all* wrong. We determined to follow this stream as long as our provisions would allow. As the River grew larger, we could no longer march in its bed, but had to leave it constantly and cut. On the noon of the third day's march down the River, Holcomb and I left the party, and, climbing to the top of the highest hill, took a survey of the country to the west. No level, but a high coast range shut out the view. A point had now been reached beyond which it was not safe to venture,

without risking our lives; our provisions barely sufficed for our return, and to cut our way across to some unknown point on the Gulf of San Miguel might be perilous. So we turned back, repassing the same way, and seeing some game, wild turkeys, deer, monkeys, ducks, and tracks of wild hog, tigers and tapirs. Reaching the Indian's hut again, still deserted, we were glad to borrow some of his plantains to make a grand feast, and started, refreshed, carrying some with us. It was always difficult to sleep, from watchfulness, fatigue, and the noises of the woods, and I used to move in the morning, very seedy."

"We made some terrible marches on our return, putting two and a half days' march into one, being able to do it on account of the path we had cut, and reached the ship on the evening of the ninth day. Both the other parties had arrived before us, without penetrating more than ten miles or so into the Cordillera, and that not in a direct line. At the lowest estimate, we had gone, say forty-five miles, more than far enough to have reached tide water on the Pacific had we been in the right way, and not misinformed. If nothing should be heard of our first party, these falsities will be one cause of their loss. For there is now reason to fear that they have met with some dreadful fate, though we by no means give up hope. Since the note we found, which was dated Jan. 24th, up to to-day, Feb. 17th, nothing has been heard of the party, and we fear starvation, exhaustion, or pos-

sibly violence from the Indians, may have destroyed them. One of the engineers has started for the interior with an Indian guide.

"Feb. 19th. We have now in port the *Cyane*, the British brig *Devastation* and surveying schooner *Scorpion*—French steamer *Chimère*, a coasting steamer, and a New Grenadian force of about eighty men. Nothing is doing but the survey of the bay, nothing is heard of the missing party. It is probable that in a few days a carefully equipped party will be dispatched in search of them. Time hangs heavy, for anxiety about their fate is always present to my mind, but it is pleasant on board, the climate is delightful, with a fresh breeze, mercury at 80° F., ship in fine order, Capt. Hollins very amusing, sensible, and full of jolly yarns. Civilities pass between the vessels, and I have the pleasantest kind of intercourse with the officers. We vary the monotony by a sail, or a little fishing or shooting."

"Caledonia Bay, Feb. 22d, 1854.

"DEAR MOTHER:—It gives me a strange feeling to think of the possibility of the loss of our whole party, and that if Holcomb and I had not been separated from them, there was much more chance of their safety. Why should five out of the twenty-seven have been saved by the merest accident, and the remainder have perished, as we fear, by the most dreadful of deaths? Life is of very little value to me, as I shall never accomplish anything in it, but there is something very desperate in the idea of

death in this wilderness. There is still a possibility of their safety, all our anxiety may be thrown away, and I endeavor to put away desperate thoughts. A very few days will decide. Meantime everything goes on quietly on board. It is tedious, but I must wait till I hear of the party, though I have been offered a passage in the *Espiegle*."

From printed Account.

"It is difficult to imagine how any men in their senses could have been so totally deceived with regard to the whole character of the Isthmus as those two engineers. If there is no better passageway than this, the ship canal is impracticable. We offered to refit and continue the search, but this was not considered necessary by Capt. Hollins. Mr. Holcomb, finding that nothing remained to be done, and thinking Lieut. Strain must have crossed safely to the Pacific, took passage in a coasting vessel to Aspinwall. No further search was undertaken while the *Cyane* lay in Caledonia Bay. As time passed, great anxiety began to be felt, but it was not till she had sailed to Aspinwall that we were convinced of their loss. Capt. Hollins distinctly informed me that no further search would be undertaken, and that the expedition was at an end. I therefore requested and received from him a formal letter of discharge, and took passage, with Messrs. Holcomb and Bird in a steamer for New York. Shortly after my arrival, I received letters from the *Cyane*, stating that their plans had been unex-

pectedly changed and that they should renew the search. I subsequently heard of the arrival of Lieut. Strain and his party on the Pacific, without aid from the ship. The above is a plain statement of facts. Justice to myself and the gentlemen placed in a similar position renders it necessary to make this explicit denial of any wish to separate from Lieut. Strain's party, or of our neglect to do all in our power to search for, and relieve him. We acted through all under the orders and with the approval of Capt. Hollins."

Lieut. Strain reached the Pacific in safety, after undergoing great hardships and losing several men by exhaustion and starvation, and the whole expedition was a failure.

Theodore Winthrop reached home in March, 1854. Here ends his period of travel and adventure; and after this time his mind was occupied in using this material, and in making various essays toward the literary life he longed for, in planning and beginning tales and novels, and finally in writing the novels which gave him posthumous fame. They were most carefully written and re-written, cast and re-cast. He used to say that he could not sleep at night sometimes, for the plots of stories that ran in his head. Among his writings are dozens of these, sketched out or hinted at, and often several different beginnings, apparently for the same story. His note-books of travel with their covers of rough deerskin and birch bark contain many such hints and ideas.

Soon after his return home he began to study law with Mr. Charles Tracy of New York, and his mother's

family removed, in the autumn of the same year, from New Haven, to Staten Island, where they formed one family with the branch then residing there, an arrangement adding greatly to the comfort and happiness of all parties. During the winter a course of free lectures was given on Staten Island, and Winthrop gave two lectures, one called "Adventure," in which he led his hearers through the mazes of a tropic forest, and the other on the subject of "The Fine Arts in America."

His brother William, who had been admitted to the Boston Bar, and had afterwards come to New York, lived there also, and the brothers, with their brother-in-law, W. Templeton Johnson, had much outdoor life together; they enjoyed rowing in the old-fashioned way, before the swift and unsocial "shell" and canoe were invented. The three were good walkers, and would often on a Sunday or holiday morning have pleasant tramps of twenty or thirty miles over the hills of Staten Island, exploring them pretty thoroughly, and breathing their pure air.

For the summer holidays of 1855, an expedition was planned to Mt. Desert by Mr. Tracy, a place of which he and some of his friends may be said to have been the discoverers in the year 1854, though artists like Church and Kensett had been there already. They sent, early in the spring of 1855, to have preparations made for a large party, in the houses of several farmers of the place, to whom summer boarders were till then unknown, even sending vegetable seeds to be planted and providing various stores for their own use. The party consisted of Mr. Tracy and Mr. Titus with their families, F. E. Church, just rising into fame as a painter, Winthrop and his brother, and other young people,

altogether numbering about thirty persons, who took possession of the island of Mt. Desert, and must indeed have made its echoes ring. So carefully planned and well selected a party could not fail to be a success, and in fact, its members that remain still look fondly back to the Mt. Desert expedition as the happiest frolic of their lives. The aborigines marveled, and yet were delighted to see pleasures and goings on, the like of which they had never imagined before, and when the gay summer was ended by a grand ball, given by the party to all the inhabitants of Bar Harbor in a big barn, with decorations by Church, jokes by Winthrop, and dancing by everybody, the island thought that nothing half so "splendid" had ever happened to it before. Since then tourists have taken possession, it has become a watering place, and lots have risen in value, but it is not likely that any party has ever been so happy on its lovely shores again. Not long after this summer holiday, Winthrop's first novel, "Mr. Waddy's Return," was projected and written, the scene of which is partly laid at Mt. Desert. It has never been published. The following little poems are also memorials of this unique summer.

Droop lower, gloom, and hide

Past years, that drowning creep o'er years to be!
This urgent future, like a tide

Whelms my faint struggles with eternity.

Wrap closer, mists! not one

Fair weather consort hope of mine is nigh.
Their white sails faded with the sun,
And I drift where I lost them, cheerlessly.

Thus mused I, when a gush
Of girlish laughter danced along the air,
Voices as radiant as a flush
Of sunbeams, that the ripples cannot bear

To see, and smile not. Sounds
Of finest graceful gladness, they awake
Quivers of joy-throbs, wider bounds,
All pulsing upwards, till our stirred hearts make

One leap to ecstasy!
And poising like an eaglet on a breeze
Are fanned thro' realms of fantasy
Heavenward sweeping over sparkling seas,

Then sink in pensive peace!
Thanks, gentle melody! My gloom is fled.
Delicate laughter, never cease!
Or live in echoes, circling overhead;

As faint gold haloes crown
The saintliness of maidens, only seen
When star-like eyes look down
And recognize on earth a sister sheen.

Drifting and sailing like a sleep,
Uncertain as a dream,
Slowly along the wooded steep,
Lowly the mist wreaths trail and creep,
Clinging above the stream.
Now dawn will boldly leap;
We wait its gleam.

Brighter and broader, fairest light !
Grow to a grander noon :
Hope of young day most exquisite,
Spring to a future radiantly bright,
Mantle the earth with princely boon
Of glowing splendor ! Yes, our night
Will vanish soon.

Backward, and downward, oh they fall !
The saddening mists return !
Were they our hopes that vanished all ?
Or gloomy draped in funeral pall
Mourners became ? A present, stern
With hopelessness, makes us its thrall.
Fair dawn ! return !

Watching and hoping wait we still !
Light is not perished yet :
Count its great heart-beats by the thrill
Of stars, that ever eager trembling, will
Pay with quick messages the debt
Of starry duty, glimmering until
Night rolls its veil of jet.

Yonder our shout has waked a tone
Of gentle answer. They seemed lone,
Those words. A misty sunset wreath
Stole their faint life, and underneath
Left ghostly twilight. But we spoke—
Then silence instant into music woke.
Not melody unsyllabled that falls
Shaken in ripples from among the leaves,

When winds are breathing forth their whisper-calls;
But a familiar voice the silence cleaves,—
And echoes o'er the shadowy moveless lake,
Soothed into calmness, for the sake
Of those soft voices exquisite;
Most gayly sweet in shrill delight
Of song and pause, till words far lost
Deep in the forest back were tost;
But faint, as if the woods unwillingly
Answering, parted with that harmony;

So, when our souls stand on the brink
Of silence, and our glances shrink
From awe beyond, we timid cast
A longing question through the vast
Unknown. Then listen! fading fly
Those answer echoes. Ah, they die!
And silence comes again, and mystery.
Oh voiceful silence! Let it yield to thee
The secret, in revealing echoes sent!
Such longings were their own accomplishment.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO WORLDS.

A LONG poem, which he called by the title of "Two Worlds," appears to have been Winthrop's next sustained effort. It was evidently written with a view to publication and afterwards thrown aside, as he became more fascinated with the idea of prose writing, or more aware of the difficulties of this undertaking. It appeared at first too unfinished to give to the public, but upon careful study it seemed only necessary to cut off redundancies to show that it is one of his best works, and worthy of his reputation. A sort of novel in blank verse, it is full of youth, force, and the fresh spirit of life and travel, noble soldierly thoughts, and strange presentiments; the retreating wave of adventure, carrying with it the rich experience of these varied, crowded years. The prophetic references to a soldier's death cannot fail to strike every reader.

The Poem is tinged with melancholy almost too deep for one so young, but he had, even at the threshold of life, already felt and suffered much. The time was one of discouragement to the thoughtful and sympathetic, who had faith in humanity. Winthrop, though but a tourist, had seen in Europe the failure of the wild hopes of 1848, the disappointment,

the reaction, the despair; and it had sunk very far into his young soul. And as those years passed on, the skies still grew darker, till now, in 1855, he could find little to cheer. Napoleon III. was weaving those webs that took all kingdoms into his toils, and bewitching his country with the magic of a name—not rightly his own. England, the great beating heart of the world, pulsating through all her arteries to its extremities, was learning slowly her lesson, while France, the brain of Europe, was dulled with falsehood's opiates. The futile Crimean war had begun, the red dawn in Italy was darkened with clouds, and Cavour's far-reaching plans were as yet unknown. The master-currents that now sweep all seas, and have already borne away so much that was impure and evil, were then but under-currents, murmuring in the night. America, disgraced, and drifting as if to total wreck, stood with the slave-whip in her hand, upon a sinking deck; no more the hope of Freedom and the world. It was the darkness before dawn; yet the morning star was rising in Kansas, for those whose eyes, half blinded with tears, were searching everywhere for light, and quick ears could hear the low whisper of the great prairie winds, soon to swell into the roar of the storm. Save this gleam, all was gloom upon our little ball, where we are held by force so irresistible, that we cannot leave it, even to explore our own forlorn, dead moon, still less to learn one moment's history of the million worlds that fill the boundless space beyond. Such was the time in which this Poem was written.

TWO WORLDS.

I

GRIEF.

The prairies. Storms at war with sunset. Night,
Stern despot of the Orient, watched to crush
All the stern glory of that battling west.
But light was born to be a Victor, now
Is Victor, who can say it shall not be?
Vain the slant javelins of showers, and vain
Drifting bewilderment of skirmishers.
There was a master radiance in the sky,
A dash of beaming sabers into gloom.
Oh, brilliant charge! See, they are struggling through!
Clouds break in gorgeous pageantry of flight;
Pennon and plume and lance and morion
Glittered, then swiftly fled, to die forlorn;
Fled, as a melting army vanishes,—
So passed the hero Sun to due repose.
Then came a brightening forth of stars, as flowers
Peep timid from a trodden battle-field,
The sweeter for the horror that was there.

The prairies. Sunset. Massy, surging lands
Swept level westward into boundlessness.
Oh! glorious wildness of those rolling plains!
A sea of land, mighty and beaconless,
But the bold race that fate has launched on it
Shall chase, and grapple with the sunset fires,
And face to face with virgin nature, find
Such unwooded beauty as in paradise.

Twilight upon the prairies. Silently
Forth passed a melancholy mourning train;
From some rude frontier fort the funeral came.—
There are some carrion souls who greedily
Trample and foul dear memories of the dead;
But this grave must be sacred, and they chose
A thin grove that the river islanded.
A river, purposeless;—not urgently
Through chasms flying; fled; while melody
Of lingering echoes, trembled up the gorge—
Not thus, but over sandy levels spread
Dwindled along to shallow vanishings,
To such an idleness of unlinked pools,
As thoughtless summer leaves to parch and die,
Or hopeless waters on a seaside waste,
Where hasty, cruel tides abandoned them.

A desolate grave, barren and lone as death,
Where no familiar landscape soothed the soul
With memories bitter-sweet of boyish days,
Where never Nature could conspire with time;
There were they buried. No half sacrifice,
Manhood and beauty immolated both!—
Fate dared not leave that lonely woman there.

A soldier's grave, a soldier's funeral!
His troop fired harsh farewell, then shrank away
Leaving an orphan 'wilderer by his grief,
Listening amazed to the low-tapping drum,
That like his heart-beats marked a dirge.

Alone, upon a desert reach of plain
Stood the rude outwork fort*—a nation's march
One day may leave a sudden city there.

* Fort Laramie.

Far wavering dimness of a tropic land,
On the weird stormy edge of a wild sea,
May silence gray despair with sober hope,
For men who tread a slowly-sinking deck;
But never such more welcome to the wrecked,
Than this lone fort, when hope's last buoyancy
Has sunk away from some poor lost one, drowned
And mastered by the long land surges power.
—Terribly lightless skies gloom over him,
The wail of winds has saddened to a dirge,
His glance, like drowsy sailors, careless falls,
Haply to spy, now lift now sink again,
Far white sails of a distant caravan,
Chasing the west wind. Ah, in vain, in vain!
Gladly would he despair, and sleep and die—
When hope dies, souls die—but his weary frame
Inertly rouses for one effort more.
No! can it be? A smoke! The fort! Life! Life!
Dull sense of safety first, then every pulse
Trembles to music of a new-born joy,
To meet that lonely fort's warm welcoming;—
For kindly influence was there, more sweet
Than even soldier's hospitality:
A woman's hand, a woman's heart ruled there—
Strange contrast fates that brought her there to die!

Moon rising on the prairies. As a ghost
Peering to watch if it were yet her hour,
Pale she arose, and chilled each shuddering star.
A breeze as soft, and sadder than the night,
Swept, gathering moans of an all-weary world,
To sigh them forth where 'twas most desolate.
But grief was there far wilder than the winds,

It struck them dumb with keener wail than theirs;
Oh, autumn winds! unmusical with leaves,
Bring back the tender love that yesterday
Was better than all hope to this poor boy,
To-day an orphan, friendless and alone.

—Ho! for the prairies! How I long again
From dawn to dusk to gallop freely there,
With my heart in my throat, dashing, not beating.
Dreaming myself, perhaps, some virgin knight,
Who after vigils, noble with resolves,
Scarfed by his mistress, breathes a sword-hilt prayer,
Springs to his horse and hies to chivalry,
Voicing his joy in shouts, his love in songs.—

Ho! for the prairies! To the chase they sped
At dawn, the father and the son. The hosts
Of shaggy bearded buffaloes afar
Were cropping dainty pleasure amid flowers.
Soon tainted breezes warned them. Hence, away!
And panic trembled on from group to group.
A sound of the gallop of horses came with the wind,
The ponderous thousands fled all terrorstruck.
They knew untrodden valleys far away,
Maiden tressed meadows, soothed by amorous airs,
Slow drifting eagles overhead might deem
Those vales fair lakes of mountain loveliness,
Such sun-shot ripples trembled over them.
Thither their flight was surging. Suddenly
A hunter on a hill crest full in front,
An errant savage—stood against the sky.
New panic swerved the herd. They trampled back—
What recked they of the prairie flowers they crushed?—

Fled bellowing along to solitude.
At last, slow thought of safety gave them rest.
Their dark bulk islanded the vale. They grazed,
While champions held unwieldy tournament.
Back on the prairie, crushed to utter horror,
Speechlessly striving for a ruined smile,
The father died—and the son knelt by him
Utterly wrecked, upon that rolling sea.

The boy and that grave savage bore him home,
But there was one who watched for their return,
And half divined a coming agony,
That neared her with a sure slow step, like fate.
Oh could her throbbing heart throb life to his!
Marble, not death, has love touched into life.
Silently dead! not even a farewell word!
No answer! horrible, dark, dreamless sleep!
The blank dead loneliness that circled her
She could not dwindle, and endure. Her soul
Had no long banishment of waiting years.
Life's giant secret trembled at her lips.—
Oh for one instant to endow her son!
To robe him with her ermine, breathe to him
One dying promise of love's deathlessness!
Then grief arose wrapping blank night around
The orphan until sleep, like low wild strain
Of melancholy music, stole his thoughts,
Sighing him down a river of repose.

He woke to strange bewilderment.

Dead! dead!

The slow recurrence of that crushing word
Fell steadily upon his shivering soul,

As waves in dim gray ghostly northern seas
Hammer against their ice walls. Thus, all through
The unlinked moments of that shattered day
A sunken look, as though of madness, warned
Aloof all sympathy. If they had come
With paltry talk of pity, with pretence
Of sorrow wept away and half consoled,
Sternly repellant iciness had struck
And curdled colder through him. Memory
Of festivals spurns meager charity,
Starving alone. The fort, the plain, the chase,
The crash, the death-like pictures on the air
Of deserts, rose and fell unreal to him;
Slow blending to a void, a heavy void
That clasped and crushed him like a prison dream,—
So hours toiled up to look on drearier wastes.

Weird moonlight on the prairies. On the grave
Alone, alone he sank and wept away,
Each fondly treasured hope of life-long love,
Wasted with tears, swifter than tears. Then sobs
Followed, as moaning winds come after rains.
Passionate grief, utterly desolate!
When man despairs with manhood's stern despair,
There comes an airy dagger of a thought,
With hint of instant keen release, and some
Have sheathed this ice within their colder breast
When they have proved and scorned this beggar, life.
Fearful release! whisper it not to him!
But whisper, whisper winds, how future suns
Shall draw sweet blossoms out of wintriness.
Poor boy! he cannot cleave through dark to light.
He droops amid the marble ghastliness

Of ruined shrines where faith found shelter late.
Poor boy! may he find sympathy! Till now,
His life was stellar as far western plains,
Where golden poppies sprinkle golden soil,
Amazing timid spring with bounteousness.—
One violet eve the pale sierras blushed
Shame for waste winter, love for summer near.
But ah! a traitor yet was lingering there;
A laggard storm, a sullen malcontent,
Nursing his lonely ruthlessness, till he
Felt shivering summer hedge him closer in,
Then burst away with lavish cruelty,
Leaving the hillsides torn and gaunt and gray
With the fierce landslide and its path of wreck.

Full moonlight on the prairie. On the grave,
As if his mother's spirit gently there
Caressed him, breathed the night wind soothingly;
He raised his wistful face that tears had paled,
Wild glancing heavenward, as souls will look
When earth is blank of omens. Was there peace
Where proudly mournful dwelt the lonely moon,
That sad pale moon whose light is memory?
His mother taught him prayers by moonlight; could
These speak for him? "God, if thou hearest me,
Why hast thou taken from me all I loved?"
He listened. Answer none. The silence brought
The aimless rippling of that shallow stream.—
Stern Heaven had no reply. He must endure,
Weary to fainting with the waste of tears.
Oh dull, cold Heaven! cruelly bitter cold!
To him a ceremonial friend that speaks
Of grief outlived, and buys him decent weeds.—

And that white moon, forlorn as soiled ghost
Pallid and wayworn on the steely sky,
He cursed her sorrowful calm. His heart was lashed
With fierce rebellion shifting to despair.—
—I've stood beside the weary moaning sea
When every ship had folded its white wings
To nestle with its comrades. Measured beat
Of waves fell waste as days, and years, and lives,
When hope has had its sunset. Far I looked
Beyond, beyond the verge of night, and still
One throng, one haste for that brief sighing plash,
Joining the long slow wail of ocean waves.—
His moments grew to such wide dreariness.

Ah! myriad love tones he shall never hear
Nor utter. Melody of mother's love
Shall faintly die amid life's jar and crash.
No sister's arms around him flung, shall yet
Quell the insurgent wildness of his soul
With all the gentle pity of a look.
Yes, he must march untrammelled by a joy;
Bare as an athlete. No spoiled nursling he,
Toyed into unweaned manhood, to become
A well conditioned child of circumstance,
Bolstered to smoothed respectability,
Who fondly deems his feeble self a sage,
And gulls the world with wisdom.

Go then, unshielded, orphaned innocent!
Buy with your heart's blood surety of distrust,
—Aye! there are some stern lessons manhood earns,
Wrenched out of pain and sorrow. We must gain
Not flimsy immortality of fame,

But the high royalty of self-control,
A God's inheritance of self-control.
So the soul stands amid its passion throngs,
Like some wild nation's bold-eyed orator:
He lifts his hand; men hush, listening him breathe
Words as of God. Ah! self-control too late!
Where wert thou, laggard ally, while we fought?
What comfort now, when lost and routed all
We mourn our bravest, fallen one by one,
That should have led us with dim evening forth
To thunder down the hill, and shout, and catch
Keen sunset on our sabres. We creep back
Seeking our dead, for torchlight burial.—

The mists of midnight thickened round the grave;
Dim cheerless presages enshrouded him.
Oh mystery of grief! The air was filled
With rustling silence. Trembles musical,
Of whispers, gushing to fine utterance,
Faded in sighs. Oh for one tone, from out
The wide unknown, to echo on forever,
From life's grand undervoice of melody!
But no! all unrevealed, all dark, all chill,
All shadowy stillness, like that ghostly plain.

II.

DEPARTURE.

Oh! pearly are the gold-linked hours of youth
Lit by fine gleams of sympathy! Alas,
Orphaned of these, life drags and clanks its years,
Rests but to count such fetters. Richard lived.

No love glance dwelt upon his industry;
Nature's deep harmonies were harshness all,
Unguided to his thirsty heart by love.
A comrade, spectral dimness, dwelt with him,
Dimness more terrible than darkness is.
To grope in cavern light—not light—to step
Carefully, shudderingly, lest you touch
Something that will with fleshless arms embrace
Your form, and leap into the void and sink
Forever? Better blank forgetfulness!

Madness, crime, sorrow to one isolate,
On these, life drifts an idle pageant by.—
Caught on the brink of torrents masterful
Lie rotting giant trunks whose graceful strength
Could bear a nation's standard through the fight;
Pines that the woodman far away descried,
And traced along the sighing winter woods,
Then proudly smote them down, and saw the sky
Flash blue above, where late the shadows hung.—
Shall this young soul waste utterly, or shall
The maddening gush of life sweep it along?
Or calm, majestic, searching floods uplift,
And into seas eternal nobly bear?

He had known starving pangs: when others whined
At lessened luxury, he smiled contempt.
His was a strangely mingled nature, all
A father's power, a mother's passion. She
Was nurtured in the halls of Italy.
Embrace less vestal than chaste moonbeams, ne'er
Had taught her heart the tremble of great bliss.
The breeze that lingered near her, fragrance caught

From leagues of vineyards hung with bursting grapes,
From orange flowers beside the golden fruit.
Whene'er at noonday, dreaming pensively,
She asked her virgin soul what love might be,
Its depth, aye and its madness, she might read
In dark-eyed portraits gravely studying her,
As if their memory clung to that dim hall,
That race, whose old inheritance was love.
In her fair echo-haunted land, all sounds
Were music, every sight was art. Her soul
Was throbbing full of unvoiced melodies;
She closed her eyes and gave their pictures back
To memory, stealing thus from every scene
A filmy semblance of their beauty; thus
When after exiled years were dreariest,
One magic whisper could uncurtain all
Those sunny streets and shadowy palaces.—
But when she sat at twilight, all alone,
Her thought as vague as twilight, suddenly
Her look dashed through the darkness to a star
Unknown until it shot, and fell, and died.
She watched its vanishing. Her eyes were filled
With softly darkling boldness flashing far.
Life swept and broadened to eternity;
Night's noble voice of silence spoke to her;
Heart echoes answered back heroic vows.
Oh, had you seen her then, her white hands clasped
All proudly pale, like a scorned sybil, scarce
One could have whispered of the damning wrongs
That murdered freedom in her fatherland:
Lest she should pass and leave you silently,
Flitting, a white revenge, from shade to shade,
And while the tyrant's guards were shuddering,

A scream should ring along his silent halls!
And she be found, a kneeling martyr, faint
With noble murder, she had dared to do.

Her father was a dreamy soul, he built
Proud schemes on fancied perfectness of man.
Such scholar patriot as may be in lands
Where thinkers peep at life through theories.
In fondest parent converse with his child
He painted their dear land an Arcady;—
His calmly sailing hopes touched golden sands
Of peace, nor saw the baffling present, thick
With flashing gloom of toppling storm clouds piled.
But the day came at last, as such days come.—
A thought had quivered like a dagger drawn;
A thought and word had stolen from man to man,
And whispers grew to shouts; the shout heaved on
Thro' that fair city, richly storied,
Circling the palace, like the roar that folds
Crag, on the edges of a cataract.—
Oh! fools! fools! why came ye with honest hopes
Unweaponed, but with cries for justice, blind
Against the steely hedges of a throne?
The King came forth upon the balcony—
The King came forth. Had he a soul in him
To see those pleading looks and not be moved?

Then shouted they, Listen, oh majesty!
Our wrongs must speak! One honest pledge to us
Of royal faith shall send us peaceful home.

Aye! say you so, my friends! answered the King,
I'll send you quicker. Men! fire on this mob!

One breathless, pulseless beat of time, and then
Expectant stillness quivered with a flash
Of death's impassive enginery, then death
Was hurled among the men who fronted it.
And when the smoke drifted reluctantly,
Except some corpses, now and then a moan,
And something in the air that said, *Revenge!*
The spot was left to utter loneliness.
Calm stood the palace, with its wealth of mild
Madonnas, shrined upon the carven walls.
Sweet faces, saddened with the thought of death.

Not thus the contest ended. Thro' the streets,
Were wailing cries of grief, that wrought themselves
To cries for vengeance. Arming hastily
With hasty arms. Tumultuous gatherings.
Blood-maddened crowds. Counsels precipitate.
Bold deeds. Each house a fortress. Every square
A battle-field. Heroes unknown till now.
Delicate women brave as bravest men—
Women bereaved, fiercer than fiercest men.
Yet a few words, a little yielding then,
One honest purpose could have spared this blood—
Joy then in homes where pale and silent now
Mothers were wailing horror. Yet kings sit
Wrapped in the heritage of self and pride,
And lying to their false luxurious souls,
Call desolation, order; ruin, peace.

Her father was the noblest noble there,
Among the highest of the counselors.
Now, there was fear among them, as a child
Shudders along the crinkling smooth of waves,

Ere the assaulting gale comes thick and fast.
The Marquis, pleading, came before the King,—
“O spare them! man of this our grand old town!
Brief is a blood-gained victory, and soon
The current sweeps to ruin. You will learn
That eddies struggle vainly against tides.
Back to brave faith! Nobly go forth to them,
Say you have erred! Oh! never such a shout
As then shall seal their new-born loyalty.
But if they hear not, then in God’s name die!
Nor let assassin-haunted years creep on.”
“Marquis,” the King replied, “came you to court
More often, you would use more courtly words—
We pardon you, for ancient services,
And that fair daughter, whom we favor much.
As for these noisy fools, we’ll have the streets
Swept of their idling. We have charged our troops
To burn and level, for we need a site
For our new hall of sculpture.” Sneeringly
He spoke, but fear played round his ashen lips,
Killing the sneer.

Fiercer the conflict raged
Without, a sound of myriad utterance blent,
Where shouts with shrieks and curses mingling rose,
And roars with death shots.

“Oh! God pardon me,
“That I have dallied thus! Tyrant, I go!”
And thro’ the panic strode with step so firm
None dared to stay him. Then he flung his life
On battle-surges, learning now at last,
How the Crusader’s blood flowed restlessly
Beneath his calmness.

Ah how vainly vain !
This dainty Freedom would not tread on blood,—
So the revolt was crushed.

Was it for this,
The pageantry of gorgeous, martial shows?—
They could not know, the people, drunken with
Magnificence, all thrilling with the crash
Of military music, dazed with show
Of sabres, plumes and flashing cavalry,
The purpose of this two-edged instrument
Driving to deeper slavery. Like fate,
Steady and ruthless on the squadrons marched,
And left behind them maidens whose white innocence
Felt the swift bullet as their earliest pang;
And silver, reverend age all unrevered.
Fair children too! oh waste! And yet there stared
That ever glorious heaven overhead.
No blasting vengeance fell. Damnable fate!
Master of Misery. I cannot look
With stony eyes of monster calmness on
These horrors of hell; they madden, madden me!
Oh God! thou wrongest us with this devil world.

Night and despair.

'Neath the dim palaces,
Some trembling ones with torches sought their dead.
Silence, unquivered by their whispers, harked
For the faint terror of a distant scream.—
Oh bitter hopelessness of noble hope!
Our cresting souls touch immortality
Then slide and sink to bitterness again.
Perhaps the Marquis thus had yielded, died,
But as his thoughts voyaged a starless waste,

Sudden, love anchored him to deeper faith.
My daughter! Oh if some stray hope can say
God is not ever thus, she shall be saved.
Then his wild haste was 'ware of forms like hers
Lying all still. He shuddered, hurrying on.

No glimmer in his palace halls. The dark
Made him recoil in terror. But as he
Came near, a man, a friend that lurked within
The shadow, met him. She is safe, we wait,
I wait. They entered secretly, where she
With steady tearlessness had watched. She thought
Her woman's heart all steeled heroical,
A shield, not to be shielded. Now her veil
Of sternness fell away in blissful tears.
Child! Father! Oh fond instant! They have met.
Safety is sure but for the moment now.
And fly we must! Yet death were easier far
Than brave enduring of a hopeless life!
Hopeless? Nay hopeful! Exiles, we may wake,
Urge, goad our nation's sleep, a giant's sleep.

Calm on their flight those grand old portraits looked—
Perhaps they saw far off a brighter day,
Perhaps they cared not, knowing that events,
And all the vexed machinery of a world,
Are nothing, if not triers of the soul.
—I've dreamed or known a tale of one who ran
The scourging gauntlet of a life; and friends,
And foes, and hopes, and fears, and circumstance,
And his own fiery passions stood, and smote
Him as he passed. But when he struggled thro'
And plunged his lacerated soul in death

He climbed upon the further brink and saw
Eternity.—
And there stood growing to a God-like calm,
Himself the peer of any crowned one there.—

They fled in sad perplexity of night,
Through streets where many a deed of blood was done,
Ghastly with faint historic terrors,—now
Ghastlier with present horror of the dead;
Protected by the friend that helped their flight,
A boldly-thoughtful, self-reliant friend.

A traveler from a newer world he came
To look on history. Europe is history
To us, the children of the present. We
Were heirs to what they toil and err for still.
Richer than dreams were those fair treasures
Of art, and clouds of golden romance, kept
In memory of sunsets unforgot.
But there, as one in ruddy autumn strays
Through western forests flaming gorgeously,
With purple rich as wine that holds the sun,
With fruity orange, crimson like a blush,
When cheeks reflect the glow of ardent lips,
As one thus wandering not beguiled from thought
That spring and hope are fairer, sees beneath
Dead leaves the quivering pureness of a fount;—
He found a fresh soul 'neath the gorgeousness,
The ripened splendors of a fading land.

Quick as the light that strikes from soul to soul
Love-kindled fires die never, never. Even
From sadly quenching tears their ashes find
Strange and rekindling life. Not so to these.

To them dawn deepened into sunny day—
Love sweeping thro' their heaven like a sun.

A city by the sea-side, proudly fair,
Gave refuge. There the Marquis loved to learn
A soothing sadness in the cadenced waves,
Their sweet low murmur soothed his soul, and then
The sprinkling sparkles made him glad again.
Ever beneath their brilliant surface-play
And flash and glitter, grew the undertone
Of vastness, as below the gayest life,
Eternity speaks thro' the intervals.
Breezes said, peace, to him. Waves sped to kiss.
Rocks told of firm endurance. Waves and breeze,
Of seas and skies all tranquil after storms.—
Ah, transient, traitor calm! brief, false delight!
Betrayed! A group of seeming fishermen,
Idle as noon, were lounging there, and songs
Droned into fitful chorus drowsily.
They stole upon him in his reverie,
Seized, bound him, dragged him where a lazy bark
Seemed waiting for a wind. Then spread white sails,
And swifter than a sea-bird, vanished far,
O'er the horizon, and were seen no more.
A child was gathering pebbles by the shore,
Waves freshened them to gems. He saw the deed.
Athwart his innocence a shadow fell,—
A first wrong chilled his spirit, and his tale
Went murmuring thro' the city: hardly waked
Surprise or pity in that land of wrongs.

But she, his daughter, oh! a tenderest calm
Effaced all tremors of distrust, and love

Was sinking, wavering, deepening thro' her soul,
As suns thro' placid waters. The delight
Of listening while a lover speaks, she proved,
Nor knew that dear, dear whisper yet was love.
The stranger told her of his noble land,
A queenly Virgin for the manliest love.
A Land he worshiped with a rapturous love;
Grand with the gloom of forest's mysteries,
Grand with the sweep of billowy boundless plains,
Surging on westward like a rolling sea.
Hopes of a world are launched and sailing there.

And then a legendary tale of love
He told, of Nature's sympathies unseen,—
For not all aimless are the wandering airs,
The North flies wooing to the sunny South,
Flower to sweet floweret nods and becks and bends,
With tender look and tone love-musical.

.
The stranger drew such symbols from the scenes
Of home. Thus covertly his story plead
For him who told it. But for her, whom Love
Had guarded as some latest dearest prize,
When lesser hearts were vanquished, now she feels
New thoughts were nestling in her inmost heart.
His gaze was on her, but she dared not lift
Timid concealment from her eyes, and show
Another, what she shrank herself to know.
Could this be love, young love? She blushed, as clouds,
Belated night-clouds unarrayed for day,
Blush at intrusive sunrise.

All his soul

Was trembling at his lips. They had no voice

For such emotion. These are moments when
We strip us of our poverty of words,
And let our unrobed spirits meet and clasp
In a voiceful silence. Silence oh how sweet!
That shall be breathed away by silver tones,
Waking the matinal of purer life.

Across the peace of that fair moment's pause,
There came an evil-omened messenger,
Such as ill tidings always find themselves,
To tell her father's capture, but his child,
Perplexed in mazes of his pitiful
And droning tale, was lured along, till doubt
Grew lurid sudden with harsh certainty.

Shoreward she fled, not swift as her despair.
It was no idly cruel tale: she looked
To far horizons where hope ever flies,
For sunlit gleams of his departing sail.
As mariners, when shores are fading fast,
Watch the white waving of a loved one's hand.—
Gone! gone! the careless ripples had erased
His struggling footsteps. Nought but happiness
Smiled on the dimpling face of ocean.
What mockery is other's bliss, when we
Mourn unto death! Oh futile exile now!
Now icy darkening dread swept endlessly
Down unknown futures that she dimly saw;
Such voids of darkness where the soul may grope,
And doubt its God, and doubt if death be peace.
Alone! she moaned it to the winds and waves,
Alone! came sadly echoing down the winds,
Alone! each slender wavelet sighing said.—

Alone but for an instant; by her side
A deep voice whispered, crushing to deep calm
Its passion, bringing hope to her despair.
His kind permitted manly firm embrace
Protected her, and then those words were breathed
Which he who has not said, and she, who has
Not heard, or dreamed, and longed to hear, may wait
For new creation in some other life,
In this all undeveloped. Sweet is love,
When beauty, queenly proud and coldly fair,
Learns first its womanhood, and tenderness,
And yields to love that knows no king or queen,
But greater love. And beautiful is love,
When happy lovers stealing out at eve
Sigh out their soft vows underneath the moon,
She smiling on them with her silver smile,
Cheerer of love for ages. Sweet is love
Whose calmful rest and placid gentleness
Flows steady on or dallies sunnily,
But oh! how doubly dearest dear is love,
The refuge of a lone and banished soul,
Exiled from by-gone bliss, and shivering on
The cold world's edge; cold, cold, ah cold to her!
She trembled back to hope that waited her,
Flinging sweet sunlight even through her tears,
The myriad ripples crowded up, and cast
Tribute of sympathy. The ocean sees
So much despair of hopeless drifting wrecks,
Such cruel selfishness, such dull dismay,
That it must long to look on happiness
Like this; not joy, but pity, rescue, love.
Then, as she saw her love-illumined soul,
It dazzled her; at every word, her heart

Throbb'd to be worthy its eternity.
His voice was peace beneath his burning words.
Alone—no more, for love was clasping her;
Love! winds came murmuring and breathing it!
Love! it was this the thronging wavelets plashed!
Love! farther, deeper, fainter, echoing on,
And knocking at her spirit's silent shrine.

Who would not change such sorrow for such joy?
And ah! when we touch back o'er happy hours,
Waking again their well-known melody,
Again we see that tropic violet fade,
Again that tall chill shadow's steady march.
Light after night, night after light again.—
So by their rapture sat the angel-fiend,
Grief sat with folded arms till they were calm,
And whispered, ye are one, and both are mine.
Gravely they sought through dim perplexity.
Follow? we might, but that were desperate.
I've heard the tyrant looked upon you once.
Perhaps he'd make conditions, that you both
Would spurn. Your race is noble, old in fame.
His safety lies in this, the King might fear
Your father's friends, who still have influence.
Patience he taught with many words like these,
Patience, that poor thin curtain of despair.
So might she hope, and hope, till poignant grief
Should blunt and tarnish like a patriot's blade,
Waiting heroic days that shall not be.

Not many days had passed when came a friend,
The same ill-omened friend; for once, he brought
Tidings but half of sadness, 'twas a scroll
A seeming peasant gave him secretly.

"My death they dared not. I shall see thee yet,
Oh daughter of my heart! This is my doom:
Unnumbered years of prison. Exile then.
Trust in the stranger, dear one. He has told
A love as true as faith is. Go with him
To that young kindly refuge-land of his.
There wait me, for my long revengeful years
Are passed, annuled in hope. Children, depart."

I've looked o'er pathless woods, shadowed and dim,
To one white peak as lonely as a thought,
Rosy and luminous at dawn and eve,
Queening sublimely o'er the solemn pines,—
Then down columnar vistas deep and dark,
Where there was sunless silence, league on league,—
At last in moonlit glory overhead
Suddenly shone the mount like God's calm face.—
Ah! shall these loving ones then meet again!

Since that first hour of passion and despair,
Then lit with heaven thro' its luridness,
Her lover came not as a lover. Friend
Was calmer, almost closer. Tenderly
He watched, and cheered, and roused, and quieted;
Soothed when her flashing looks indignant came.
Oh God! I cannot bear this wrong! this wrong!
Then tears that burned like blood burst fiercely vain.
Grief was the master; yet the drowning crush
Of certainty was better than despair.
Life they had left him. Years and exile; these
Were pain, yet pain we scorn and bear.

And love,—

Thither her soul bent drooping, and its warmth

Was sweeter than its shelter. Warmth that drew
All blossoms back, unfolding tear-bedimmed,
And fairer for the vanishing of tears.
Had love not been? Oh God! that could not be!
Love was, and faith, not dim and utter blank.
Her soul went wandering down the labyrinth,
Conscious, yet careless be they thorns or flowers.

Thus he began his tale of love; a tale
That life shall daily wreathe with episode.
He saw her first enhaloed; oh how fair
Is woman who forgets herself in prayer!
—It chanced he entered out of sunlight, where,
Dazzled with marbled vastness, dome on dome,
He found the somber, spacious, vaulted aisles,
Silent and solemn with the thought of God,
As when in forest temples life grows wide.

Then silence felt the rustling of a tone
Soft as the shiver of moonlighted leaves,
And voices linked them to it as it rose,
Sweetness embodied into power. Deep
And pouring grander surges on and on,
Till sudden as some angel messenger,
Again the one sweet utterance soared up,
Poised over awfulness, telling of faith
So gently keen and piercing delicate,
It found the guarded fountain of his tears;
And these came purely as a child's. He shrank
Back to a chapel where a woman knelt.
With few brief bitter words, self-scorning words,
He showed his soul to God.

And turning thence
He met one glance from that fair kneeling one.
Dark eyes met his with pitying earnestness,
And knew him nobler than his wild remorse.—
Thus he began his tale of love for her.

So they were joined in marriage, sadly, yet
With hope and joy that needed not be gay.
The raven presence of that grave old friend
Croaked its congratulations, all presage
Of grief in sorrow lost to them—and then—
A last farewell to Italy. To streets
Rich with the shadows of their palaces;
To sunny shores, where life is laughed away;
To churches jewel bright as fairy caves;
A last farewell, not all unanswered yet,
To that blue-green entrancing, murmuring sea,
Beloved of poets since Homer; where the hopes
Of earliest man were launched, awhile to float
And spread their sails to softer gales, before
Their ocean ventures. Bitterly, farewell!
For bitterer than parting is the thought
Of wrong that parts us; of our traitor friends,
Of cowards, treason, and ingratitude.

Westward they went where no dead past could come
To bring them burdens more than they could bear.
His was a soldier's life; on the frontier
Was fascinating peril. Dwelling there
Alone, with nothing but each other's love,
God gave them a dear child, a son, in whom
Each saw the other's image glorified.
Not wholly happy; thoughts would come uncalled

In tenderer moments, of that prisoned one.
But years will pass, and life will fade, and time
Was linking on his iron round for him.

At last came sudden sweet bewilderment
Of freedom, when all hope seemed desperate,
Released he stood, all hesitant, as one
Who looks from crags where rich vales smiling lie
But mists and surging clouds dawn-lit with rose
Are enviously beautiful between.
Ah! were it then another prison dream?

They met. It was then true, the blessed dream?
No more to end in maddening tears; no more
The cruel bitterness of vision shone
Upon his prison wall, to fade with day.
Their treasured fondness softly rained on him;
Soft came love touches, sweet a daughter's kiss,
Sweet, manly cherishing, and dearer yet
That shyly playful infantile respect.
A child for weary age! Ah, worn away
Were manhood's fresher graces, and harsh lines
Wrought by the chisel on his prison walls,
Had writ themselves in wrinkles on his face.
But smooth broad skies were over him at last,
And smiles responsive to his children's smiles
Calmed him to reverend beauty. Now not less
He loved his much-loved land, but life had taught
A martyr patience. He had torn his heart
With vulture fury, clanking at his chain
To bitter waiting; as he paused, not prayed,
In nights of watching, angels came to him,
And down far narrowing vistas slowly led.

Madness was tamed at last to hope and faith,
Cycles count brief beside eternity,
And years are nought, and God is calmly true,
And light is born to be a victor, still.

A noble presence his; a brave firm soul,
That grief had proved, but crushed not. Dignity
Of thought too stern, as of some granite front
Where storms have wintered, yet its purple walls
Wait but for level suns and kindlier beams
To wave with gentle aspens tender green.
Oh! sweet to live again fresh childhood o'er
With that young comrade now so doubly his.
No music like his childish questioning
(Young romance dawning in devouring eyes)
Of the old lands of Art and History,
Of the old plains of Syria or of Greece,
The battle-fields of Marathon and Troy,
Plains lone as ours, but far more desolate,
For theirs is solitude deserted, ours
Unvisited, save by long moving herds.
Thus picturing on, he told of ancient fanes,
Marble, and nobly set on marble hills.
Of marble islands in a dazzling sea,
Homes of bright gods, whose temples saw the sun
At eve, when every vale was dim with night
Inevitable, and at morn, ere light
Inevitable, conquered gloom. And then
He spoke of goddess statues, marble cold,—
Else we might hate mortality,—and forms
Whose saintly distance, love, not passion roused,
And pictures, where some brilliant scene was staid
Aglow with finer splendors than its own;

And portraits, where like sunbeam, genius looked
Thro' robes of life, to know and stamp the man
World without end, a slave, or hero still.
And then he stirred the boy to fervidness
Of pure ambition with his histories.
How noble men, his sires, had writ their names
Aloft on hopes, as Christian voyagers
Mark symbol crosses in the wilderness.
He taught him too the poets of Italy,
Most sadly musical voice of the past.
Dearest the boy loved Tasso, and would dream
Himself a pilgrim warrior, pure and true,
Like Tancred, pure as love, and true as faith.

Oh trebly happy childhood! Age bestowed
Its lessons from the past; that shadowy past
Perhaps had stood 'twixt him and life, a veil
Rich tapestried with splendid pageantry;—
But a brave present, and its manliness
His father taught. See how the living stand
In onward fronts of battle. Plains behind
Are strewn with corpses where our own shall lie
When life is fought away. Watch and behold,
In faint weird light that comes before the moon
They lie, far scattered; men, heroes perchance,
Forgotten. Know, my son, he said, that we
Men of to-day are good and bad, are mean
And great, no more, no less, than all that were
Before, and are to be. Regret not then
Past days, nor waste thy soul in longings vague.
None nobler have been, may be, than thou may'st.
To-day is mightier than eternities.

But beautifully hovering ever near,
His mother's spirit, and her presence dwelt
Most gently merciful, with sheltering arms.
Oh! she would guard him from the cruelty
Of slow, of sad, of difficult return
Back to the paths his soul was planted in.
Touched by hope's prophet wand, she saw for him
The stately grandeur of a noble mind,
To claim dominion on its wakening.
Such were these boyhood's years, love sentineled.

Life is not wasteful of its happy hours.
Brief placid days, calm and pathetic rest,
The grandsire knew, ere death came peacefulest.
Death, Lethe of the long dark bitter years,
Death, Life's quick, clear, bold, sure interpreter.

Then came the orphan horror of strange fate;
As when a slumberer, starry canopied,
Startled to waking by some nameless thrill,
Wakes prisoner 'mid dusky savage forms,
That bend and glide before his startled eyes.
Slowly checked heart-beats tremble to new life,
Void outstretched arms grope slow to new embrace,
Slow chime new voices with departed tones,
And dreary to the boy were wanderings
To seek from lower levels friendly draughts.
Love sprang so sparkling from his native earth,
So eager fresh, that kindly pity seemed
Only less bitter than indifference;
And manhood came with hasty harshness on,
Exhausted with its own rebelliousness.

There grew a longing in his soul for peace,
Peace in that calming South, his mother's home.
A thicket present urged him back; he longed
To bask in suns that ripen orange blooms,
To gaze on seas deep blue and tremulous,
To soothe dead grief with Art that cannot die,
To leave the future blank awhile, and learn
Content, at least control, silent and stern.

Friends too there were, and words of kindness
Had simply come from him who herited
His grandsire's rank, and old memorial halls.
Such cherished longings came most musical,
And called his doubting soul. Come! Follow us!
Vain are tumultuous days; vain owlsh nights,
Idle is bustling under steely skies,
Ignoble progress, soulless energy.
Better be cradled on a tideless sea.
The old world has what we are striving for.
Then yielding bitterly, alone he went—
Went sailing eastward, flying to the Past.

III.

PASSION.

Marquis.—The hour for council now. I leave you, sir;
Pardon this hasty welcome till we meet,
Then I may urge and prove its earnestness.
Meanwhile, I give you to a fairer guide,
My wife will show you thro' the galleries:
You are as near allied as we to these
Herited splendors. For an hour, adieu!

Beatrice.—"Tis best your flush of wonder first should fall
Upon the noblest works, and afterward
Give quiet thought to lesser things of grace.
First I will dazzle you with Titian's glow—
A glorious crash shall rouse our sympathy;
Then through that golden thrill and radiance,
Shall enter pureness delicately sweet;
Calmness of tender maiden majesty,
A Raphael dreamed her whom we idolize.
The pageant chorus of the Veronese
Shall crowd our vision next: we'll follow thus
The changes of a music-fantasy.

[*They pass into the Gallery.*]

Richard.—I ask a sadder pleasure first. You have
A portrait of my mother, ere she fled.

Beatrice.—I longed to show you this, but dared not dim
My welcome. Oh! I love that sybil face!
She is the guardian saint of all my dreams!
That portrait veiled is hers. Poor boy, he weeps!
I thought him cold to our warm greeting. No!
This deep emotion waited. How it flings
Back thought on self, to see another's grief.
And I—is there another life on earth
That I should passionately weep like this?
Mother! Ah bitter shame! Ah lonely home!
Mine deemed me but a rival and a spy;
She cursed me for her waning charms, she sold
My young hope to a master overkind.
Whom could I weep with such dear bitterness?
Sad I might be, but nothing desolate.—
Yet as I look upon that weeping boy,

There starts and writhes within my soul the thought
That griefs may be, whose sudden fatal coil
May murder life and hope. How strangely like
That mother guardian of my dreams he is.

Richard.—Sweet mournful vision! gentle comforter!
Oh! heaven grows dearer now! Keen memory
Has pierced the mist, and side by side they stand,
A mother in her hour of agony,
A maiden here in dreamy innocence,
Forever purely blending in my love.
Oh lady! pardon me and pity me!
Yes, I am lonely, lonely! but till now
Proudly alone. This fair pathetic face,
A mother's, makes all pity sweet to me.
Kind lady! may I shelter me in yours?

Beatrice.—My pity? Sisterly I give it! More,
If such a shallow heart as mine can bear
The burden of such grief, oh! trust in me!
Are we not kinsfolk? Must we not be friends?
It seems that I might hold a brother's love
Nearer my heart than all its idle dreams.

Richard.—Alas! how many said they pitied me,
And turned away to their own happiness,
Which smiling bent to meet them. Mourners greet
But mourners, and their joy, their warmth, their love,
Is swiftly stolen while the jailer waits,—
That shadowy comrade ever whispering
Haste! 'tis the hour for solitude and self,
A life like yours must not be darkened thus.

I moved toward a chapel, cavern like.
Statues watched there, and one pale sentinel,
Leaning his head upon his hand, was still,
As dreaming of the things that are not known
Nor ever shall be to the living known,
Bewildered by some chaos of despair.
Great dread went shivering to my heart, for I
Have looked into such voids, and gazing there
Deemed life was death—a blank; eternity.
Oh what a mind was his who knew it all,
And could revenge him in immortal forms!

Beatrice.—Yes, Angelo! For him and Dante, life
Was bitter, love and country all were lost.
They hid their shame and sorrow in their art.
He would have stony sleep, nor feel nor see.
Ah what a tale that solemn chapel holds!
That marble man his master! Think of it!

Richard.—These portraits! I may trace myself in
them;
Perchance the passion of our race may gleam
Thro' generations, from the hard old eyes
Of some grim grandsire with a pointed beard,
First of his name; or some foul gnawing worm
Of baseness I am sometimes conscious of,
May lurk behind the purest seeming smile
Of yon fair dame, blue eyed and sunny haired,
But I must glance, and leave you.

Beatrice.—To return
And make our home your own. We purpose this.
New friends must fain be despots. You must dwell
In sunshine with us, leaving grief behind.

Richard.—You are too good to me. Oh can it be
My past is passing from me in this hour,
Nor need I drain the last, the bitterest drops?
Pardon this selfishness. But at your voice
Opens my heart responsive, as one note,
A bird's first matin song, breathed timidly
Awakes the burst that fills the silent woods.
I will not turn again to what I was.
But I should go. Adieu!

Beatrice.— We meet
So soon, I will not say adieu.

[*He goes.*]

Strange youth!
What eager looks and wild words chasing them,
As if some starving tropic wanderer
Had pierced thro' thorny thickets, the dark lairs
Of fierce wild beasts and reptiles, and beyond
Beheld a glade feathered with whispering palms,
Where gentle dusky forms gave signs of peace.
May I be peace to him, if there is peace.
But I too must be calm, 'twill be a task.—
I dare not be ennobled now, I live
Perhaps content. I dare not plunge to life.
Oh leave me in the playful shallows still.
I cannot meet the storm. How sad he is!
Yes, I will cheer him. We will make him tell
The wonders of his savage land, and we
Will guide him thro' the loveliness of ours.
The dear old Marquis loves a listener.
Poor boy! No mother, sister, friend, and I
His senior by a year of matronhood.
He said the world was cold. Was his the fault?

He shall not find us so. I think my heart
Unfolds itself in sunshine like a flower
And loves to blossom all the summer's day.
Ah! is it then all unattainable
To cast self utterly upon a friend,
Sobbing, oh comfort me for what I am,
And what I cannot be? to feel some heart
Throb tenderness to mine? It may not be.

Know you how storms steal on the helpless world?
Calm waves are dimpled o'er with agate cells,
Capricious sails flap idly here and there.
Sleep pilot, by your vacillating helm,
Or waking, whistle to the dallying gale!
It comes across the tired flowers. It comes
With distant sparkles kindling as they near.
It stays, the sails flap dazzling sunshine out.
Sudden the fierce black squall screams thro' the yards.
Fond pilot! where is now thy sunlit sail?
I pace the sullen beach, 'twixt foam and surge;
The sky is voiceless. Ah, remorseful sea!
No crash can hide thy pleading undertone.
There helpless in the valleys of the waves,
There battered, tossed upon their leaden green,
There is a dead man floating helplessly
Back to the beaches of his boyhood's play.

Some have told strangest tales of hearts asleep
In innocence, by angel dreams o'erhung,
Whereat their parted rose lips smiled the more:
Or devils whispered, till in slumber deep
They muttered strange and guilty words of shame,
Tossing in agony that cannot wake.—

Ah, Beatrice, it is no fiend that comes,
No tempter this: his soul would shrink like thine,
And folding, quiver back from touch that harms.
Ye both are noble still, unsullied hearts—
Your scorn, all proudly pure, would wither one
With devil's whisper, hinting of a sin.

So dwelt they through a summer of delight;
Days exquisite; days ripening to their close;
Noons in cool lofty galleries, where thought
Was calmed with beauty and grew reverent.
Art wooed them to delight, till wearying
They wandered forth, strewing long rose-leaf trails,
Through the fair garden's bosky trellises,
By cave, and wilderness, where statues seemed
Listening to their worn fountain's babbling flow.

Such wanderings brought deeper sympathy;
Betrayed to new and tropic summer life
These children, guiltless of experience.
Twilights of dreaminess came after noons;—
Green glowed the west beyond the olive-hills.
Passion unknown flamed through him suddenly,
His hopes took hers by hand; we dare not tell
Save in such moments what wild hopes we have
For our own country in the sunset-west,
Where thought outmarching sunset, makes high day
As love makes all things new. Oh holiest home!
No waymark ruins glimmer down our past;
Our day was hardly dawning when it nooned,
Light came as in a forest when pines fall.
Light, virgin light. Perish the darkness then!

Noons thus, thus twilight dreams, then grew the moon
From when it seemed the circlet to a star,
Grew like a wish unspoken, until day
Looked farewell kindly; delicately then
Sweet pallor gently stole to be the queen,
And all the world was homage. Fairer scene
From all her skies she never saw than this:
Lily pale Beatrice, pure as herself,
Steadily gazing on the trembling stars,
And one beside her finding heaven with her.
Wild heart-beats sent no roses to her cheeks;
The breath of love brings roses, but not yet
Love breathed, to bloom the rose or wither it.

Delicious days! days calm with drowsiness
Of sunshine, where warm airs are slumbering too.
Days made for idleness and confidence,
When youth may sit and babble of itself,
While gentle eyes draw every secret out.
The world untried is but your plaything then;
Thro' life's illumined shallows you will wade
Onward to shore, and bolder as you stride.
Death you would leap, as leaps a mountaineer
Green glacier chasms, onward still to climb,
Forever upward to eternal hills.

It could not be but oft caressingly,
With fondness inexpressible, she laid
Her hand on his, or touched his cheek, for still
She kept the fancy of a sister's love
Nor knew the cheat. Yet tremors of delight
Came with that gentle pressure. Starting thence

She drew away, while all her passionate heart
Stood waiting at her lips, as stays a cloud,
Curbing the whirling madness of the storm.

It could not be but oftentimes she sang
Music of Italy, that land's own voice,
Where life seems born to sweetly sing away,
Unmindful of its tragedy. She sang,
And ecstasy chilled through him like a burst
Of earliest sunshine over opening buds.
He clung and trembled on the edge of bliss
So keen, one throb had made it agony.
She lost all presence in the flow of song,
Till suddenly she felt his eager look,
And blushing glanced downward, with a strain
Of half despair, hid in a daring song,
Drooping and dying into quietude.
Then silence, while their hearts heard echoes fall.
Then burst defiant strains, bold martial notes,
Strains that might shake a nation's banner out,
And call battalions of brave thoughts to arms.
But when the battle music died away,
Brave thoughts, too loyal, trusting, sank to rest,
And passion, that from poisoned ambush crept,
Came back to conquer them in sleep.

I have been bitter oftener than is well,
When the thorn labyrinth we wander in
Had lost its clue of flimsy spider threads.
Then have I closed my eyes, and listening,
Heard the eternal music. Many times
It lay all hidden in its purity
Beneath a maiden's song. And sterner oft,

When crowds were gay and brazen instruments
Crashed welcome to a gorgeous tyranny,
The pauses whispered, God is vengeance! Oft
Fleet winds have been my harpers. Rustling grain
I've heard to whisper thanks for harvest time,
And I have heard a tremble thro' the woods—
Methought bright-winged sunbeams fluttered down,
For leaves were all astir, with simple joy,
And silvery laughter gay. Then glancing down,
Water, the best and loveliest, like a girl
Came dancing on from mossy darkness, 'mid
Old autumn leaves and pebbles opaline.
And evermore enchantingly the song,
Delicate music, sweet as smiles I heard,
And low deep undertones from far away.
For grander now the stream was flowing on
At call of destiny. So drifting down,
My errant sylvan river guiding me,
And master now, at last there seemed to be
A noontide sunrise all along the south;
Two heavens met cinctured with a belt of gold;
Thence came the eternal music, and the blue,
The hither blue was counting on its shore
Beats of wild melody. Die nobly here,
Beautiful river, in eternity.
Be lost in broader music evermore.—

Like swallows bounding, bounding over light,
Skimming the white and billowy air along,
Eagerly full of bursting darting song,
Soared Beatrice and her wild lover; nay,
Not lover. Lifted over floods of song,
And borne away by melody, to coasts

Unknown of earthly unillumined souls,
They dwelt where symphonies eternally
Eternal seas are sounding.

Oh innocently, innocently, love
Stole to their hearts, of pity born and thanks;
For pity grew, like some transcendent flower,
Blameless for poison till one plucked and died.
Easy is erring over plains of flowers,
Slowly the lost are lost, and sadly trace
Their backward path by blossoms plucked, now dead.
Slowly it clouded over Beatrice,
The love that was not sunshine: prisoner
In fine and golden web herself had wove;
It seemed to deck her like sweet tracery
Of bridal lace. She dreamed all carelessly
Those filmy bonds to breathe away. Alas,
Her pure pride lied to her that she might check,
Still cherishing her honest tenderness.
She stood beside the hearth where smouldering fire,
Ashes and embers lay which should have warmed
Her home of marriage, over these she bent,
Too heart-chilled even to have one fluttering breath
To strive and pant to kindle them again.
It was a noble palace, and its lord
A kind old man. And when she came at first
He led her over tessellated halls,
She turning childlike here and there, and gay
She flew along her new and wider cage,
Singing to prove how bird-like free she was.
In pauses of her song she asked for love;
Alas! it came not. Kindness, fondness, these
Were grateful. Tokens sweet, betokening

Little from his slow heart, all mossed with age.
Oh mystery ! and she was all alone.
The priest appears, the magic words are said—
Open the ivory gates, all void within.

Could it be wrong to give the heart away,
So it was but a heart? That kind old man
Was harmless of heart craving; so it seemed
She was what he would have, a brilliant thing
For throngs to envy, nor the less to him
A prattling comrade. With an unconfessed
Remorse, to reparation urging her,
Hardly self convict of a traitor thought,
More gently than in friendliest moments past
She laid her hand in his, and cheered and soothed
His trifle flurried panics, sang him songs,
Listened indulgently to critic doubts,
And talk of ladies who when he was young
Had higher notes, trills more articulate
Than hers, all dimmed for his old ears. At times
She wept for him, for pity. Wasted pearls!
Waste as the unprized priceless love he lost,
Serene, contented in his littleness.

But when with night came dreams, wild stormy dreams,
Ever one haunting form before her eyes
Came in her troubled sleep. She dreamed of flight
Over red deserts, over wastes of blood;
A steady tramp came closing after her,
And a fiend's face more terrible than death
Looked o'er her shoulder, or she fell down, down,
Through horrible abysses, clasped with him
Who was her own, yet changed to pallid death.

Dreams such as these the master-thought betrayed;
For dreams are never wholly dreams, but shapes
Mystic, distorted from our daylight hopes.

But what of Richard? Oh! forgive the boy,
If when a winning syren sang delight,
Along his heart, shrine after holy shrine
Opening received and echoed ecstasy.
He thought not of an angel visitant—
One purely came. Could aught but worship be?
She was so heavenly stainless! Not misled
Was that young heart of his by elder sneers
That beauty was but veiled impurity.

Merciful beauty! Angel of mean earth,
Divine, divinest! On his loneliness,
Exhaustless bounty she had kindly showered;
His bliss seemed questionless, his right, his own.
Terrible beauty! Fiend all serpent-like;
No evil hiss is in thy delicate voice,
Glorious maddening tempter. Calm as fate
Thou strikest thy deep fangs when strikes the hour,
Changing from woman to a monster vile.

He could not choose but love, love, love; red fate;
A tyrant, treads on choice. His spirit prayed
Peace! peace! I bore my other misery,
But this I cannot bear, this torture Love.
No choice but love! Ah! warm and friendly foe,
That smiles so on us with unconscious eyes!
To check such instinct passion ere it grew
For this were need of man's firm wisdom. He
Took but his heart for leader. Were life true?—
Beautiful, white-plumed chieftain, we would march

With thee, through fight, to safety! But 'tis false
There is no guide, not any, save to err.

It pleased the Marquis that his wife could find
A comrade in his kinsman whom he loved,
And Richard, full of kindly gratefulness,
Held out his sturdy arm and sturdier mind,
Sonlike for him to cling. Not yet was wrong.

There had been loud wild gales till noon, and leaves,
Autumnal leaves, were whirling on the air;
But after noon the winds were still, and mist,
The slumbrous haze of autumn slow enwrapped,
Enshrouded earth. So calm the day became,
So lulled into such indolent repose,
Such dull luxurious entrancement, such
Hot breathlessness, such pause of time and life,
As level rivers know when near the sea.
Slow lagged the sluggish blood thro' half-closed veins.
Keen blasts that stir the ardent spirits up
Had fallen blunted, and each drowsy flower
Had folded eyelid over eye, in sleep.
It was such eve as this. Irresolute
The oval sun had vainly sunk away;
A pall closed in his parting. Lowering
Dull skies athwart their lurid reaches watched;
No dewy freshness came from twilight dells,
Alone they sat. Oh, lovers surely now,
And fearfully alone. The walls they built
Crushed them like chaos. None, it seemed, could pass
Forever. But without a magic word,
Two souls are prisoned there, forever damned—
Never shall Heaven visit them, nor hope.

They sat in terrible twilight. Nevermore
Can any steady look between them pass—
Forever tremors bring betrayal near.—
They heard an old man's step along the walk.
He came to warn them kindly of the mists
Of autumn, fevered dews, pestiferous moons.
His tread came somewhat slowly on, a doom
That tramped along the chamber of their souls,
To bar back life. They heard his rustling feet
Among the dead leaves coming, and he seemed
To count the pebbles as he dragged along.
He came, and looking westward as he spoke,
Said simply, "This may be our last fine night;
The lurid west foretells great storms to come;
Winter must soon be with us. Richard, we
Like not your talk of parting. You will find
No city fair as this. Not ruined Rome,
Not Naples with its fevers and its fires,
Not stagnant Venice, nor Milan, whose dome
Has gone to seed with pinnacles. No, stay
With us, your kinsfolk. Beatrice and I
Both love you as a son. Yes, be our son!
Forget your savage land. Your home is here,
Among the civilized. She prays it too;
Yes, cheer my age, my heart, and be our son."

"His son! O God! My son! oh God!"

She turned;

There was a ghastly moon low in the sky,
Just risen, not so ghastly as her face.
Grasp not so chilly at her tender heart!
Back! grim Remorse! Back! seize that cowering one!
In mercy hide him from the self he hates!

The living silence was as still as death;
Paleness drooped over her as falls a shroud;
A mask it seemed; despair quenched agony.
Parting without forgiveness? not a look?
Her life was feebly fluttering at her heart,—
She fell and she was dead. Not yet. They stooped;
Lifting her tenderly. Her eyes unclosed,
Life had one message more. It was for him.
With one last throb heart said farewell to heart,
Death waited carelessly. Kind Heaven had met
Her pardoned spirit, pardoned ere she erred. .
Mercy unmasked the sternness from her lips,
One last flush tinged her pallor, and she smiled.
There came a smile—yes, even for him a smile
He will remember always. But her hand
Was clasped within her husband's.
So she died.

IV.

PENANCE.

Penance for sins not ours! Sorrow for crimes
We hated when we did! Regret for bliss
Our ruthless ignorance has cast away.
Remorse for harmful deeds that guiltlessly
Murdered pure joy in others' hearts and ours.
Despair alone 'mid corpses of its hopes,
As in a plague-struck city's lonely square,
A mother sits, her children round her, dead.

Why was I born to be the butt of fate?
Make answer, life! Art thou one giant lie?
Thou hast been villain false to me! Alas

I see no truth, not any. Everywhere
Is bubbling laughter of the idiot soul.
Yet merry, merry is youth, and lovelier
Than any birds are childish melodies.
How lightsome were my days. Visions too soon
In childhood gave me longing to be cursed
With knowledge, but my mother's sunny smile
Shone then and I was happy.

Ne'er again,
Gallops of glory, shall ye lead me on,
Thoughtless of sunset, over prairie crests.
Right through the stirring foeman wind I rode,
Till my horse stopped at once with eyes of flame,
Instantly still was I, for fronting me
Sunset was sadly grand, like heaven we lose,
Too far, too far. But brief was sadness then,
As home I flew beneath the comrade stars.

How dear to live again the old delights!
Ah that this trembling peace across my brow
Were more than memory of a mother's kiss!
Oh mother of my early dawning love!
Oh mother of my questioning young heart!
Oh mother of my lofty eager hopes!
Oh angel guide! When stars grew large and deep,
Longing to speak their mystery, thy soft
Dark eyes how tender true, how faithful calm,
How tortureless beside their restless glow.
Never again my youth shall meet its mate!
My brother-father, ardent, manly, wise,
Sincere in all emotions, chivalrous,
Not curdled o'er with trifling maxims, such
As moulder down broad natures into mean.

Not with weak warnings did he fright my life.
He said, be true, be bold! For he who trusts
His truth of heart, himself to self a friend,
Gleans through the treacherous *melée* of the world
A chief, of argent shield and stainless plume.

Ah! near was heaven to our far bivouacs!
Stars overhung us graciously, and fleet
Came answer by them to the hope of light,
Inner, eternal. Boundless hours we passed;
All my impassioned boyhood silently
Followed his earnest manhood, as he told
How the world-wise and dwarfish creature man
Starts up to giant-hood antean, when
Bare nature wrestles with the recreant.

We face to face with virgin nature stand,
 wooing the unwooed beauty, we would tame.
Ourselves the while must simpler be, as those
Bold knights, companions to the nymphs and fauns.
Be nature now thy boyhood's love, my son;
Go with her, hand in hand, and heart to heart;
Follow, where lapt in ferny nooks she hides—
A maiden fragile as anemones.
Follow, where underneath the fragrant pines
She sings a sighing lay as soft as theirs,
Within the holies of those vista'd aisles.
And follow her where over prairie land,
Her feet with dawn-lit dews impearled, she flies,
And ever flings behind a lure of flowers.
Follow with love relentless. When at last
You win the dear delight of heart to heart,

Oh! in her wondrous eyes, all mysteries
Of beauty deeper than your dreams, will look
Intensest answer to your earnest quest,
All life immortalized with ecstasy.—
In this wild world of ours are stirring scenes
Where manly souls meet nature. Bivouacs,
The march, the night watch, soldier's fare, the tale
Round gleaming camp fires. Up! away at dawn!
Westward from orient, onward with the sun!
Noon gallops. Thirst and weariness; the flood;
The plunge to save a maddened drowning horse,
The mountain pass. Snow perils, starving days,
The hearty savagery of appetite;
Exalting glimpses over lands unknown;
Long vales that slope in green to inland seas;
Sweet prairie shrines, watched round by evergreens,
One noblest pine standing a sentinel,
Where as you ride a doe bounds up and flies,
Pauses with pleading look, then flies again.—
And know, my son, if ere it be thy heart
Is echoless when pine trees sigh to thee,
Is echoless to voices of the groves,
And in God's silences jars, worldly-false,
Remember penitence may grow remorse,
Remorse, despair. Go then, and seek thy love,
Kneeling in forest shrine, or where the grand
Uplifting of her snow peak queens afar.—

There came a day in autumn, dashed with spring,
Sunny with sparkles through its living air.
My father! oh my father! Hopefully
Forth on the gallop to the hunt we rode,
All wild with vigor as we faced the hills.

Back rolled the black and roaring multitude !
Trampled to death ! O God ! I see him yet !
My hero ! crushed and utterly defaced,
And struggling thro' his agony to smile,
To speak to me, and moan one parting word.
Oh, dare I trace again that dizzy hour
That brings again my terror worse than death,
When she we loved came flying like a wind
Glancing on me as if from far away,
Then died there ?
Was not this enough, oh God ?
Must I step blindly down to darker fate,
Groping to my own dungeon ? With a clang
The heavy doors closed, leaving hope behind,
Tomb like. My love lies buried in that grave.
Another grave I see, an old man's grave,
One that I wronged. He seemed to know it not,
And ever grasped my hand and called me, son.
Most feebly smiling, said, " She loved me much,
That he would die, and say how kind I was,
He feared his love had blighted all her youth—
Will she not come from heaven with pardoning words ?
Pardon for me ! oh pardon ! " Words of peace
I spoke to him, that were my agony,
So sorrowed briefly all his life away.

And this was love ? An agony ! At first
How sweet and pure that tempting current flowed,
We floating innocent through hanging boughs,
The river of our love a sunlit way,
All fringed with water-lilies. Down we passed
To other zones all rich with tropic flowers ;
About us closed a murmuring melody

Lulling, prophetic, warning; over us
Winds tossed us rose leaves, bridal orange blooms;
Ever our boat on its own ripples pressed;
Its ripples made a singing as it went.
We saw the beautiful world. Her magic charm
Wooded sunshine thro' each shade, if shade there were.
I listened to my voice that spoke to her
From its delicious deeps of passion calm,
Then silent with heart trembles, till her voice
Thrilled thro' my being like a silver flood
Of moonlit waters in a shadowy dell.
Then we grew conscious suddenly of stern
And master currents, and a steely cliff
Drew to inevitable plunge beyond.
On! all forgot save love! Electric airs
Became a tempest. Cruel, strong as Death,
The dash, the struggle wild and desperate!
I saw her drowning look grow horrible,
Her smile but softly veiled it, but she gave
One death gift. On her cheek that paled by mine
One pearl-white rose just blushing at the heart.
She paid the vengeance! Did I murder her?
My love! My passion! Better both had died
Than met for ruin, bitterness, remorse.—
Pale loveliness, more pale for long black hair,
Night shrouded with her hair we buried her.
One tearless, one so crushed and old and sad;
The world became to me one wide unrest.
I saw my future waste and trackless grow,
More desert than the desert there before.

Methought, could I save one, my penance might
Be angel-lifted briefly; so I plead

With brother or with sister, pointing them
To nobler selves and lives; but each had chosen;
One called choice, Fate; one, careless, turned aside
Forgetting; till in sorrowful contempt
I listened to the voices of the world.
I stood by hearths called happy, but beheld
Shy discord lurking in indifference,
Endurance, merged in hate, or in despair.
Holding the tarnished mirror of my heart
To others' hearts, still more they clouded it;
I saw the very soul of souls to cringe
In holy hypocrites, who dare not say
In large outspoken truth that Faith was dead.
Sneers made truth lies, and every earnestness
Was met with bitter laughter. Paltry life!
How would I shrink from thee and know myself
Had I one hour of peace, one blessed hour,
Ere I drink Lethe in the vale of death.
Not this for me! I would not heal one scar,
Where searching flames have nerved me resolute,
Were I but brave to all endurance. No!
I dare not curse e'en memory, or the sting
When coiled remorse lifts up a pale dead face
And hisses, Darest thou hope for peace? Despair!
For I am near thee always!

I have sought,
Striding o'er science like a field, to know.
I fought against the infinite of heaven
With miserable measurements, and tried
To comprehend celestial symmetry
In vain—mysterious, crowded, tremulous voids,
Ye harshly watch me with unblenching eyes,
Keen, cruel, unresponsive, omenless.

Poor lagging science following in the steps
Of all this terrible and hostile life,
Canst thou defend us with thy half-drawn sword,
Thou hast not strength to lift, and darest not strike ?

It is an utter dreary thing to read
Those sad apologies called histories.
Nations have failed, the wise men say, and thus
'Twill ever be. Yet on a battle-field
Clear bugle notes amid the tumult sound
Calling a charge, and thus, amid the crash
Of cycles, has been heard the thrilling voice
Of some great prophet, shouting to his age
To march to what it might, but will not be.
He fails! How sad for a great heart to fail!
He fails! and drinks his poisoned cup and dies.
He fails! his nation perishes unknown
For what they might have been, had they been men.

The past is wholly comfortless. There has
Been labor. Centuries are filled with days
And nights of toilsome toil; but every day
And night some laborer lay down and cried
To what he called his God, Give rest! give rest!
All this is fruitless. I am weary. Death—
This gave the gods. Who knows if it be rest?
Who knows? we question vainly, bitterly;
Our answers are Fate, Mystery and Death,
Our guide is Fate, our world is Mystery,
And only Death can tell what Death may be.
One joy is here, that neither Fate nor Death
Can conquer any soul forever, if he dares
To stand and not to yield. Thus Richard stood.

First love has burned to ashes, and then Faith,
That would relight Love's dead and trampled torch,
Fell and was lost amid the deepening gloom.
Then, in the blackness, with one flickering hope
The wanderer passed along.

V.

LOVE

She wandered by the sea-shore all alone,
And murmured thoughtful songs to her true heart.
Her voice was low and full of pensiveness,
And soft as if some fairy sprite within,
A dewdrop exiled from the skies, had breathed
A sigh in falling. Margaret. Not such,—
Not such a Margaret as one I know,
With tendril curls like her exquisite thoughts,
With opalescent eyes, not ignorant
Of flashes, when the torrent words, too slow,
Dart leaping glances into caves of Truth,
And startle unimagined beauty forth.
As darkly-fair, as delicately-bright,
As the keen edge of a Damascus blade
Engraved with tracery of flowers, and sharp
To cut the films of doubt and fear, and show
All nobleness. The Margaret of my tale
Was lovely, not the same; the world is full
Of lovely women as the air with dew.

She wandered by the sea-shore happily—
She knew the ocean infinite. It smiled
Brighter than her young gayety could smile.

All moods her noble comrade shared with her,
But most his calmness and his majesty
She loved as Godlike. When the waking breeze
Shook down a golden veil before her eyes,
Her eyes as blue as shadows on the snow,
And white sails ever came and went, her thoughts
Swept grandly seaward with the tall swift ships;
But swifter darting, voyaged round the world,
And ere the ships had vanished, had embarked
On richly freighted vessels homeward bound,
And passed the outward sailor in the bay.
Sometimes she dreamed herself a tropic bird,
Heralding sunrise with a sun-flushed wing.
Happy the soul that welcomes the divine,
And such was Margaret's; but most of all
The voiceful spirits of the sea became
Her teachers. They brought wealth as seas have
poured

Gifts on the verdant island where our race
Was cradled. God save that fair isle! But still,
Accepting joyfully all outward forms,
She longed for the unseen, unspoken. Love
Must have its meeting with another heart,
Ere life is circled to the perfect orb.
No magic words perhaps are uttered then,
But thoughts leap into being. Margaret
Looked on the sea as on a nobler life,
Beyond the gayety of girlhood's dream.
Each lifting sail bore her a hope that came,
Or bore a hope away, and still, adrift
Upon a life yet heaving after storms,
She wandered by the sea-shore, dreamily,
Lulled by the whisperings of her comrade, sea.

Along the sunlit edges of his waves,
Dipping its canvas as it went, there shot
A cutter, lightly playing near the beach.
Richard was there alone upon the sea,
And eagle-eyed he gazed upon her face,
As she stood there alone upon the sand.
Her sleep that night was full of hoverings
Of snow-winged boats that bore her gifts of flowers.
She wandered by the sea-side, hopefully,—
Again, as birds fly back to summer, came
The eager boat. Steady, for it had found
Its star, hung in a sky of hope; again,
No longer wandering carelessly, no more
Roving adrift, each came, only a glance,
No word, but when apart, at night, they watched
The slow, sad parting of the sea and moon,
He knew his soul had found its mistress; she
Confessed the sov'reign of her soul had come.
Heedless we step into our shallow joys,
But tarry ere we plunge into the depths.
Hearts that when joined are one eternally,
Shrink from the fateful instant that unites:
So Richard hastened not to further bliss,
Content with fullness of the present hour.

A chance brought them together then. He went
To a friend's mansion on a beacon hill
O'erlooking the broad bay all thick with sails
Innumerable, come from many lands;
A worthy mansion for a merchant prince,
And queened by a fair woman, full of grace.
They sat within the porch. Dim evening came,
The moon sailed upward like a noble thought—

They listened to the waves upon the beach
Booming the warning of the coming storm.
A pensive silence hung upon the group,
And Richard came. The talk was grave and sad;
Of past and future life, and death, and hope;
And he had spoken somewhat desperately,
Spurning beliefs to him all utter void;
But from the darkness came a firm, sweet voice,
That chided him all innocently bold.
Speaking the intuitions of a fresh,
Pure maidenhood, wise in simplicity.
And all his sharp array of argument
Did martial homage to her victory.

“What if your lamps of life are dim?” she said,
“We know that God made light, and light is still
The victor. Darkness is but vanished light,
And doubtless it will shine again for you.”
She paused; her low and richly gentle voice
Drew harmony over their troubled minds.
The surf burst with an echo grand afar
Of her sweet voice; a voice like that, he thought,
Might come from that fair lady of the shore.
—Men have made many instruments, and joined
Strange elements of sound in harmony,
But over all in fuller majesty,
Arousing and subduing, breathes the voice,
When God has gifted one with melody.—
It seemed to them as if an angel came
Swiftly by moonlight over ruined shrines,
To build them new, of marble. Then glad hearts
Leaped quick to gayety, and asked for song.
He stood without and listened as she sang

Birdlike. Then he must sing. He chose a chant
Sung by the tropic Indians, when they dip
Their lazy paddles in a lingering stream;
Monotonous, and wild with passion hid.
So pleasant converse wore away the eve,
In which she sparkled brightest, fluttering
Like an excited bird that fears the cage.
But he was silent, wondering at his bliss;
And paradise was there, as it must be
When love creates a soul anew. She went.
She wandered by the sea-shore once again,
An orphan, like her lover. There are times
In men's and nation's lives, when anarchy
Reigns tyrant, but some still, heroic thought
Rises, and there is quiet; as when waves
Raging more madly for the darkness, see
A stranger orb, dim and majestic,—
As if some spirit from a calmer sphere,—
Look wonder on the uproar, and they cease.
So rose her silent beauty on his soul,
And he went steering shoreward, seeking her.

Was it not then enough that all his youth
Was blasted, and enough his long despair?
Was it not that his torture of remorse
Had conquered fate? She welcomed him
With a firm gracefulness, like thinnest veil
Before the sunshine warmth of her full smile.
They met, and lingering paced along the sand,
Slow as two lovers ere they say adieu.
He rather chose to listen than to speak,
And hear the breezy gladness of her voice
Soothe every tremor of his life to peace.

Her deep joy made her gay, as rippling waves
Sparkling with inward light of sunbeams play.
They talked of ocean by its mystic marge;
The sea, her comrade, with its voice of waves
Wooded her to speak of him, and Richard knew
The secrets of the sea in calm and storm;
And many a lovely palm-clad island stood
Within his memory. And well he knew
The secrets of the desert wastes, and all
The strange wild knowledge of the traveler.
She listened eagerly, but as he talked
She saw that all his voyages were naught
But aimless floatings on a sea of grief,
Wild chasings of an ever-flying hope,
Long, reckless, lonely flights from haunting thoughts.—
A woman's heaven-taught wisdom is not bought
By bitter trials of experience;
Its flower it opens to the sun of Love
Unconsciously; and Margaret divined
Some hidden sorrow which her hand could cure,
Touching with sympathy, not probing harsh.
She swept the discords of his heart, they rang
With a grand harshness, like the broken sounds
Before the sweetness of a symphony,
Until he threw all hesitance away,
And leaped into the flood of his life's tale;
Telling the whole sad story to her heart.

Then, "Let me know you pardon! I can wait
Till God and angels do." In her blue eyes
The quick tears dashed a shower. Grave womanhood,
Tenderly true and firm stood trial now.
She said, "God pardons, I can pity you!

And oh, if any wish of mine, if hope,
Faith in your final conquest can arouse
A better-omened struggle, take all these."
And she stretched out her hand in pledge of troth.

Faith for another till he perishes,
Is better than a cold abandonment;
But when a man has proved the world, and self,
And found both wanting, and has hated both,
Then there is but one savior for despair.—
Love, only love, a breathless messenger
Can come and wave its snow-white flag between
The bristling ranks of war. His heart stood still.
His soul was lifted on a wave of hope—
He could not bear its sinking, and he sprang
Before it, venturing. "Ah lady, were I strong
With untried manhood, did I march all bold
In my young knighthood, it were victory!
But I have fought already, and have lost.
Alone I dare not yet renew the fight—
No arms, no standard, it were hopeless strife—
Oh save me! Dare I ask you for your love?"

He ceased. As eager trembling light of stars
Shot earthward, came her look, and cloudy gloom
Opened, and full-orbed love meridian shone.

So they were joined forever. He had learned
All that distrust, regret, remorse could teach.
Pardon is God's own gift, but blest the man
Who need not wait for death. By love alone
The mysteries are solved. He stands above
All doubt, like some tall sunlit peak that lifts

Its head above the chaos of the storm.
Her voice all full of peace, came with her look,
As breezes come with sunrise. Winged words
Made harmony of silence; faintly then
She murmured, for her boldness shrank away,
To utter all her timid secret out.

“Speak not of severed hopes, for yours are mine,”
She said, “and yours shall brighten twined with mine.
And oh! if this is love, that I have longed
To find, why need I longer veil my heart?
First and forever you are there enshrined.”
He waited, hardly daring to believe
His happiness, then shook off the dead past,
And took her to his heart eternally.

I leave their perfect union; they shall find
Broad regions of illumined life, with glow
Of starry radiance from her vestal fires,
Rekindling his quenched life; for noble deeds
Wait him who dares to do them; a sad world
To cheer and cherish. Leaderless and lost
Brave bands of warriors straggle on the field
Unrallied, but let an Achilles’ shout
Stagger the ranks opposed, a hero youth
Brandish a hope of victory, there are
Enough to throng around and charge with him!

Evening had stolen on. Distracting day
Had sunk below the world. Night veiled the earth.
The vast unknown of skies was hid with stars,
Belted Orion strode along the blue.
No moon was risen in the east, they saw

Only the infinite sky, only the stars.
Her hand in his, as surety of love,
They walked in trance of silence, or with words
Rushing too swiftly in tumultuous bliss.
She told him of the God who had been near
Her childhood—oh how far from his hot youth!—
Of duty stern, but true as faithful friend;
All she had dreamed of woman's tenderness
For noble man, ideal till he came.
She turned the pages of pure maiden thought
Fair as a missal delicately wrought
By some secluded convent's patient love.
His long forgotten prayers returned, as free
As when a ship, long tugging at her chains,
Sails onward, white winged, over boundless deeps.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAW AND AUTHORSHIP.

DURING the summer of 1855, and just before going to Mount Desert, Winthrop was admitted to the bar of New York and he continued in the office of Mr. Tracy for a year or more. The Fremont Presidential campaign found him, with all the ardent youth of the North, awake and alive to the issues, that were to be fought out, as was then supposed, by the ballot alone. Already the prairie fires of Kansas were kindling and spreading over the land, farther and wider than we knew. Winthrop went first to the Adirondacks, and then to Maine, with his dear friend Frederic E. Church, where they spent some weeks in fishing, camping out, and enjoying life in the wilderness, upon the lakes and rivers with unpronounceable names that they delighted in. A charming sketch of this tour may be found in the volume of Winthrop's works called "Life in the Open Air," which also contains his critique, written *con amore*, of his friend Church's famous "Heart of the Andes," where he shows in his prose picture, that his knowledge of mountains and their architecture was equal to that of the painter. Finding that stump speakers were wanted in Maine, he made his first essay in that direction, on the edge of the great Northern wilderness, before small assemblies of farmers

and lumbermen, in townships now probably flourishing, but till then hardly ever heard of beyond their state. The following letter relates some of his experiences as a stump orator.

"MR. ABNER TOOTHAKER'S,

"Rungely, Maine.

"Aug. 20th, 1856.

"DEAR MOTHER,—After a progress up the Androscoggin, through lakes Umbagog, Allegundebagog, Weelokenabacook, Mollyclumkamug, Moosetockmaguntick, and Oquossok or Lakwookit, and after being obliged to pronounce these jaw-breakers constantly, we find ourselves naturally at home with Mr. Toothaker. His beautiful farm lies sloping down to the bank of the last named lake, with an exquisite view of the same, and noble mountain possibilities, just now obscured by the dark mists of a North Easterly storm. This stays us here now the second day, in the comfortable quarters of a thriving farmer.

"Church has of course made himself popular with all hands. The bag-wrinkled, leathern-skinned hag of a grandmother has told us her history several comical times. Mr. Toothaker had just returned from a Fremont meeting, at the neighboring county town, when we arrived, and finding me sympathizing, he immediately proposed to get up a meeting here. Yesterday proved rainy and not a hay day, and accordingly a man arrived in a curious gig (which himself had manufactured the afternoon before). Mr. T—— chartered him for a dollar to go round and beat up the country with the news

that Mr. T. W—— of New York would give a lecture on politics at the Red School House in the Maple lot at five p. m. The weather continuing favorably rainy, our hardy fellow citizens turned out from a circuit of about ten miles—about sixty men and twenty women with three crybabies, who coming with applause in the wrong place, were put out, (as were the mothers). I spoke an hour and three quarters currently, covering briefly the whole ground of controversy and invented one anecdote about a man and wife and son Johnny. The audience seemed to think it was about right in length and style, and we closed with great good humor and three cheers. Mr. Toothaker seemed to think I had converted all the doubters, including ‘Winthrop Elder,’ ‘who always thinks as the last man tells him.’ The men of Maine are freemen, and pretty decided for freedom, whenever they are thoroughly informed about the exact state of the case. The first part of our journey in the Adirondacks paid only moderately, though we had some good things, including the self-explored ascent of the highest summit. We came across to Montpelier, where we parted from the Tracy family, they going to Mount Desert. Thence by stage, a beautiful trip, across to Lake Memphremagog and so through wild country, up the chain of Lakes; hiring boats and making portages. Well and hearty; battening on pork and blueberry pies.

“Yours affectionately,

“THEO. WINTHROP.”

During the remainder of the Autumn he spoke for Fremont on Staten Island and elsewhere. Several fragmentary poems express the feelings of this hour of struggle and failure.

Low as the earliest whispers of a gale,
 Faint as the sunrise greetings of a dove,
 Soft as the questions of uncertain love,
 Thin as a dream, and as a fancy, frail,

So low is a young nation's whispered voice,
 So faint are the first warnings that it hears,
 So soft its questioned hopes, subdued by fears,
 So thin its new ideals, frail its choice.

But soon a gale raves madly through the sky,
 Weird sunrise enters, choired by myriad birds,
 Leaves whisper hopes, and mutter boding words,
 Wild clouds their blood-red banners wave on high.—

Oh how it sweeps along the land!
 Voice of a race that will be free!
 Vaster growing on every hand—
 The master-roar of Liberty.

Shame! shame! shame over all the land!
 Shame for the trust we make a lie!
 Dare we longer faithless, faithless stand
 Claiming van-guard posts of Liberty?

Shame for the careless yielding North,
 Weakly pitying darkest, darkest wrong,
 Shame for the cowards, peeping shivering forth
 To stare with blinking eyes upon the strong.

In the autumn of 1856, after the ending of the Fremont campaign had crushed the ardent hopes for a peaceful solution of the great questions that were torturing all minds and hearts—for truly they were heartfelt and vital—and it even seemed to some, that submission to the slave power was inevitable, Winthrop received a generous invitation from his dear friend Henry Hitchcock of St. Louis, to come to him and become his law partner. Hitchcock was already a well-known and successful lawyer there, and Winthrop, delighted with the offer, went to St. Louis, full of his usual sanguine hopes of success. He had relatives there who were kind to him, and the society of that hospitable city was very pleasant. As the warm weather came on, however, he became seriously ill, and the climate proved so injurious and unhealthy to him that he decided to return to New York, and remain there, taking an office with his brother and brother-in-law.

While in St. Louis he became deeply attached to a young lady whose discouragement of his suit may have had something to do with his leaving that place. She spent the following winter, however, in New York, and they became engaged to be married, if on her side it could have been called an engagement. Winthrop certainly considered it so, and was very happy in it, not dreaming that she could prove vacillating or false to him. But during the following year she suddenly broke off the affair, unwilling probably to wait till fortune came to him, and caused him great sorrow and misery. He took refuge from his grief in literary work, and his stories of "Cecil Dreeme," and "Edwin Brothertoft," show how he worked off the bitterness

of his soul, caused by what he felt to be treachery and betrayal of his confidence. Doubtless in time he came to consider that what had happened was for the best, since the heart he trusted was unworthy of his love. A crayon sketch by Rowse was taken of him not long after this disappointment, and bears the marks of sorrow, in the pathetic and beautiful face.* Many love poems naturally had birth during this period of hope and grief. Here are a few of them.

TO ONE I KNOW.

It was not love, not love I told;
Perhaps she had not listened then.
My voice was low, my words were cold,
With dread lest she should deem me bold,
And frown, whene'er I spoke again.

I crushed the fire that would have broke,
My words were firmly, coldly calm,
No tender tone stole through and woke
My heart's resistless maddening stroke,
To dash her peace with wild alarm.

Thanks, lady! truest thanks, I said;
Oh! gloom and faithless death were mine,
Till some peace-angel gracious, led
Thy radiant presence here, to shed
Pure glory, radiantly divine!

Oh! hearts like thine, all proudly pure,
All purely proud, and maiden free,
Need not such gentle touch to cure
Their torture, teaching to endure.
My heart was touched to peace by thee.

* The engraved portrait is taken from this.

Thanks! we have met, and worthier now
I pass to front and conquer fate.
Be life or pain, or bliss, my brow
Shall wear the hopes thy hopes endow,
The strength thy words create.

—(July 26th, 1856.)

HOMAGE.

Pauses in that brilliant music came
Whose brazen wildness set my soul aflame,—
We sat where solemnly the moonlight fell;
Around us eddying the silken throng.
Softly white moonlight slept upon the hills,
Paly fair moonlight dreamed the vales along;
Rare breezes came with shadow-stirring thrills.

And I was whispering in so low a tone,
It seemed the echo of my soul alone.
I dared not look into her large dark eyes,
So dreamy earnest, sweetly tender, they
Were bending moonbeams toward her vestal soul,
Were learning holier things than I could say;
New lights from gentle moonlit heaven they stole.

'Twas not of love I spoke—of deepest thanks;
The days I marshaled into kneeling ranks,
Each murmuring thanks for every joy she gave.
Oh! they had linked along in dreary tramp,
To gloom, (sad captives,) and uncertainty,
Chained, marching to the future as a camp
Of foes, but queenly then she set them free.

So, kindly thus we parted; she had known
That not without one triumph life had flown.
Her keenly-brilliant dazzling thoughts had stirred
One chaos, and my heart's blood richly flowed
 To beats of noble music, grandly pure.
The gift of faith o'er days of darkness glowed,
 Imperishably cheering, to endure.

Again she passed the brilliant crowd among;
Around her pressed the eager listening throng,
She queenliest; but her backward glances turned,
And then were softer, sweeter, where I stood,
 Calm in my yielded thought, and dreamier then
Life, death, love, heaven, with an errant brood
 Of hopes, made thought a labyrinth again.

LOVE COMES!

Love comes as thoughts come; unperceived at first,
They live within, and grow, absorbing all
Our life. Astonished we perceive ourselves
Their slaves. Some, sudden burst, full voiced
Upon the mind, as birds gush forth in song,
Far in a deep and silent wilderness.

Love comes like music! stealing thro' the night,
And drawing nearer, nearer, till we seem
Involved in harmony, fast bound in song,
Willing, yet prisoned. Or like martial tones
Bursting forth wild, and making silence sweet
With gushing thrills and eager trembling swells.
Silence that longed and waited for its power.

Love comes as winds come! There are gentle winds,
Breathed soft as children's laughter on the air,
Upon our souls, that stronger, mightier grow,
And sweep us with them, and will bear us on
To havens in eternity—then die
In the pure ether that is life and love—
.

SONG.

Listen, listen, listen while I sing!
There's mirth, mirth in everything!
In laughing eyes, quick glance,
In dashing thro' a dance,
Mirth ever doth my soul entrance.

Listen, listen, listen while I sing!
There's joy, joy in everything!
In bubbling of fresh streams,
In flashing sunlight beams:
Joy sparkles through my pensive dreams.

Listen, listen, listen while I sing!
There's hope, hope in everything!
In gloom and chill and night,
When lost the guiding light,
Hope rises, radiantly bright.

Listen, listen, listen while I sing!
There's love, love in everything!
If joy and hope must die,
Still I can upward fly;
Love lifts my spirit to the sky!

HER VOICE.

It chanced in bitter mood I sadly gazed
Upon a scene whose winter chilled my heart,
Methought I wandered in a desert maze;
Aimless and hopeless there I strayed apart.

Aimless, down lonely, gray, and solemn wastes,
No landmarks there save mounds of those who died,
No fountains save of death to him who tastes,
Lured by false sweetness in the poisoned tide.

Whereat I paused, and dwelt with folded hands,
And said, I will be coward, lingering here;
To-day less darkling than to-morrow stands;
Let me a moment cheat the fate I fear.

Strange souls of ours! It was no despot voice,
Harsh, urgent, full of discord, like the tone
Of battle trumpet, that recalled my choice,
To march, to war, to win a grave, or throne!

A gentle music lured me on, and lo!
With light beyond, as caught from lovely eyes
I saw a path across the deserts grow,—
Beyond them, mountain vales of freshness rise.

And listening to those tones my heart grew calm,
And following still those eyes, my vision clear
Saw pictures of the future sweep along,
Tender, and fair, and sweet, as Thou most dear!

SONNET.

Thy words of peacefulness have been my stay,
On thy sweet features long my heart has dwelt,
Till all their soft enchantment it has felt,
Nor from these tender bonds can I away.
Strong fetters I could burst like giant play,
But thou hast thrown, until I cannot move,
Round me the silken bondage of thy love,
And ever thou recall'st me when I stray.
Gladly henceforth my wanderings I resign;
For we are ever wandering after bliss;
But is there purer happiness than this,
That I have won thee, and can call thee mine?
Since from thy radiance a wakening ray
Burst through my night and changed it into day!

At her shrine

He knelt and vowed a noblest worthiness.
Thoughts of a future fell upon his soul,
Like soundings of a far-off, mighty sea.

SONNET.

Tell me, wide wandering soul, in all thy quest
Sipping or draining deep from crystal rim
Where pleasure sparkled, when did overbrim
That draught its goblet with the fullest zest?
Of all thy better bliss what deem'st thou best?
Then thus my soul made answer. Ecstasy
Comes once, like birth, like death, and once have I
Been, oh! so madly happy, that the rest

Is tame as surgeless seas. It was a night
Sweet, beautiful as she, my love, my light;
Fair as the memory of that keen delight.
Through trees the moon rose steady, and it blessed
Her forehead chastely. Her uplifted look,
Calm with deep passion, I for answer took,
Then sudden heart to heart was wildly pressed.

He who has known great grief
Never can be too happy! For he shrinks
From bliss, lest it should light upon his hearth
Then fly and leave it lonely.

HOPES.

Dare I breathe it softly sweet?
Listen, heart of mine, my secret hear!
Soon nobler tones my soul shall greet!
Soon that dear music shall be near;
One is coming from the sunset that I love!

Trembling at the bliss that waits,
Ah! might I boldly enter in!
Needs there pureness, penance at the gates?
Painless may I heaven hope to win?
When from sunset comes the angel of my love?

Only hopes, delicious hopes?
False? No! that can never be!
Fatal word! how sudden darkness opes
Downward, to a drear eternity!
Night falls upon the sunset of my love!

Oh ! 'tis kind
In Nature, that the mind must slowly sound
The deepest depth of sorrow, ere the heart
Begins to know its misery.

FINIS.

This is my song of love !
The dawn of love !
Chill dawn of love !
Shiver my icy heart ;
As the cold mists depart,
Blushes the sky.

This is my song of love !
Sunrise of love !
Bright radiant love !
Oh ! sudden beauty everywhere !
Fair earth, and heaven still more fair !
Life ever new !

This is my song of love !
Rich noon of love !
Fullness of love !
My tidal passion's flow
Quivers with radiant glow !
Oh ! nobly bright !

This is my song of love !
Sinking of love !
Dwindling of love !
Thinner and thinner streams,
Fainter and fainter gleams,
Fading away !

This is my song of love!
The night of love!
Black gloom of love!
Still stands my dying heart.
Hopes utterly depart!
Terror returns!

This is my curse of love!
Traitor and liar, love!
My clenched curse of love!
Oh God! I cannot die!
Thine heaven is agony!
No love! No love!

Taking courage after a while, he went on with his law practice, and most of all with his writings; steadily, during the few more years that were left to him, preparing his published writings for the press. They were rejected by several publishers, but he remained quiet, waiting and re-casting them again. One publisher accepted "John Brent," on the condition that the episode of the death of the horse Don Fulano, killed in being the instrument of saving a fugitive slave, should be left out of the book. It was a temptation to Winthrop, who wished above all things to gain a hearing, and find a resting-place for his lever, but he resisted it, strengthened in his resolution by one of his family, and the lever was not firmly placed till the hand that had held it was cold in death.

One opening, however, he found, and it cheered and comforted him immensely. In 1860, or early in the spring of 1861, he sent the manuscript of "Love and

Skates" to James Russell Lowell, then editor of the *Atlantic* who received it gladly and with a few words of kindness and praise that went to his heart.*

The stories of "Cecil Dreeme" and "Edwin Brother-toft" were written when his heart was wrung by disappointment, and are pathetic and strong. Man delights me not nor woman neither, was the tone of his feeling at that period, but in "John Brent," "Love and Skates," and the opening chapters of "Brightly's Orphan"—printed in "Life in the Open Air"—he is cheerful, playful, hopeful, as was natural to his really healthy mind. Like Hawthorne, even when he is saddest, he is not morbid; the powers of evil never conquer; "Densdeth" and "Jane Billup" never win the day, but show us with almost Puritan and Biblical sternness, though with far from Puritan creed, how sin is its own punishment. Even sorrow is not utter darkness: light prevails in the end, and his stories are never tragedies. There are few American books that have more of the true spirit of American life than these; of the East and the West, of the Plains, and their atmosphere and scenery—which Joaquin Miller has well said, resemble the Holy Land, where some

* As Mr. Lowell is absent from the country as Minister Plenipotentiary to England, his leave to publish the following note is assumed, with apology.

"Cambridge, 25th March, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"You need have no misgivings about stamps. I shall not let so good a story escape me so easily. I was particularly pleased with it, and shall try to print it in June. The May number is already full.

"Very truly yours,

"J. R. LOWELL."

"MR. WINTHROP."

day the prophet of a new revelation may be born, as of old in lonely desert places;—of the times of the Revolutionary war and the life of that strong period, of the broad, brimming, Hudson River, and the world of things past and present which it floats down to us; of the great city of New York, the wonderful natural scenery that surrounds it, and its inner life, so little understood by most writers of fiction. Beneath its busy, mercantile and rather scampish surface he could see Truth, Beauty, Romance, in short Humanity as it is, and is everywhere, not exceptional rottenness.

Is it not apparent and notable that one of the great merits of Winthrop's writings is the quality of construction; that in the poems, as well as the prose writings, in parts as well as in wholes, evolution and structure are evident? They are not sketches lightly thrown off; however unfinished some of those may be, which he never thought of printing in their present form. The shorter poems are of course only momentary expressions of feeling, and valuable not so much for themselves, as being illustrations of his life, but in "Two Worlds," this quality is plainly visible, and still more in the Tales. None of the minor characters could be left out, none of the circumstances omitted. Armstrong in "John Brent," for instance, is necessary to give a certain element of white fury and strength to that immortal ride for succor and love. His simplicity of revenge brings some one in to "do the killing," that must have made a dark blood stain upon the lives of Brent and his companion, which they surely would have regretted forever. When he says of his brother's murder, "P'raps his ghost come round and told 'em 'twarnt the fair thing they'd been at; and

'TWARNT;" the volume of simple meaning and pathos in that last word is as fine as anything in the book. The characters also of George Short and Padiham could not be omitted in bringing out the denouement, while in detail they are most admirable. The affection of Winthrop for his brother can be read between all the lines about Armstrong, and lend a touching meaning to them. Armstrong must have been taken from the life, one of the fine fellows among the pioneers and "kindly roughs" he met on the Umpqua, or the Willamette. The personal appearance of Ellen Clitheroe is described from a beautiful woman, a true and kind friend of his, who is also pictured in the last Chapter (V.) of "Two Worlds."

"Not such a Margaret as one I know,
With tendril curls like her exquisite thoughts;
With opalescent eyes, not ignorant
Of flashes, when the torrent words, too slow,
Dart leaping glances into caves of Truth,
And startle unimagined beauty forth.
As darkly-fair, as delicately-bright,
As the keen edge of a Damascus blade,
Engraved with tracery of flowers, and sharp
To cut the films of doubt and fear, and show
All nobleness."

None of his characters were taken from real life however, though they were often supposed to be. His imagination sufficed. But it is useless to attempt a critique of works which have been before the public for twenty years and more, which stand on their own merits, and have lived far beyond an ephemeral day,

and become American classics. Winthrop's life was now fast hastening to a close, though those that knew him little dreamed that this brilliant blooming, and vigorous fruit, told of a coming end. And, indeed, it was not so. His life, cut off in its early prime, would have blossomed more abundantly, would have brought forth more perfect fruit, mellow, fully ripened, always wholesome. He wished to do good in his day and generation, especially to the young men of his country, and also to do real artistic literary work, and to gain fame. "I wish," said he, "to form a truly American style, good and original, not imitated." Of "Brightly's Orphan" he said, "I have written sad things enough—I am going to write something cheerful." If his *Tales* show the traces of despair, they also show the marks of recovery, of new life and hope. He fought his doubts of human nature, and gathered strength to believe again in man and woman—indeed a book that contains such characters as Churm and Clara Denman, rocks of integrity, from which fresh springs flow, cannot be said to be morbid or despairing in any sense.

Of Theodore Winthrop's works, "*Cecil Dreeme*," the first volume published, was the last written. "*John Brent*," "*Love and Skates*," and "*Edwin Brothertoft*" were separate tales in a book called "*Brothertoft Manor*," and all bound together by their connection with an old house on the Hudson, where the personages meet and tell stories. Peter Skerret tells the tale of the house and of his ancestors, Richard Wade his experience on the plains, and the story of his friend John Brent, "*Love and Skates*" follows as the sequel, and history of Richard Wade himself.

Afterwards this book was recast, the stories separated by Winthrop, and put into their present form; the same characters appearing in all. This method of bringing in the same people in successive books, till they seem like familiar friends, is a pleasant one, and has been practiced by Thackeray, Trollope, and others. "Cecil Dreeme" was a separate story, and yet Churm appears again, and Mary Damer is alluded to, in that book, the best, perhaps, though not the most popular, of Winthrop's stories.

The sketches of travel were written at different times, and their dates are uncertain. All his works were published posthumously, and none of them received his last touches, except "Love and Skates" and the sketches in the *Atlantic Monthly*. His name of "Brothertoft Manor," was changed to "Edwin Brothertoft," by the desire of Mr. James T. Fields, who also suggested the titles for the two volumes of "The Canoe and the Saddle," and "Life in the Open Air."

His friend George William Curtis wrote an exquisite sketch of his life and character, which was printed with the first published story, "Cecil Dreeme." It would be impossible to improve upon it, for it is done with the tenderness and affection of a friend and the skill of a finished writer. A volume might be made of the press notices of his death and of his writings, but such things are ephemeral. Theophilus Parsons, George Bungay, George W. Curtis and others wrote beautiful occasional poems.

Professor John Nichol of Glasgow, in his interesting work on American Literature, a book which we would do well to ponder, gives the following critique upon the writings of Theodore Winthrop whom he calls "a

novelist, traveler, and soldier, hindered by the short span of his innocently erratic life, from securing the place in his country's literature, to which, in the estimate of those who knew him best, he was, by his genius and character, entitled to aspire. I give an outline of his career, condensed or quoted from the biographical cameo, prefixed to the edition of his works by his friend G. W. Curtis.*

"Winthrop's wandering life was a hindrance to the concentration of his energies; even to the perfection of his style, which is always fresh and clear, but sometimes rugged and dashing. On the other hand the adventurous activity of his nature is the source of much of the charm of his work, which like that of Sydney, to whom Mr. Curtis is fond of comparing him, was more than a mere promise. His claim to recognition lies not merely in his having been an actor as well as a dreamer, but in the fact that he has done substantial and peculiar, though imperfectly appreciated, work. He belonged in part to the class of the older writers in whose minds incident predominated, but he was also an analyst of the school of Hawthorne and might, with length of years, have been his most legitimate successor. The first phase is represented in his novel, 'John Brent,' in great measure a graphic record of his experiences in the far West, mingled with imaginative romance. The descriptive passages in this

* Professor Nichol, who has the chair of English Literature in Glasgow University, and who is well known among authors and literary men in Scotland, traveled in this country during the early part of the Civil War, and was deeply interested and moved by the crisis. Returning home, he took an active part in the endeavors of the friends of our country in Scotland to prevent injury to its cause, by measures that nearly brought about serious difficulties with Great Britain.

book, especially that of the chase, rivet our attention because they are brought into contrast with scenes of emotion and passion, and are not mere transcripts of still life."

Of "Edwin Brothertoft" he makes the following remark, among others too long to quote.

"The flame latent in the shadowy race, the force under gentleness which is the theme of the book here leaps up, as the hero turns toward Vandyke's portrait of his great ancestor,—'I love England, I love Oxford; the history, the romance, and the hope of England are all packed into that grand old casket of learning; but the Colonel embarked us on the Continent. He would frown if we gave up the great ship, and took to the little pinnace again.' 'Cecil Dreeme,' less startling in its episodes, which are yet of sufficient interest, is a novel of a finer grain than Brothertoft. It is more mature and subdued in style, and more free from violences: mystery takes the place of horror.

"Apart from its startling situations, the book teems with passages of power, penetration, and pastoral beauty, *e. g.*, the chapter called 'Nocturne,' with the description of night, 'the day of the base, the guilty and the desolate;' that headed 'Lydian Measures,' or the previous reference to the effect of a fragrance, a far-away sound, a weft of cloud, the leap of a sunbeam, or the carol of a bird in arresting a treachery or a crime; nor is the book wanting in occasional touches of even broad humor. With all its defects of irregular construction, this novel is marked by a more distinct vein of original genius than any American work of fiction known to us that has appeared since the author's death. Winthrop's nature was essentially sad,

though robust, his cynicism was healthy, because he believed in goodness, his strength in its excess may be charged, though rarely, with coarseness, but he is incapable of vulgarity. He has not the almost unerring taste of Hawthorne; his phrases are sometimes flippant, his occasional mannerisms not free from pedantry, but he is exceptionally genuine: his rare cheerfulness exhilarates, his prevailing melancholy takes possession of the reader. His 'Life in the Open Air' and minor sketches are inspired by the nature-worship of Thoreau, animated by a broader humanity. An American to the core, Winthrop has all the artistic fondness for Europe that pervades the 'Marble Faun' of his predecessor; his memory lingers over the 'fair spires and towers, and dreamy cloisters, dusky chapels, and rich old halls of beautiful Oxford.'

"Manliness and intensity are the leading characteristics of this 'fresh, earnest, unflinching' spirit, who foreshadows in these words the close and crown of his brief and bright career:—

"If the soul in the man has good hope and good courage, through all his tones sounds the song of hope, and the pæan of assured victory.

"Whoever has lived, knows that timely death is the great prize of life; who can regret, when a worthy soul wins it?" *

The possibility of such a horse as Don Fulano has been denied, but he is described in his note-books and more fully in the "Canoe and the Saddle," as a reality, and his wonderful leap through the lasso, as an act-

* "American Literature," by John Nichol, LL.D., Prof. of Eng. Lit. in the University of Glasgow. Page 370.

ual fact. Luggernel alley on the other hand, is now pointed out at the West, it is said, though Winthrop drew it from his imagination, not having seen exactly such a place. It was partly like several such wild glens, which he had seen, and heard of, and resembles somewhat the valley of Manitou near Colorado Springs, where he had probably never been. Among his unpublished writings are three chapters of a story called "The Hemlocks," the beginning of another called "The Stoningers," a chapter or two of "Steers Flotsam and how he came to Port," printed posthumously in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, Dec. 1879, under the title of "Rowing against Tide," and various other fragments, besides "Mr. Waddy's Return," his first novel, before spoken of. Soon after his death the house of Ticknor & Fields of Boston requested to become the publishers of any posthumous works of his that might remain, and this offer was accepted. They proved tender and enthusiastic friends and guardians of his name and fame.

CHAPTER IX

THE WAR.

AFTER his return from St. Louis, Theodore Winthrop remained quietly upon the north shore of Staten Island, where the large and united family lived together in one home. A pleasant social circle surrounded them. Frederic Church was their frequent visitor, Francis George Shaw, Sydney Howard Gay, George William Curtis, and other true and tried friends were constantly with them, and the little band of earnest thinkers and ardent lovers of their country had long talks and consultations, as the political horizon grew darker, while fears of war, mingled with fears of what was worse, some shameful compromise, infected even the children of the house with a vague anxiety. Thus the long, long winter wore away, and that spring came at last.

Who does not remember the opening year of 1861, when war was gathering in the air, when "men's hearts failed them for fear, and for looking for the things that were coming on the earth," when the warmth of that wonderfully early spring seemed portentous, and the premature thunder-storms, omens of evil? Yet no one really dreamed of what was coming. Some said, it will be a short struggle and soon over, and many slept.

What need to tell the still familiar story. The Guns of Sumter awoke the North, and their echo reached even quiet Staten Island, where the Lotos is the common food of the inhabitants. Winthrop came to his mother and friends, as soon as he heard of the call for troops, to say that he and his brother William had decided to join the Seventh Regiment, and they both, only sons of their mother, marched away on April 17th, gayly, yet gravely too, as became good soldiers. He said to his mother at parting, "I do not take this step lightly," and to his uncle Theodore Woolsey he wrote, "I go to put an end to slavery."

How few then felt the real nature of the conflict, or prophesied the agony almost to death, that was to come for our Mother Country, when she wept for her children, both for those who deserted her, and for those who gave her their lives! How little those who saw those beautiful boys march away on that April morning, down the crowded streets of New York ringing with shouts and bright with flags, dreamed how many of them would never see another opening spring! Some of them, doubtless, viewed their departure as a frolic, but with many it was a serious step, undertaken thoughtfully, knowing, yet not knowing, all that they were doing. Robert Shaw was with them, and many more, who afterwards did the noblest things, were the foremost that day to make the only decision that could have been made by manly and patriotic young men. But how little we knew! How could our Country, after so many years of peace and prosperity, lying half asleep in her own waving cornfields, how could she see, until her eyes were touched with fire by the dark angel! Some had listened to the clank of chains, but

they were few. Even the great man who said, "Irrepressible conflict," said also, "It will be a six weeks' affair." Most people thought that the struggle would be short and sharp, that the North would overthrow Secession with the wind of its advance, nor deemed how terribly in earnest was the South in its delusion, how the desire for Secession had become a "fixed idea," and one of the strongest that the world has known, which would need other logic than that of Time and Reason to overthrow it, which would destroy a generation of men, burn up the gains of half a century, and bring sorrow to every hearth in the land, so that the nations would hold their breath with wonder. There were "great searchings of heart," there were warnings too, if there had been skill to read them, but perhaps it was better not to know. Though all were patriots in those days, what heart would not have failed that had pictured the length and depth and breadth of the chasm, and the ranks upon ranks of our best and bravest that were to leap into that gulf, ere it should be closed! It is slowly closing, thank heaven! and a new life is springing up around its scarred and ragged sides; but ah! let North and South, East and West, never forget the lessons of that day.

In the brilliant papers on the "March of the Seventh Regiment," and "Washington as a Camp," written by Theodore Winthrop for the *Atlantic Monthly*, we can find a better story of their bright, boyish life than can be told to-day in any other words than his own. They were a crowd of willing, eager, inexperienced youths, who were to be tried, when their short month of ser-

vice was over, by harder ordeals, and not to be found wanting.

When the Seventh Regiment returned, Winthrop was not among them. So ardent was he, that he could not bear to turn his back even for a moment upon the scene of conflict, and rather than do nothing, and not be in the midst of things, he staid behind as Military Secretary to Gen. Butler, at Fortress Monroe, hoping to find some place for himself at the front. The following letters were received from him while in Camp and at Fortress Monroe.

Extract.

"We drill now constantly. It is a fine sight, our camp and its work. Washington makes it the fashion. But Billy and I both want to be where we can make sure of the hard work of the campaign. The Seventh, with careful secrecy be it said, has as yet but little stomach for real service. . . . They would fight well enough, but half the men in it fancy themselves Hannibals, and fit to lead armies, not to march in ranks. They have the faults and the merits of volunteers, and sigh for their home-comforts quite too much, though with plenty of good material. I got the Field Artillery—many thanks; it was what I wanted. Give my love to George Curtis, and say I will write to him to-morrow. Also to Gay, and ask him to do what he can for me in his cavalry or elsewhere. I want to get into the army. My chance is good, but who knows?

"In haste,

"THEO. WINTHROP."

"CAMP CAMERON, *Near Washington, May 10th, 1861.*

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have been disabled from writing for several days by an inflamed eye. I had used it too much in writing in the Capitol by imperfect light, and the smoke of a guard fire on a wet night finished me. So, for a few days, I was invalided, and took refuge in town with a friend. He is an old soldier, and a fellow of infinite experience, and I have had a capital time with him. At camp things go on in order, and all our friends look finely.

"Mr. Fiske sent me a letter to Seward. I have seen him twice, and am more than ever convinced of his capability to do his part in the crisis. You have read his masterly letters to Dayton. That is the only ground to take, as you know I have believed from the first. Seward and the others avow that they did not anticipate this total defection of one side, nor the total adhesion of the other, and so at first we were paralyzed. Now, everything will advance as fast as it can.

"Mr. Seward gave me a letter to Cameron. I hope to get a Captaincy in the new army. But who can say? there are a dozen applications to one place. I shall manage somehow to see service. Active service for the army now collected here is hardly likely just yet, unless we are attacked, which we do not expect. Perhaps there will be before long an attack on Harper's Ferry. Great military movements southward will not take place before fall, so the chiefs say. For we are regiments,

and not an army as yet, and we must move in an impregnable body, to reclaim the country."

The following, Winthrop's Good-Bye to the Seventh Regiment, is taken from "Washington as a Camp."

"Here I must cut short my story. So Good-bye to the Seventh, and thanks for the fascinating month I have passed in their society. In this pause of the war, our camp-life has been to me as brilliant as a permanent picnic.

"Good-bye to Company I, and all the fine fellows, rough and smooth, cool old hands, and recruits verdant but ardent! Good-bye to our Lieutenants, to whom I owe much kindness! Good-bye, the Orderly, so peremptory on parade, so indulgent off! Good-bye, everybody! And so, in haste, I close."

.

The few remaining "last letters," full of life and activity, come from Fortress Monroe and cover a period of less than two weeks more.

"Fortress Monroe, May 31st, 1861.

"DEAR L.,—Thanks for your kind letter and the hamper. I saw Gen. Butler at Washington. He invited me here when the Seventh should return, and here am I, acting as his Military Sec'y *pro tem*. He will find me something to do. He is a character, and really was the man who saved Washington by devising the march to Annapolis—a place which nobody had ever heard of.

“By Liberty! but it is worth something to be here at this moment, in the center of the center! Here we scheme the schemes! Here we take the secession flags, the arms, the prisoners! Here we liberate the slaves—virtually. I write at ten p. m. We have just had a long examination of a pompous Virginian, secessionist and slave owner, who came under safe conduct to demand back his twenty niggers who had run over to us. Half of his slaves he had smuggled over to Alabama for sale a week ago. But he was not lively enough with the second score. He said, with a curious mock pathos—‘One boy, sir, staid behind, sir, and I said to him, John, they’re all gone, John, and you can go if you like; I can’t hold you. No, master, says John, I’ll stay by you, master, till I die! But, sir, in the morning John was gone, and he’d taken my best horse with him! Now, Colonel,’ said the old chap, half pleading and half demanding, ‘I’m an invalid, and you have got two of my boys, young boys, sir, not over twelve—no use to you except perhaps to black a gentleman’s boots. I would like them very much, sir, if you would spare them. In fact, Colonel, sir, I ought to have my property back.’

“It would have done Gay’s heart good to have heard what Gen. Butler said, when this customer was dismissed. Then we had an earnest, simple fellow, black as the ace of spades, with whites of eyes like holes in his head, and sunshine seen through; who had run away from the batteries at Yorktown, and came to tell what they were doing

there. It is prime, and growing primer all the time. I wish I could write more, but I am at hard work most of the day. In the afternoon I ride about, and the sentries present arms, though I am still in my uniform of a private. I left Billy in Washington. It broke my heart to leave the boy, but I shall work with him again. Dearest love to all in the house and region,

“Yours,

“T. W.”

“HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF VIRGINIA,

“Fortress Monroe, June 1st, 1861.

“MY DEAR MOTHER,—Somehow I find myself here on Gen. Butler’s staff, acting military secretary at present, and here I shall stay, if the business remains as intensely interesting as now. Billy also writes me from Washington that I am to be appointed First Lieutenant in the Army. My rank as Secretary is, I suppose, Captain or perhaps Major, so you see I am in the line of promotion. Please write to me here, dear mother, at once. I cannot take time to write, for things thicken all the while. We shall not have fighting, but the preparations are busy. All the manuscripts in the drawer and the trunk please preserve with care, as they must make my fortune when I am a half-pay officer, with no arms or legs. Lively work presently. Address me for the present simply T. W., Care Maj.-Gen. Butler, Fortress Monroe, Virginia.”

"Fortress Monroe, June 9th, 1861.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Every day brings fresh activity and fresh responsibility. You would smile to see your mild son commanding regiments, rowing officers, careering about the camp and the limited range of our debatable country on dragoon horses, carrying steamers and tugs over seas, and in short doing the aide-de-camp broadly. It is grand, and stirs me up to my fullest. I seize a moment to scribble a line before a movement, the most important thus far, of our campaign. We march to-night in two detachments, to endeavor to surround and capture a detachment of the Secession Army, estimated at from three or four hundred to twenty-five hundred. If we find them where we expect, we shall bag some. If we meet them on the way we shall have a sharp scrimmage, or half a battle. If I come back safe, I will send you my notes of the Plan of Attack, part made up from the General's notes, part from my own fancies. We march at midnight to attack, eight miles hence, at dawn. We hope to bring in field-pieces, prisoners, horses, and burn a church or so. If I don't come back, dear mother, dear love to everybody. General Butler has treated me with great kindness and confidence and so have all the officers.

"Yours ever,

"THEO. WINTHROP."

*Copy, in Winthrop's Handwriting, of one of Gen.
Butler's Orders.*

“Major Winthrop, acting on my staff, will report on board the Steamer *Yankee*, and communicate the details of my orders for operations on Back river to the officer in command. The commander of the *Yankee* will proceed up Back river to the officer in command of the troops there, under Major Winthrop's directions; he being fully informed of the movement intended.

“BEN. F. BUTLER,

“*Maj.-Gen. Commanding.*”

The plan of this reconnoissance under Gen. Butler may have been good, but it was executed hastily and without experience. Winthrop was not at all obliged, as secretary or staff officer, to have anything to do with it, but his ardent spirit could not stay behind, and he got leave to accompany the expedition as a volunteer. In the darkness, two companies of our troops fired upon each other and alarmed the enemy. Finding a battery and detachment of the enemy at Great Bethel the party were about to be driven back “when Major Winthrop,” as said by Gen Magruder, “was distinctly seen for some time, leading a body of men to the charge, and had mounted a log, and was waving his sword and shouting to his men to ‘Come on,’ when a North Carolina drummer boy borrowed a gun, leaped on to the battery, and shot him deliberately in the breast. He fell nearer to the enemy's works than any other man went during the fight.* The battery was

* His body was left in the hands of the enemy.

constructed and served by Maj. Randolph, and the battle was fought principally by North Carolina troops" (Gen. Magruder, in command at Yorktown).

PRESS ACCOUNTS.

N. Y. Evening Post. "Major Winthrop was shot by a Louisiana rifleman, while heading a vigorous charge. He fell mortally wounded in the arms of a Vermont volunteer."

N. Y. Tribune, June 16th, 1861. "I made a reconnoissance with Maj. Winthrop about twelve o'clock in the day, and can testify to his bravery and daring. He was very much exhausted, having wanted for sleep, food, and water; and the day had turned out very hot. We stuck our heads out of some underbrush, and instantly there was a shower of balls rained upon us, which compelled us to withdraw a few paces. Major Winthrop laid himself behind a tree, saying, if he could only sleep for five minutes he would be all right. He remarked as he did this, that he was going to see the inside of that intrenchment before he went back to the fortress—his manner being that of cool, ordinary conversation. He continued self-possessed and cool throughout the whole engagement up to the time when he received his death wound, which happened by the side of Lieut. Herringen, Company E., who remained with him and cared for him till life had fled."

N. Y. Tribune, June 17th. "The gallantry of Maj. Winthrop is the subject of universal admiration both with the federal and the rebel forces.

The rebel riflemen in the pits before Big Bethel state that they several times took deliberate aim at him, as he was all the time conspicuous at the head of the advancing federal troops, loudly cheering them on to the assault.

“Lieut. Greble, a brave officer of the Regular Army, educated at West Point, was also killed in the same engagement, with several other soldiers.”

The Fortress Monroe correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says of Major Winthrop:—“On going out upon a somewhat hazardous expedition a few days since, he laughingly handed me his keys and his pocket-valuables, telling me to take care of them if he did not return. From that enterprise he returned in safety, and immediately entered with singular zeal into the projected expedition to the Bethel. This scheme was a favorite of his; in preparing for it he devoted his whole energy on Saturday and Sunday, first giving me more elaborate instructions for the disposition of his affairs, in case he should fall, than before, and in a manner which impressed me with the idea that he believed he should not return. He last used his pen to write to his mother, but before the letter was mailed he was no more. He was slain very nearly at the time, nay possibly after the time, when the order for retreat was given, and while fighting with desperate energy, almost under the guns of the Rebel battery with a Sharp's rifle which he carried with him. No truer, braver man ever fell on the field

of battle." This correspondent gives on another day the notes of Winthrop from which he says the plan of the movement was formed. He then says:—"this was the last instruction—that the battery at Big Bethel was not to be attacked unless success was certain—as I happen to know, having been present at the time, given by General Butler to Major Winthrop. 'Be as brave as you please,' said the General, 'but run no risks.'

" " "Be bold, be bold—but not too bold,"

" 'shall be our motto,' responded Winthrop, and upon instructions of which the foregoing are the substance, the two expeditions started. The object of a surprise was entirely defeated by Colonel Bendix's blunder, yet in defiance of all the rules of war they kept on: they destroyed the Little Bethel, and then, it seems to me, somebody, entirely on his own responsibility, decided to proceed to attack Big Bethel. But even this would appear to be scarcely improper.

I have yet to meet an intelligent and competent officer who does not believe that the place might have easily been taken. This might have been accomplished first, by turning it upon our right, as Mr. Winthrop was attempting to do when he fell. That attempt might have succeeded. To use the language of Colonel Levy of Louisiana as nearly as I remember it, 'Had you had a hundred men as brave as Winthrop, and one to lead when he fell, I should be in Fortress Monroe a prisoner of war to-night.' Second, it might have been ac-

complished still more easily upon the left. Captain Haggerty had discovered this, had suggested it to General Pierce, had after some difficulty secured General Townshend's co-operation, when this plan was defeated by the gross blunder of whoever was in command of Townshend's left—a Captain, I believe, in allowing three companies to become detached from the main body by a thicket. From this circumstance, Townshend was led to believe, as he saw the bayonets of his own men glistening through the foliage, that he was outflanked. He retreated and that was the end of the battle.”

Whether this account of the battle by a civilian is correct or not, it is certain that somebody blundered, if not almost everybody, and Winthrop alone could not have retrieved the day, even if he had lived. Still, many thought it possible. The accounts of the battle by the Secessionists, though they vary in many respects from ours, agree with them in giving him the honors of the day. In an article in the *Richmond Despatch* for June 25th, 1861, which describes the battle minutely, there is this remark—“as far as my observation extended, he (Winthrop) was the only one of the enemy who exhibited even an approximation to courage during the whole day.” This of course is absurd, but it is evident that the moment of his fall was a critical one, and that a total rout immediately followed it.

His body was left in the hands of the enemy, and was buried by them the day after the battle. So great was the eagerness of the people to obtain trophies of their first victory, that his watch, sword and pistol had been

already distributed through the country, when, with a flag of truce, a request was made for his personal property. The watch, which had been sent to North Carolina, to the mother of a soldier, was returned in the course of a month, by Colonel Hill, of the Confederate Army, to General Butler, who sent it at once to the family of Major Winthrop. The watch was returned to Colonel Hill by Mr. Archibald McLean, who writes to him thus, "I trouble you with this long explanation of my agency in bringing the watch away, lest it might be supposed I was indifferent as to the value, innocent (perhaps) members of the deceased's family might place upon a relict of one, who though an enemy of ours, was held dear by them."

The following letters were sent by General Butler, who also wrote a long and elaborate letter of condolence, to Mrs. Winthrop.

Letter to Mrs. Francis B. Winthrop, Staten Island.

"HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF VIRGINIA, ETC., }
"Fortress Monroe, July 6th, 1861. }

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I send you with this the watch of your son, Major Winthrop, with copies of letters, showing how it came into my hands, and a letter of a Mr. McLean to Col. Hill of North Carolina accounting for the delay in returning it. Col. Hill's letter, improper as it is in its tone, is another proof of the admiration and respect your son's gallantry won even from his enemies,

"With warmest good wishes, I remain,

"Your obedient Servant,

"BENJ. F. BUTLER."

"HEADQUARTERS YORKTOWN, }
"July 5th, 1861. }

"GEN'L B. F. BUTLER.

"Comin'ing Fort Monroe and Suburbs.

"SIR,—I have the honor herewith to send the watch of young Winthrop, who fell while gallantly leading a party in the vain attempt to subjugate a free people. The accompanying letter will explain to you the cause of the delay in the return of the watch.

"Respectfully,

"D. H. HILL,

"Commanding Post."

"HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF VIRGINIA, }
"Fortress Monroe, July 5th, 1861. }

"COL. D. H. HILL.

"Commanding Post at Yorktown.

"SIR,—I have the honor to own receipt of the watch of Major Winthrop, who lost his life in the service of his country, against the rebels to her government. The explanations of the delay are quite satisfactory. The trinket will be forwarded to his mother, with the letter accompanying it. She will take a very different view of her son's duties and services from that foreshadowed by your letter. I must beg your attention, as I did that of your predecessor at Yorktown, to the fact, that my official title is, 'Major-General Commanding the Department of Virginia.'

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"BENJ. F. BUTLER."

From the New York Tribune.

"On Monday morning, June 17th, 1861, William Winthrop, and Theodore Weston his brother-in-

law, accompanied by Lieut. Butler, the aid of General Butler, proceeded with a flag of truce to Great Bethel. Word having been transmitted to the intrenchments, officially, of their errand, Col. Magruder appeared with his staff, and formally received the party. The body was then escorted to a house, by two companies of Southern troops. Col. Magruder tendered the party an escort as far as our lines, but this was declined. Lieut. Butler and Mr. Winthrop were received with the utmost courtesy by the secession officers, and every facility was given them. They were received with military honors on returning to Fortress Monroe, and arrived in New York with a military escort on June 19th. On Friday there was a military funeral, the Seventh Regiment acting as a guard of honor."

He wore at the time of his death, and was buried in, the gray uniform of the Seventh Regiment of New York. His body was also received at New Haven with military honors and followed to the grave by the students of Yale, and crowds of his fellow citizens. The whole town was deeply and sincerely moved. He was laid in the family burial plot in the New Haven Cemetery. An address was delivered by Prof. Porter of Yale College (now President), and the peaceful and scholarly old town put on mourning for her son, and gave him all the honor she could bestow. He had once said to his mother,— "When I die, put a granite cross over my grave." This wish was held sacred, and in due time a very beautiful one, designed by Upjohn, was placed upon the spot, sculptured with the endless cord,

the emblem of eternity, but having no inscription save his name and the date and place of his death.

He was left beneath the shadow of the old elms he loved so well, and under the tender care of his Alma Mater. His age was thirty-two years and nine months when he fell.

Was it a fitting end? Was it just that all this gayety and energy, this genius and hope, should have been quenched by a chance shot, that the heart beating with life, youth and patriotism should be stilled so soon, that his military and literary fame should have been ended when just begun? He might have been a leader, he might have been the historian or the novelist of those stirring days. So full of vitality, that when the telegram came—*Missing*—it seemed incredible; it seemed impossible, in those living, glowing June days. Some felt even that he threw away his life, so intolerable did it seem that all should be over in one brief moment. Was it a fitting end? Ah! had he heard his country's call *and not obeyed it*, where was he? Could he have done otherwise? It was not done, lightly; his love for his country was a passion, his words were no empty phrases, he took his life in his hand for her sake, he proved his sincerity. And the effect of his death was worthy of the sacrifice. He was idealized, worshiped by the young men of that day, he was the representative man of the hour. He showed, as he says in "John Brent," "how easy it is for noble souls to be noble," and his example to our young men was worth even such a life as his, and such as the noble lives that followed after. "We rather seem the dead, that staid behind!"

“What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave?
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?

“Then Freedom sternly said, I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun
Where human rights are staked and won.”

—(*Whittier*).

When all the hopes of the lovely life of Robert Shaw were “buried with his niggers,” were not the fair white daisies that sprung from his grave, symbols that his pure life and holy death would bring forth the flower, last to blossom, of freedom for that race for whom he died! Winthrop's was the first, but how far from the last precious life * that our Mother Land was called to sacrifice! And when we think of the love that was felt for her, the reality of the patriotism that burned in so many hearts, the clasping of hands and warming of young souls, one would almost wish—not for those days to return, ah no! but that something might again kindle a spark of that passion in the cold hearts of the men of to-day! Perhaps it only slumbers, and our Mother's children would again spring to their feet if a foe from without or within should lift its head to endanger her life or her peace. May it be so. And when she calls again the Hero soul, and says, “Here is your opportunity; prove your devotion to the truth you have professed! While others skulk and hide, you must forget self, and toil, and die, if you are called to do it. Life may be given in many

* The last officer who fell in the Civil War was Brigadier-Gen'l Frederic Winthrop, own cousin of Theodore Winthrop, who was killed in the battle of Seven Pines, before Richmond, and was a brave and valuable General.

ways, but a man can give after all, no more, no less, than his life. Prove then your truth! Give me your life!" will there not be many a brave heart to reply, "Be it unto me even as Thou wilt?"

And truly it made amends for all, and shall be so world without end, to feel, as our people felt then, that our Country was something real, something worth living for, worth dying for, to have those thoughts stirring in every heart to which Lowell has given expression in the close of his noble Commemoration Ode.

"Oh Beautiful! my country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore.

And letting thy set lips
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.

"What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare?

What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee!
We will not dare to doubt thee!
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!"

THE END.

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